CHATTERTON'S ROWLEY POEMS

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THE ROWLEY POEMS

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON

REPRINTED FROM

TYRWHITT'S THIRD EDITION

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

MAURICE EVAN HARE

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REPRINT OF THE EDITION OF 1778.

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

I. Chatterton's Life and Death and the Genesis of the Rowley Poems

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born in Bristol on the

ERRATA

Editor's Introduction p. [xxiv] *l.* 20 *for* parallel *read* no parallel
p. 296 *s.v.* Dyngeynge *add reference Æ.* 458

of St. Mary Redcliffe) he is described as a dissipated, 'rather brutal fellow'. Lastly, he appears to have been 'very proud', self-confident, and self-reliant.

Of Chatterton's mother little need be said. Gentle and rather foolish, she was devoted to her two children Mary and, his sister's junior by two years, Thomas the Poet. Of these Mary seems to have inherited the colourless character of her mother; but Thomas must always have been remarkable. We have the fullest accounts of his childhood, and the details that might with another be set down as chronicles of the nursery will be seen to have

have their importance in the case of this boy who set himself consciously to be famous when he was eight, wrote fine imaginative verse before he was thirteen, and killed himself aged seventeen and nine months.

Thomas, then, was a moody baby, a dull small boy who knew few of his letters at four; and was superannuated—such was his impenetrability to learning—at the age of five from the school of which his father had been master. He was moreover till the age of six and a half so frequently subject to long fits of abstraction and of apparently causeless crying that his mother and grandmother feared for his reason and thought him 'an absolute fool'. We are told also by his sister—and there is no incongruity in the two accounts—that he early displayed a taste for 'preheminence and would preside over his playmates as their master and they his hired servants'. At seven and a half he dissipated his mother's fear that she had borne a fool by rapidly learning to read in a great black-letter Bible; for characteristically 'he objected to read in a small book'. In a very short time from this he appears to have devoured eagerly the contents of every volume he could lay his hands on. He had a thirst for knowledge at large—for any kind of information, and as the merest child read with a careless voracity books of heraldry, history, astronomy, theology, and such other subjects as would repel most children, and perhaps one may say, most men. At the age of eight we hear of him reading 'all day or as long as they would let him', confident that he was going to be famous, and promising his mother and sister 'a great deal of finery' for

for their care of him when the day of his fame arrived. Before he was nine he was nominated for Colston's Hospital, a local school where the Bluecoat dress was worn and at which the 'three Rs' were taught but very little else, so that the boy, disappointed of the hope of knowledge, complained he could work better at home. To this period we should probably assign the delightful story of Chatterton and a friendly potter who promised to give him an earthenware bowl with what inscription he pleased upon it—such writing presumably intended to be 'Tommy his bowl' or 'Tommy Chatterton'. 'Paint me', said the small boy to the friendly potter, 'an Angel with Wings and a Trumpet to trumpet my Name over the World.'

At ten he was making progress in arithmetic, and it should be mentioned that he 'occupied himself with mechanical pursuits so that if anything was out of order in the house he was set to mend it'. At school he read during play hours and made few friends, but those were 'solid fellows', his sister tells us; while at home he had appropriated to himself a small attic where he would read, write and draw pictures—a number of which are preserved in the British Museum—of knights and churches, and heraldic designs in red and yellow ochre, charcoal, and black-lead. In this attic too he had stored—though at what date is uncertain—a number of writings on parchment which had a rather singular history. In the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe, the church in which Chatterton's ancestors had served as sextons, there were six or seven great oak chests, of which one, greater than the others and secured by no fewer than six locks, was

was traditionally called 'Canynges Cofre' after William Canynge the younger, with whose name the erection and completion of St. Mary's were especially associated. These had contained deeds and papers dealing with parochial matters and the affairs of the Church, but some years before Chatterton's birth the Vestry had determined to examine these documents, some of which may have been as old as the building itself. The keys had in the course of time been lost, and the vestrymen accordingly broke open the chests and removed to another place what they thought of value, leaving Canynge's Coffer and its fellows gutted and open but by no means void of all their ancient contents. Such parchments as remained Chatterton's father carried away, whole armfuls at a time, using some to cover his scholars' books and giving others to his wife, who made them into thread-papers and dress patterns.

In the house to which Mrs. Chatterton had moved upon her husband's death there was still a sufficient number of these old manuscripts to make a considerable trove for the boy who, then nine or ten years old, had first learnt to read in black-letter and was in a few years to produce poetry which should pass for fifteenth century with many well-reputed antiquaries. It was no doubt on blank pieces of these parchments that he inscribed the matter of the few Rowley documents which he ever showed for originals. We have the account of a certain Thistlethwaite, one of the 'solid lads' with whom Chatterton had made friends at school, that his friend Thomas in the summer of 1764 told him 'he was in possession of some old MSS. which had been found deposited in a chest in Redcliffe Church, and that he had lent

lent some or one of them to Thomas Phillips'—an usher at Colston's, an earnest and thoughtful man fond of poetry, and a great friend of Chatterton's. 'Within a day or two after this,' (Thistlethwaite wrote to Dean Milles,) 'I saw Phillips . . . who produced a MS. on parchment or vellum which I am confident was "Elenoure and Juga"[1] a kind of pastoral eclogue afterwards published in the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin for what purpose or by what accident I know not . . . The writing was yellow and pale manifestly as I conceive occasioned by age.'

This was the beginning of the Rowley fiction—which might be metaphorically described as a motley edifice, half castle and half cathedral, to which Chatterton all his life was continually adding columns and buttresses, domes and spires, pediments and minarets, in the shape of more poems by Thomas Rowley, (a secular priest of St. John's, Bristol); or by his patron the munificent William Canynge (many times Mayor of the same city); or by Sir Thibbot Gorges, a knight of ancient family with literary tastes; or by good Bishop Carpenter (of Worcester) or John à Iscam (a Canon of St. Augustine's Abbey, also in Bristol); together with plays or portions of plays which they wrote—a Saxon epic translated—accounts of Architecture—songs and eclogues —and friendly letters in rhyme or prose. In short, this clever imaginative lad had evolved before he was sixteen

[1] An extraordinary production for a boy of twelve, but we need not suppose that if 'Elenoure and Juga' were written in 1764 and not published until 1769 no alterations and improvements were made by its author in the period between these dates.

such

such a mass of literary and quasi-historical matter of one kind or another that his fictitious circle of men of taste and learning (living in the dark and unenlightened age of Lydgate and the other tedious post-Chaucerians) may with study become extraordinarily familiar and near to us, and was certainly to Chatterton himself quite as real and vivid as the dull actualities of Colston's Hospital and the Bristol of his proper century.

Chatterton's own circle of acquaintance was far less brilliant. His principal patrons were Henry Burgum and George Catcott, a pair of pewterers, the former vulgar and uneducated but very ambitious to be thought a man of good birth and education, the latter a credulous, selfish and none too scrupulous fellow, a would-be antiquary, of whom there is the most delightfully absurd description in Boswell's *Johnson*. The biographer relates that in the year 1776 Johnson and he were on a visit to Bristol and were induced by Catcott to climb the steep flight of stairs which led to the muniment room in order to see the famous 'Rowley's Cofre'. Whereupon, when the ascent had been accomplished, Catcott 'called out with a triumphant air of lively simplicity "I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert" (to the view then still largely obtaining that Rowley's poems were written in the fifteenth century) and he pointed to the "Wondrous chest".' '"*There*" said he 'with a bouncing confident credulity "*There is the very chest itself*"!' After which 'ocular demonstration', Boswell remarks, 'there was no more to be said.' It was to such men as these that Chatterton read his 'Rouleie's' poems. Another of his audience was Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, who collected materials for a history

a history of Bristol, which, when published after the boy-poet's death, was found to contain contributions (supplied by Chatterton) in the unmistakable and unique 'Rowleian' language—valuable evidence about old Bristol miraculously preserved in Rowley's chest.

We hear also of Michael Clayfield, a distiller, one of the very few men in Bristol whom Chatterton admired and respected; of Baker, the poet's bedfellow at Colston's, for whom Chatterton wrote love poems, as Cyrano de Bergerac did for Christian de Neuvillette, to the address of a certain Miss Hoyland—thin, conventional silly stuff, but Roxane was probably not very critical; of Catcott's brother, the Rev. A. Catcott, who had a fine library and was the author of a treatise on the Deluge; of Smith, a schoolfellow; of Palmer an engraver, and a number of others—mere names for the most part. Baker, Thistlethwaite and a few more were contemporaries of the poet, but the rest of the circle consisted mainly of men who had reached middle age—dullards, perhaps, who condescended to clever adolescence, whom Chatterton certainly mocked bitterly enough in satires which he wrote apparently for his own private satisfaction, but whom he nevertheless took considerable pains to conciliate as being men of substance who could lend books and now and then reward the Muse with five shillings. For Burgum the poet invented, and pretended to derive from numerous authorities (some of which are wholly imaginary), a magnificent pedigree showing him descended from a Simon de Seyncte Lyse *alias* Senliz Earl of Northampton who had come over with the Conqueror. To this he appended a portion of a poem not included in this edition,

edition, entitled the 'Romaunte of the Cnyghte', composed by John de Bergham about A.D. 1320. It was some years before Mr. Burgum applied to the College of Heralds to have his pedigree ratified, but when he did so he was informed that there had never been a de Bergham entitled to bear arms.

With a second instalment of the genealogical table were copies of the poems called *The Tournament* and *The Gouler's* (i. e. Usurer's) *Requiem*, which are printed in this volume. Mr. Burgum was completely taken in, and, exulting in his new-found dignity, acknowledged the announcement of his splendid birth with a present of five shillings. It is worthy of notice that the pedigree made mention of a certain Radcliffe Chatterton de Chatterton, but Burgum's suspicions were not aroused by the circumstance.

In July 1765, that is to say when the boy was aged about 13, the authorities of Colston's Hospital apprenticed him to John Lambert, a Bristol attorney. He had chosen the calling himself, but it was not long before the life became intolerable to him. It was arranged that he should board with Lambert, and the attorney made him share a bedroom with the foot-boy and eat his meals in the kitchen. Further, though his sister has recorded that the work was light, the practice being inconsiderable, Lambert always tore up any writing of Chatterton's that he could find if it did not relate to his business. '*Your stuff!*' he would say. Nevertheless he admitted that his apprentice was always to be found at his desk, for he often sent the footman in to see. And no doubt on some of these occasions Chatterton was copying the legal precedents

precedents of which 370 folio pages, neatly written in a well-formed handwriting, remain to this day as evidence of legitimate industry. At other times he was certainly composing poems by Rowley.

Perhaps at this point it would be well to give some account of Chatterton's method in the production of ancient writings. First it seems he wrote the matter in the ordinary English of his day. Then he would with the help of an English-Rowley and Rowley-English Dictionary (which he had laboriously compiled for himself out of the vocabulary to Speght's *Chaucer*, Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*, and Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*) translate the work into what he probably thought was a very fair imitation of fifteenth century language. His spelling Professor Skeat characterizes as 'that debased kind which prevails in Chevy Chase and the Battle of Otterbourn in Percy's *Reliques*, only a little more disguised.' Percy's *Reliques* were not published till 1765, but it is natural to suppose that Chatterton when he was 'wildly squandering all he got On books and learning and the Lord knows what', and thereby involving himself in some little debt, would have bought the volume very soon after its publication. Finally as to the production of 'an original'. We have two accounts; one of which represents the pseudo-Rowley rubbing a parchment upon a dirty floor after smearing it with ochre and saying 'that was the way to antiquate it'; the other, even more explicit, is the testimony of a local chemist, one Rudhall, who was for some time a close friend of Chatterton's. The incident in which Rudhall appears is worth relating at length.

In

In the month of September 1768 an event of some importance occurred at Bristol—a new bridge that had been built across the Avon to supersede a structure dating from the reign of the second Henry being formally thrown open for traffic. At the time when this was the general talk of the city Chatterton had left with the editor of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* a description of the 'Fryars passing over the Old Bridge taken from an ancient manuscript'. This account was in the best Rowleian manner, with strange spelling and uncouth words, but for the most part quite intelligible to the ordinary reader. The editor accordingly published it (no payment being asked) and great curiosity was aroused in consequence. Where had this most interesting document come from? Were there others like it? The Bristol antiquaries, rather a large body, were all agog with excitement. Ultimately they discovered that the unknown contributor, of whom the editor could say nothing more than that his 'copy' was subscribed *Dunelmus Bristoliensis*, was Thomas Chatterton the attorney's apprentice. Now the amazing credulity of these learned people is one of the least comprehensible circumstances of our poet's strange life. For on being asked how he had come by his MSS. he refused at first to give any answer. Then he said he was employed to transcribe some old writings by 'a gentleman whom he had supplied with poetry to send to a lady the gentleman was in love with'—the excuse being suggested no doubt by the case of Miss Hoyland and his friend Baker. Finally when, as we can only conclude, this explanation was disproved or disbelieved, he announced that the account was copied from a manuscript his father had taken from

from Rowley's chest. And this explanation was considered perfectly satisfactory.

Yet it seemed obvious that the antiquaries would demand to see the manuscript, and Chatterton, contrary to his usual practice of secrecy, called upon his friend Rudhall and, having made him promise to tell nothing of what he should show him, took a piece of parchment 'about the size of a half sheet of foolscap paper', wrote on it in a character which the other did not understand, for it was 'totally unlike English', and finally held what he had written over a candle to give it the 'appearance of antiquity', which it did by changing the colour of the ink and making the parchment appear 'black and a little contracted'. Rudhall, who kept his secret till 1779 (when he bartered it for £10, to be given to the poet's mother, at that time in great poverty), believed that no one was shown or asked to see this document. Why, it is impossible to say.

The present volume contains a reproduction[1] in black and white of the original MS. of Chatterton's '*Accounte of W. Canynges Feast*'. This was written in red ink. The parchment is stained with brown, except one corner, and the first line written in a legal texting hand. The ageing of his manuscript of the *Vita Burtoni*, to take a further instance, was effected by smearing the middle of it with glue or varnish. This document was also written partly in an attorney's regular engrossing[2] hand. During the next four years Chatterton 'transcribed' a great quantity of ancient documents, including *Ælla*, *a*

[1] From the engraving in Tyrwhitt's edition.

[2] See Southey and Cottle's edition, quoted in Skeat, ii, p. 123.

Tragycal

Tragycal Enterlude—far the finest of the longer Rowleian poems—the *Songe to Ælla* and *The Bristowe Tragedy* (the authorship of which last he appears in an unguarded moment to have acknowledged to his mother). He told her also that he had himself written one of the two poems *Onn oure Ladies Chyrche*—which one, Mrs. Chatterton could not remember[1], but if it was the first of the two printed in this edition (p. 275) it was a strange coincidence indeed that led him to repudiate the antiquity of the only two Rowley poems which are really at all like 'antiques'—Professor Skeat's convenient expression. The two Battles of Hastings were written during this period, and it appears that Barrett the surgeon, on being shown the first poem, was for once very insistent in asking for the original, whereupon Chatterton in a momentary panic confessed he had written the verses for a friend; but he had at home, he said, the copy of what was really the translation of Turgot's Epic—Turgot was a Saxon monk of the tenth century—by Rowley the secular priest of the fifteenth. This was the second *Battle of Hastings* as printed in this book. Again this strange explanation, so laboured and so patently disingenuous, was accepted without comment though probably not believed. And if it appears matter for surprise that there should ever have been any controversy about the authorship of the Rowley

[1] Dean Milles has a delightful account of the reception accorded to Rowley in the Chatterton household. Neither mother nor sister would appear to have understood a line of the poems, but Mary Chatterton (afterwards Mrs. Newton) remembered she had been particularly wearied with a 'Battle of Hastings' of which her brother would continually and enthusiastically recite portions.

writings,

writings, in view of the lad's admission that he had written three such signal pieces as the *Bristowe Tragedy*, the first *Battle of Hastings*, and *Onn oure Ladies Chyrche*, it must be considered that the production of the greater part of the poems by a poorly educated boy not turned seventeen would naturally appear a circumstance more surprising than that such a boy should tell a lie and claim some of them as his own.

With his acknowledged work, as with Rowley, Chatterton by dint of continued application was making good progress. In 1769 he had become a frequent contributor to the *Town and Country Magazine*, to which he sent articles on heraldry, imitations of Ossian (whom he very much admired) and various other papers; and in December of this year he wrote to Dodsley, the well-known publisher, acquainting him that he could 'procure copies of several ancient poems and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant, wrote by one Rowley, a Priest in Bristol, who lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth * * * If these pieces would be of any service to Mr. Dodsley copies should be sent.' The publisher returned no answer. Chatterton waited two months, then wrote again and enclosed a specimen passage from *Ælla*. He could procure a copy of this work, he wrote, upon payment of a guinea to the present owner of the MS. Again Mr. Dodsley lay low and said nothing, and so the incident closed.

Dodsley having failed him, Chatterton next took the bolder step of writing to Horace Walpole, who must have been much in his mind for some years before his sending the letter. Some one has made the ingenious suggestion

that a consideration of Walpole's delicate connoisseurship sensibly coloured Chatterton's account of the life of Mastre William Canynge. More than this, his delight in the Mediaeval—the Gothic—and his content with what may be termed a purely impressionistic view of the past, was singularly akin to the Bristol poet's own outlook on these matters. Walpole had further some three years before this time indulged in the very harmless literary fraud of publishing his *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from a mediaeval Italian MS., only confessing his own authorship upon the publication of the second edition. To Walpole then Chatterton addressed a short letter enclosing some verses by John à Iscam and a manuscript on the *Ryse of Peyncteyning yn Englande wroten by T. Rowleie* 1469 *for Mastre Canynge*[1] with the suggestion that it might be of service to Mr. Walpole 'in any future edition of his truly entertaining anecdotes of painting'. This drew from the connoisseur one of the politest letters[2] that have been written in English, in which the simple and elegant sentences expressed with a very charming courtesy the interest and curiosity of its author. He gave his correspondent 'a thousand thanks'; 'he would not be sorry to print' (at his private press) 'some of Rowley's poems'; and added—which reads strangely in the light of what follows—'I would by no means borrow and detain your MS.' Now Chatterton's *Peyncteyning yn Englande* is

[1] Wilson believed that Chatterton never sent the *Ryse*, &c., at all (see page 173 of his *Chatterton: A Biographical Study*), but this is disposed of by the fact that the *Ryse of Peyncteyning* is the only piece of Chatterton's which contains *Saxon* words.

[2] March 28th, 1769.

the

the clumsiest fraud of all the Rowley compositions, with the single exception of a letter from the secular Priest which exhibits the exact style and language of de Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*.[1] Professor Skeat has pointed out that the Anglo-Saxon words, which occur with tolerable frequency in the *Ryse*, begin almost without exception with the letter *A*, and concludes that Chatterton had read in an old English glossary, probably Somners, no farther than *Ah*. Walpole however 'had not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language,' and it was not until after he had received a second letter from Chatterton, enclosing more Rowleian matter both prose and verse, that he consulted his friends Gray and Mason, who at once detected the forgery. If, as seems certain, *Elinoure and Juga* was among the pieces sent, it was inevitable that Gray should recognize lines 22–25 of that poem as a striking if unconscious reminiscence of his own *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. Now Walpole had some years before introduced Ossian's poems to the world and his reputation as a critic had suffered when their authenticity was generally disputed. Accordingly he wrote Chatterton a stiff letter suggesting that 'when he should have made a fortune he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclination'; and in this one must suppose that he was actuated by a very natural irritation at having been duped a second time by an expositor of antique poetry, rather than by any snobbish contempt for his correspondent, who had frankly confessed himself an

[1] *An account of Master William Canynge written by Thos. Rowlie Priest in* 1460. Skeat, Vol. III, p. 219; W. Southey's edition, Vol. III, p. 75. See especially the last paragraph.

 attorney's

attorney's apprentice. Chatterton then wrote twice to have his MS. returned, asserting at the same time his confidence in the authenticity of the Rowley documents. Walpole for some reason returned no answer to either application, but left for Paris, where he stayed six weeks, returning to find another letter from Chatterton written with considerable dignity and restraint—a last formal demand to have his manuscript returned. Whereupon, amazed at the boy's 'singular impertinence', the great man snapped up both letters and poems and returned them in a blank cover—that is to say without a word of apology or explanation. He might have acted otherwise if he had been a more generous spirit, but an attempt had been made to impose upon him which had in part succeeded, and he can hardly be blamed for showing his resentment by neglecting to return the forgeries. One may notice in passing that when Chatterton, more than a year later, committed suicide there were not wanting a great many persons absurd enough to accuse Walpole of having driven him to his death—a contemptible suggestion. Yet the connoisseur's credit certainly suffers from the fact that he gave currency to a false account of the transaction in the hope of concealing his first credulity.[1]

We now come to the circumstance which procured Chatterton's release from his irksome apprenticeship—his threat of suicide. He had often been heard to speak approvingly of suicide, and there is a story, which has, however, little authority, that once in a company of

[1] See *Letters of Horace Walpole*, edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee (Clarendon Press), Vol. XIV, pp. 210, 229; Vol. XV, p. 123.

friends

friends he drew a pistol from his pocket, put it to his head, and exclaimed 'Now if one had but the courage to pull the trigger!' This anecdote—if not in fact true—illustrates very well the gloomy depression of spirit which alternated with those outbursts of feverish energy in which his poems were composed. And he had much to make him miserable when with a change of mood he lost his buoyancy and confidence of ultimate fame and success. His ambition was boundless and his audience was as limited in numbers as in understanding. He was as proud as the poor Spaniard who on a bitter day rejected the friendly offer of a cloak with the words 'A gentleman does not feel the cold', and his pride was continually fretted. He was keenly conscious of the indignity of his position in Lambert's kitchen; he seems to have been pressed for money, and though he 'did not owe five pounds altogether' he probably smarted under the thought that all his hard work, all the long nights of study and composition in the moonlight which helped his thought, could not earn him even this comparatively small sum. Again, he was not restrained from a contemplation of suicide by any scruples of religion—for he has left his views expressed in an article written some few days before his death. He believed in a daemon or conscience which prompted every man to follow good and avoid evil; but—different men different daemons—his held self-slaughter justified when life became intolerable; with him therefore it would be no crime. Wilson suggests too that the boy who had read theology, orthodox and the reverse, held to the common eighteenth century view that death was annihilation; and this may well

well have been the case. One thing at any rate is certain, that Chatterton on the 14th of April 1770 left on his desk a number of pieces of paper filled with a jumble of satiric verse, mocking prose, and directions for the construction of a mediaeval tomb to cover the remains of his father and himself. Part of this strange document was headed in legal form—'This is the last Will and Testament of me Thomas Chatterton', and contained the declaration that the Testator would be dead on the evening of the following day—'being the feast of the resurrection'. The bundle was dated and endorsed 'All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday in the utmost distress of mind'. Now while one need not doubt that the distress was perfectly genuine, it is tolerably certain that Chatterton intended his master to find what he had written and draw his own conclusions as to the desirability of dismissing his apprentice. The attorney (who is represented as timid, irritable, and narrow-minded)[1] did in fact find the document, was thoroughly frightened, and gave the boy his release. He was now free to starve or earn a living by his pen—so no doubt he represented the alternative to his mother. He must go to London, where he would certainly make his fortune. He had been supplying four or five London journals of good standing with free contributions for some time past, and had received it appears great encouragement from their editors. He gained his point and started out for the great city.

His letters show that he called upon four editors the very day he arrived. These were Edmunds

[1] But attorneys are seldom 'in regrate' with the friends of Poetry.

of

of the *Middlesex Journal*; Fell of the *Freeholder's Magazine*; Hamilton of the *Town and Country Magazine*; and Dodsley—the same to whom he had sent a portion of *Ælla*—of the *Annual Register*. He had received, he wrote, 'great encouragement from them all'; 'all approved of his design; he should soon be settled.' Fell told him later that the great and notorious Wilkes 'affirmed that his writings could not be the work of a youth and expressed a desire to know the author'. This may or may not have been true, but it is certain that Fell was not the only newspaper proprietor who was ready to exchange a little cheap flattery for articles by Chatterton that would never be paid for.[1]

We know very little about Chatterton's life in London —but that little presents some extraordinarily vivid pictures. He lodged at first with an aunt, Mrs. Ballance, in Shoreditch, where he refused to allow his room to be swept, as he said 'poets hated brooms'. He objected to being called Tommy, and asked his aunt 'If she had ever heard of a poet's being called Tommy' (you see he was still a boy). 'But she assured him that she knew nothing about poets and only wished he would not set up for being a gentleman.' He had the appearance of being much older than he was, (though one who knew him when he was at Colston's Hospital described him as having light curly hair and a face round as an apple; his eyes were grey and sparkled when he was interested or moved). He was 'very much himself'—an admirably

[1] Masson's reconstruction of the scene between Chatterton and the editor of the *Freeholder's Magazine* is very convincing (see his *Chatterton: a Biography*, p. 160).

expressive

expressive phrase. He had the same fits of absent-mindedness which characterized him as a child. 'He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour or more till it was quite frightful.' We have accounts of his sitting up writing nearly the whole of the night, and his cousin was almost afraid to share a room with him 'for to be sure he was a spirit and never slept'.[1]

He wrote political letters in the style of Junius—generally signing them Decimus or Probus—that kind of vague libellous ranting which will always serve to voice the discontent of the inarticulate. He wrote essays—moral, antiquarian, or burlesque; he furbished up his old satires on the worthies of Bristol; he wrote songs and a comic opera, and was miserably paid when he was paid at all. None of his work written in these veins has any value as literature; but the skill with which this mere lad not eighteen years old gauged the taste of the town and imitated all branches of popular literature would probably have parallel in the history of journalism should such a history ever come to be written.

His letters to his mother and sister were always gay and contained glowing accounts of his progress; but in reality he must have been miserably poor and ill-fed.

In July he changed his lodgings to the house of a Mrs. Angel, a sacque maker in Brook Street, Holborn; the

[1] Almost everything that we know of Chatterton in London was ascertained by Sir H. Croft and printed in his *Love and Madness* (see Bibliography).

dead

dead season of August was coming on and probably he wanted to conceal his growing embarrassment from his aunt, who might have sent word of it to his mother at Bristol.

His opera was accepted—it is a spirited and well written piece—and for this he was paid five pounds, which enabled him to send a box of presents to his mother and sister bought with money he had earned. He had dreamed of this since he was eight. But his *Balade of Charitie*—the most finished of all the Rowley poems—was refused by the *Town and Country Magazine* about a month before the end; which came on August 24th. He was starving and still too proud to accept the invitations of his landlady and of a friendly chemist to take various meals with them. He was offended at the good landlady's suggestion that he should dine with her; for 'her expressions seemed to hint' (to *hint*) 'that he was in want'—no cloak for Thomas Chatterton! He could have borrowed money and gone back to Bristol, but there are many precedents for beaten generalissimos falling on their swords rather than return home defeated and disgraced. How could he return? He had set out so confidently; had boasted not a little of his powers, and had satirized all the good people in Bristol *de haut en bas*. Think of the jokes and commiserations of Burgum, Catcott, and the rest! 'Well, here you are again, boy; but of course *we* knew it would come to this!' He could not endure to hear that.

Accordingly on Friday the 24th August 1770 he tore up his manuscripts, locked his door, and poisoned himself with arsenic.

Southey, Byron, and others have supposed that Chatterton

Chatterton was mad; it has been suggested that he was the victim of a suicidal mania. All the evidence that there is goes to show that he was not. He was very far-sighted, shrewd, hard-working, and practical, for all his imaginative dreaming of a non-existent past; and this at least may be said, that Chatterton's suicide was the logical end to a very remarkably consistent life.

Chatterton's character has suffered a good deal from three accusations vehemently urged by Maitland and his eighteenth-century predecessors. The first is that the boy was a 'forger'; the second that he was a free-thinker; the third that he was a free-liver.

To examine these in turn: the first admits of no denial as a question of fact, but justification may be pleaded which some will accept as a complete exculpation and others perhaps will hardly comprehend.

Chatterton could only produce poetry in his fifteenth-century vein; his imagination failed him in modern English. No one who has any appreciation of Rowley's poems will consider that the *African Eclogues* are for a moment comparable with them. If he was to write at all he must produce antiques, and, as it happened, interest had been aroused in ancient poetry, largely by the publication of Percy's *Reliques* and of the spurious Ossian. Appearing at this juncture, then, as ancient writings taken from an old chest, his poems would be read and their value appreciated; while no one would trouble to make out the professed imitations—not by any means easy reading—of an attorney's apprentice. Probably if an adequate audience had been secured in his lifetime, Chatterton would have revealed the secret when it had served

served its purpose—just as Walpole confessed to the authorship of *Otranto* only when that book had run into a second edition.

To the second count of the indictment no defence is urged. Chatterton was too honest and too intelligent to accept traditional dogmatics without examination.

Finally, he was no free-liver in the sense in which that objectionable expression is used. Rather he was an ascetic who studied and wrote poetry half through the night, who ate as little as he slept, and would make his dinner off 'a tart and a glass of water'. He was devoted to his mother and sister and to his poetry; and what spare time was not occupied with the latter he seems to have spent largely with the former. The attempt to represent him as a sort of provincial Don Juan—though in the precocious licence of a few of his acknowledged writings he has even given it some colour himself—cannot be reconciled with the recorded facts of his life.

Equally ill judged is that picture which is presented by Professor Masson and other writers less important—of a truant schoolboy, a pathetic figure, who had petulantly cast away from him the consolations of religion. Monsieur Callet, his French biographer, knew better than this: 'Il fallait l'admirer, lui, non le plaindre', is the last word on Chatterton.

II. THE VALUE OF ROWLEY'S POEMS—PHILOLOGICAL AND LITERARY

As imitations of fifteenth-century composition it must be confessed the Rowley poems have very little value. Of Chatterton's method of antiquating something has already been said. He made himself an antique lexicon out of the glossary to Speght's *Chaucer*, and such words as were marked with a capital O, standing for ('obsolete,') in the Dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey. Now even had his authorities been well informed, which they were not by any means, and had Chatterton never misread or misunderstood them, which he very frequently did, it was impossible that his work should have been anything better than a mosaic of curious old words of every period and any dialect. Old English, Middle English, and Elizabethan English, South of England folk-words or Scots phrases taken from the border ballads—all were grist for Rowley's mill. It is only fair to say that he seldom invented a word outright, but he altered and modified with a free hand. Professor Skeat indeed estimates that of the words contained in Milles' Glossary to the Rowley Poems only seven per cent. are genuine old words correctly used. The Professor in his modernized edition is continually pointing out with kindly reluctance that such and such a word never bore the meaning ascribed to it—that because, for instance, Bailey had explained *Teres major* as a smooth muscle of the arm it was not therefore any legitimate inference of Chatterton's that *tere* (singular form) meant a muscle and

and could be translated 'health'. Only occasionally does one find the note (written with an obviously sincere pleasure) 'This word is correctly used'. Of course it was impossible that Chatterton should have produced even a colourable imitation of fifteenth-century poetry at a time when even Malone—for all his acknowledged reputation as an English Scholar—could not quote Chaucer so as to make his lines scan. The *Rowley Poems* and Percy's *Reliques* mark the beginning of that renascence of our older poetry so conspicuous in the time of Lamb and Hazlitt. Before this epoch was the Augustan age, much too well satisfied with its own literature to concern itself with an unfashionable past.

But, after all, however absurd from any historical point of view the language and metres of the boy-poet may be, at least he invented a practicable language which admirably conveyed his impression of the latest period of the middle ages—that after-glow which began with the death of Chaucer. Chatterton's poetry is a pageant staged by an impressionist. It cannot be submitted to a close examination, and it is all wrong historically, yet it presents a complete picture with an artistic charm that must be judged on its own merits. An illusion is successfully conveyed of a dim remote age when an idle-strenuous people lived only to be picturesque, to kill one another in tourneys, to rear with painful labour beautiful elaborate cathedrals, and yet had so much time on their hands that they could pass half their lives cracking unhallowed sconces in the Holy Land and, in that part of their ample leisure which they devoted to study, spell 'flourishes' as 'Florryschethe'.

But

But if any one still anxious for literal truth should insist —'Is not the impression as false as the medium that conveys it? Were the middle ages really like that? Is it not a fact that the average baron stayed at home in his castle devising abominable schemes to wring money or its equivalent from miserable and half-starved peasants?' —such a one can only be answered with another question: 'Is Pierrot like a man, and has it been put beyond question that Pontius Pilate was hanged for beating his wife?' The Rowley writings are—properly considered—entirely fanciful and unreal. They have many faults, but are seen at their worst when Chatterton is trying to exhibit some eternal truth. There is a horrible (but perfectly natural) didacticism—the inevitable priggishness of a clever boy—which occasionally intrudes itself on his best work. Thus that charming fanciful fragment which begins—

> As onn a hylle one eve fittynge
> At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge

embodies this truism fit for a bread-platter—or to be the 'Posy of a ring'—'Do your best'.

> Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

And the poet's boyishness demands still further consideration. He has a crude violence of expression which is apt to shock the mature person—some of the descriptions of wounds in the two Battles of Hastings would sicken a butcher; while in another vein such a phrase as

> Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheefe a wyfe,
> And uſe the ſexes for the purpoſe gevene.
>
> (*Storie of William Canynge*)

has

has an absurd affectation of straightforward good sense divested of sentiment which could not appeal to any one on a higher plane of civilization than a medical student.

And this is easily explicable if only it is borne in mind that the Rowley poems were written by a boy, and that such lovely things as the Dirge in *Ælla* suggest a maturity that Chatterton did not by any means perfectly possess. In some respects he was as childish (to use the word in no contemptuous sense) as in others he was precocious. And it is a thousand pities that the difficulties of Chatterton's language and the peculiar charm and invention of his metrical technique cannot be appreciated till the boyish love of adventure, delight in imagined bloodshed, and ignorance of sentimental love, have generally been left behind. Nothing—to give an example—could be more frigid than the description of Kennewalcha—

> White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines iſle,
> Red as the higheſt colour'd Gallic wine

(an unthinkable study in burgundy and whitewash, *Battle of Hastings*, II, 401); nothing, on the other hand, more vivid, more obviously written with a pen that shook with excitement, than

> The Saraſen lokes *owte*: he doethe feere, &c.
> (*Eclogue the Second*, 23.)
>
> Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
> And throughe a ſtorme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne. (*Ælla*, 631.)
>
> Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylterrs joyne!
> (*Tournament*, 92.)

In

In fine, there is no poet, one may boldly declare, whose pages are so filled with battle, murder and sudden death, as Chatterton's are; and this is perhaps the clearest indication he gives of immaturity.

But if his ideas were sometimes crude and boyish they were not by any means always so; he has flashes of genius, sudden beauties that take away the breath. A better example than this of what is called the sublime could not be found:

> See! the whyte moone ſheenes onne hie;
> Whyterre ys mie true loves ſhroude;
> Whyterre yanne the mornynge ſkie,
> Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.
>
> (*Ælla*, 872.)

and, from the *Songe bie a Manne and Womanne*,

> I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
> Chauntynge owte ſo blatauntlie,
> Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
> Myſcheefe ys whanne you are nygh. (*Ælla*, 107.)

Did ever shepherd's pipe play a prettier tune?

He has some fine martial sounds, as for instance:

> Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval
>
> (*Battle of Hastings*, I, 181.)

He rarely employs personifications, but no poet used the figure more convincingly. The third Mynstrelle's description of Autumn is a lovely thing, and one will not easily forget his Winter's frozen blue eyes—though unfortunately that is not in Rowley.

His art was essentially dramatic, and he has some fine dramatic moments, as for example when the Usurer soliloquizing

soliloquizing miserably on his certain ultimate damnation suddenly cries out

> O ſtorthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.
> (*Gouler's Requiem.*)

The word 'storthe' is a good example of Chatterton's use of strange words. The effect of a sudden outcry which it produces would be lost in a modernized version which rendered it 'death'.

Mr. Watts-Dunton in his article on Chatterton in Ward's *English Poets* speaks of his extraordinary metrical inventiveness and of his ultimate responsibility for such lines as these—

> And Christabel saw the lady's eye
> And nothing else she saw thereby
> Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall
> Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall—

the anapaestic dance of which breaks in upon the normal iambic movement of the poem with a natural dramatic propriety. He compares too *The Eve of St. Agnes* with the *Excelente Balade of Charitie*, remarking that it was only in his latest work that Keats attained to that dramatic objectivity which was 'the very core and centre of Chatterton's genius'.

Another writer, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, speaks of his 'genuine lyric fire, a poetic energy, and above all an intensity remote from his contemporaries and suggestive (as Cimabue in his antique and primitive manner is suggestive of Giotto and Angelico) of Shelley and Keats.'

Chatterton's influence on the great body of poets of the generation succeeding his own was very considerable—

Mr. Watts-Dunton indeed declares him to have been the father of the New Romantic School—and the affection with which Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth and many others regarded him was extraordinary. He was their pioneer, who had lost his life in a heroic attempt to penetrate the dull crassness of the mid-eighteenth century.

He had great originality and the gift of an intense imagination. If he is sometimes crude and immature in thought and expression—if his images sometimes weary by their monotony—it is accepted that a poet is to be judged by his highest and not his lowest; and Chatterton's best work has an inspiration, a singular and unique charm both of thought and of music that is of the first order of English poetry.

III. BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A great deal more has been written about Chatterton than it is worth anybody's while to read. To begin with, there are all the volumes and pamphlets concerning themselves with the question whether the Rowley poems were written by Chatterton or by Rowley, or by both (Chatterton adding matter of his own to existing poems written in the fifteenth century), or by neither. It may be said that these problems were not conclusively and finally solved till Professor Skeat brought out his edition of Chatterton in 1871.

Then again there are the various lives of the poet; for the most part mere random aggregations of such facts, true or imagined, as fell in the editor's way, filled out with pulpit commonplaces and easy paragraphs beginning 'But it is ever the

the way of Genius . . . '. Professor Wilson's *Chatterton: a Biographical Study* is as final in its own way as Professor Skeat's two volumes. It is a scholarly compilation of all previous accounts, very well digested and arranged. Moreover, the Professor has for the most part left the facts to tell their own story; and thus his book is free from such absurdities as the sentimental regrets of Gregory and Professor Masson that Chatterton was led into a course of folly ending in suicide through being deprived of a father's care. Such a father as Chatterton's was!

While premising that any one who wishes to learn the facts of the boy-poet's life—his circumstances and surroundings—can find them all set forth in Professor Wilson's book: while equally if he is interested in the pseudo-Rowley's language, philologically considered, he will find this elaborately examined in Professor Skeat's second volume; it has been thought that the following bibliography of books dealing with various aspects of the poet which were read and valued in their day may be found of interest to students of literary history.

1598. Speght's edition of Chaucer, the glossary of which Chatterton used in the compilation of his Rowley Dictionary.

1708. Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum*, and

1737. Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary*. (8th Enlarged Edition.) Bailey is largely copied from Kersey, but Chatterton certainly used both dictionaries in making his antique language.

1777. Tyrwhitt's edition of the Rowley poems. Tyrwhitt was Chatterton's first editor and in his edition many of the poems were printed for the first time. 'The only really good edition is Tyrwhitt's.' 'This exhibits a careful and, I believe, extremely accurate text . . . an excellent account of the MSS. and transcripts from which it was derived. It is a fortunate

 circumstance

circumstance that the first editor was so thoroughly competent.' (Professor Skeat, Introd. to Vol. II of his 1871 edition.)

1778. Tyrwhitt's third edition, from which the present edition is printed. With this was printed for the first time 'An appendix . . . tending to prove that the Rowley poems were written not by any ancient author but entirely by Thomas Chatterton'. This edition follows the first nearly page for page; but was reset.

1780. *Love and Madness* by Sir Herbert Croft. This strange book deserves a brief description as it is the source of almost all our knowledge of Chatterton.

A certain Captain Hackman, violently in love with a Miss Reay, mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, and stung to madness by his jealousy and the hopelessness of his position, had in 1779 shot her in the Covent Garden Opera House and afterwards unsuccessfully attempted to shoot himself. Enormous public interest was excited, and Croft—baronet, parson, and literary adventurer—got hold of copies which Hackman had kept of some letters he had sent to the charming Miss Reay. These he published as a sensational topical novel in epistolary form, calling it *Love and Madness*. This is quite worth reading for its own sake, but much more so for its 49th letter, which purports to have been written by Hackman to satisfy Miss Reay's curiosity about Chatterton. As a matter of fact Croft, who had been very interested in the boy-poet and had collected from his relations and those with whom he had lodged in London all they could possibly tell him, wrote the letter himself and included it rather inartistically among the genuine Hackman–Reay correspondence. Amongst other valuable matter, this letter 49 contains a long account of her brother by Mary Chatterton.—(See *Love letters of Mr. Hackman and Miss Reay*, 1775–79, introduction by Gilbert Burgess; Heinemann, 1895.)

1774–81. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, in Volume II of which there is an account of Chatterton.

1781. Jacob Bryant's *Observations upon the Poems of T. Rowley in which the authenticity of those poems is ascertained.* Bryant was a strong Pro-Rowleian and argues cleverly against the possibility of Chatterton's having written the poems. He shows that Chatterton in his notes often misses Rowley's meaning and insists that he neglected to explain obvious difficulties because he could not understand them. Bryant is the least absurd of the Pro-Rowleians.

1782. Dean Milles' edition of the Rowley poems—a splendid quarto with a running commentary attempting to vindicate Rowley's authenticity. Milles was President of the Society of Antiquaries and his commentary is characterized by Professor Skeat as 'perhaps the most surprising trash in the way of notes that was ever penned'.

1782. Mathias' *Essay on the Evidence . . . relating to the poems called Rowley's*—he is pro-Rowleian and criticizes Tyrwhitt's appendix.

1782. Thomas Warton's *Enquiry . . . into the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley*—Anti-Rowleian.

1782. Tyrwhitt's *Vindication* of his Appendix. Tyrwhitt had discovered Chatterton's use of Bailey's Dictionary and completely refutes Bryant, Milles, and Mathias. It may be observed in passing that though Goldsmith upheld Rowley, Dr. Johnson, the two Wartons, Steevens, Percy, Dr. Farmer, and Sir H. Croft pronounced unhesitatingly in favour of the poems having been written by Chatterton: while Malone in a mocking anti-Rowleian pamphlet shows that the similes from Homer in the *Battle of Hastings* and elsewhere have often borrowed their rhymes from Pope!

1798. *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* by Edward Gardner (two volumes). At the end of Volume II there is a short account

account of the Rowley controversy and, what is more important, the statement that Gardner had seen Chatterton antiquate a parchment and had heard him say that a person who had studied antiquities could with the aid of certain books (among them Bailey) 'copy the style of our elder poets so exactly that the most skilful observer should not be able to detect him. "No," said he; "not Mr. Walpole himself."' But perhaps this should be taken *cum grano*.

1803. Southey and Cottle's edition in three volumes with an account of Chatterton by Dr. Gregory which had previously been published as an independent book. Southey and Cottle's edition is very compendious so far as matter goes, and contains much that is printed for the first time. Gregory's life is inaccurate but very pleasantly written.

1837. Dix's life of Chatterton, with a frontispiece portrait of Chatterton aged 12 which was for a long time believed to be authentic. No genuine portrait of Chatterton is known to be in existence; probably none was ever made. Dix's life, not a remarkable work in itself, has some interesting appendices; one of which contains a story—extraordinary enough but well supported—that Chatterton's body, which had received a pauper's burial in London, was secretly reburied in St. Mary's churchyard by his uncle the Sexton.

1842. Willcox's edition printed at Cambridge; on the whole a slovenly piece of work with a villainously written introduction.

1854. George Pryce's *Memorials of Canynges Family*; which contains some notes of the coroner's inquest on Chatterton's body, which would have been most interesting if authentic, but were in fact forged by one Gutch.

1856. *Chatterton: a biography* by Professor Masson—published originally in a volume of collected essays; re-published and in part re-written as an independent volume in 1899. The Professor reconstructs scenes in which Chatterton played a part

a part; but it is suggested (with diffidence) that his treatment is too sentimental, and the boy-poet is Georgy-porgied in a way that would have driven him out of his senses, if he could have foreseen it. The picture is fundamentally false.

1857. *An Essay on Chatterton* by S. R. Maitland, D.D., F.R.S., and F.S.A. A very monument of ignorant perversity. The writer shamelessly distorts facts to show that Chatterton was an utterly profligate blackguard and declares finally that neither Rowley nor Chatterton wrote the poems.

1869. Professor D. Wilson's *Chatterton: a Biographical Study*, and

1871. Professor W. W. Skeat's *Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton* (in modernized English) of which mention has been made above.

1898. A beautifully printed edition of the Rowley poems with decorated borders, edited by Robert Steele. (Ballantyne Press.)

1905 and 1909. The works of Chatterton, with the Rowley poems in modernized English, edited with a brief introduction by Sidney Lee.

1910. *The True Chatterton—a new study from original documents* by John H. Ingram. (Fisher Unwin.)

Besides all these serious presentations of Chatterton there are a number of burlesques—such as *Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades* (1782) and *An Archaeological Epistle to Jeremiah Milles* (1782), which are clever and amusing, and three plays, two in English, and one in French by Alfred de Vigny, which represents the love affair of Chatterton and an apocryphal Mme. Kitty Bell.

The whole of Chatterton's writings—Rowley, acknowledged poems, and private letters, have been translated into French prose. *Œuvres complètes de Thomas Chatterton traduites par Javelin*

Javelin Pagnon, précédées d'une Vie de Chatterton par A. Callet (1839). Callet's treatment of Chatterton is very sympathetic and interesting.

Finally for further works on Chatterton the reader is referred to Bohn's Edition of Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual*—but the most important have been enumerated above.

IV. NOTE ON THE TEXT.

This edition is a reprint of Tyrwhitt's third (1778) edition, which it follows page for page (except the glossary; see note on p. 291). The reference numbers in text and glossary, which are often wrong in *1778*, have been corrected; line-numbers have been corrected when wrong, and added to one or two poems which are without them in *1778*, and the text has been collated throughout with that of 1777 and corrected from it in many places where the 1778 printer was at fault. These corrections have been made silently; all other corrections and additions are indicated by footnotes enclosed in square brackets.

V. NOTES.

1. *The Tournament*, lines 7–10.

Wythe ſtraunge depyctures, Nature maie nott yeelde, &c. 'This is neither sense nor grammar as it stands' says Professor Skeat. But Chatterton is frequently ungrammatical, and the sense of the passage is quite clear if either of the two following possible meanings is attributed to *unryghte*.

(1) =to present an intelligible significance otherwise than by writing—as 'rebus'd shields' do (un-write);

or (2) =to misrepresent (un-right).

With

With pictures of strange beasts that have no counterpart in Nature and appear to be purely fantastic ('unseemly to all order') yet none the less make known to men good at guessing riddles ('who thyncke and have a ſpryte') what the strange heraldic forms express - without - use - of - written - words ('unryghte')—or (taking the second meaning of *unryghte*—misrepresent) present-with-a-disregard-of-truth-to-nature.

2. *Letter to the Dygne Mastre Canynge*, line 15.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede, (that is to say, coats of arms).

Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede

i.e. 'She unwilling to take much aye doth heed'; 'which is nonsense' says Prof. Skeat. But the sentence is an example of ellipse, a figure which Chatterton affected a good deal, and fully expressed would run 'She—not willing to take much, ever doth heed not to take much', which would of course be intolerably clumsy but perfectly intelligible.

3. *Ælla*, line 467.

Certis thie wordes maie, thou moteſt have ſayne &c.

Prof. Skeat 'can make nothing of this' and reads 'Certes thy wordes mightest thou have sayn'.

A simple emendation of *maie* to *meynte* would give very good sense.

4. *Ælla*, line 489.

Tyrwhitt has *ſphere*—evidently a mistake in the MS. for *spere* which he overlooked. It is not included in his errata. In the 1842 edition the meaning 'spear' is given in a footnote.

5. *Englysh Metamorphosis.*

Prof. Skeat was the first to point out that this piece is an imitation of *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. ii, Canto X, stanzas 5–19.

6. *Battle of Hastings*, II, line 578.

To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came

Prof.

Prof. Skeat explains *ourt* as 'overt' and observes that it contradicts *thight*, which he renders 'tight'. But really there is not even an antithesis. *Ourt arraie* is what a military handbook calls 'open order' and *thight* is 'well-built', well put together (Bailey's Dictionary). The Saxons were well-built men marching in open order.

VI. APPENDIX.

Brief synopsis of the Arguments used in the Rowley Controversy.

(Taken mainly from Gregory's *Life of Chatterton*.)

Against Rowley.

1. So few originals produced—not more than 124 verses.

2. Chatterton had shown (by his article on Christmas games, &c.) that he had a strong turn for antiquities. He had also written poetry. Why then should he not have written Rowley's poems?

3. His declaration that the *Battle of Hastings* I was his own.

4. Rudhall's testimony.

5. Chatterton first exhibited the *Songe to Ælla* in his own handwriting, then gave Barrett the parchment, which contained strange textual variations.

6. Rowley's very existence doubtful.

William of Worcester, who lived at his time and was himself of Bristol, makes no mention of him, though he frequently alludes to Canynge. Neither Bale, Leland, Pitts nor Turner mentions Rowley.

7. Improbability of there being poems in a muniment chest.

8. Style unlike other fifteenth century writings.

9. No mediaeval learning or citation of authority to be found in Rowley; no references to the Round Table and stories of chivalry.

10. Stockings were not knitted in the fifteenth century (*Ælla*). MSS. are referred to as if they were rarities and printed books common.

11. Metres and imitation of Pindar absurdly modern.

12. Mistakes cited which are derived from modern dictionaries (Tyrwhitt).

13. Existence of undoubted plagiarisms from Shakespeare, Gray, &c.

For Rowley.

1. Chatterton's assertion that they were Rowley's, his sister having represented him as a 'lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason'.

2. Catcott's assertion that Chatterton on their first acquaintance had mentioned by name almost all the poems which have since appeared in print (Bryant).

3. Smith had seen parchments in the possession of Chatterton, some as broad as the bottom of a large-sized chair. (Bryant.)

4. Even Mr. Clayfield and Rudhall believed Chatterton incapable of composing Rowley's poems.

5. Undoubtedly there were ancient MSS. in the 'cofre'.

6. Chatterton would never have had time to write so much. He did not neglect his work in the attorney's office and he read enormously.

7. Chatterton made many mistakes in his transcription of Rowley and in his notes to the poems. (Bryant's main contention.)

8. If Leland never mentioned Rowley it is equally true he says nothing of Canynge, Lydgate, or Occleve.

For

For Rowley.

1. The poems contain much historical allusion at once true and inaccessible to Chatterton.

2. The admitted poems are much below the standard of Rowley.

3. The old octave stanza is not far removed from the usual stanza of Rowley.

4. If Rowley's language differs from that of other fifteenth century writers, the difference lies in provincialisms natural to an inhabitant of Bristol.

5. Plagiarisms from modern authors may in some cases have been introduced by Chatterton but in others they are the commonplaces of poetry.

Against Rowley.

1. No writings or chest deposited in Redcliffe Church are mentioned in Canynge's Will.

2. The Bristol library was in Chatterton's time of general access, and Chatterton was introduced to it by Rev. A. Catcott (Warton).

3. Facts about Canynge may be found in his epitaph in Redcliffe Church; and the account of Redcliffe steeple—(which had been destroyed by fire before Chatterton's time) came from the bottom of an old print published in 1746.

4. The parchments were taken from the bottom of old deeds where a small blank space was usually left—hence their small size.

POEMS,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

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THE THIRD EDITION;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE LANGUAGE OF THESE POEMS;

TENDING TO PROVE,

THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR,

BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

LONDON:

Printed for T. PAYNE and SON,

at the MEWS-GATE.

MDCCLXXVIII.

THE

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PRE-

PREFACE.

THE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for ſome time excited much curioſity, as the ſuppoſed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a prieſt of Briſtol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the moſt authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular deſcription is given in the *Introductory account of the ſeveral pieces contained in this volume*, ſubjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore ſeems neceſſary at preſent, than to inform the Reader ſhortly of the manner in which theſe Poems were firſt brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are aſcribed to the perſons whoſe names they bear.

This cannot be done ſo ſatisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Briſtol, to whoſe very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the moſt conſiderable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this: "The firſt diſcovery of cer-"tain MSS having been depoſited in Red-"cliſt church, above three centuries ago, was "made in the year 1768, at the time of "opening the new bridge at Briſtol, and was "owing to a publication in *Farley's Weekly* "*Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an "*Account of the ceremonies obſerved at the* "*opening of the old bridge*, taken, as it was "ſaid, from a very antient MS. This ex-"cited the curioſity of ſome perſons to en-"quire after the original. The printer, "Mr. Farley, could give no account of it, "or of the perſon who brought the copy; "but after much enquiry it was diſcovered, "that

"that the perſon who brought the copy "was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of "age, whoſe name was Thomas Chatterton, "and whoſe family had been ſextons of "Redclift church for near 150 years. His "father, who was now dead, had alſo been "maſter of the free-ſchool in Pile-ſtreet. "The young man was at firſt very unwilling "to diſcover from whence he had the ori- "ginal; but, after many promiſes made to "him, he was at laſt prevailed on to ac- "knowledge, that he had received this, *toge- "ther with many other MSS*, from his father, "who had found them in a large cheſt in "an upper room over the chapel on the "north ſide of Redclift church."

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his acquaintance with young Chatterton*, and, partly

* The hiſtory of this youth is ſo intimately connected with that of the poems now publiſhed, that the Reader cannot be too early apprized of the principal circumſtances of his ſhort life.

partly as preſents partly as purchaſes, procured from him copies of many of his MSS. in

life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and educated at a charity-ſchool on St. Auguſtin's Back, where nothing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts. At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney, with whom he continued till he left Briſtol in April 1770.

Though his education was thus confined, he diſcovered an early turn towards poetry and Engliſh antiquities, particularly heraldry. How ſoon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Briſtol, and ſubſcribed with his uſual ſignature, D. B. The firſt contains ſhort extracts from two MSS., "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk*," concerning dreſs in the age of Henry II.; the other, "ETHELGAR, *a Saxon poem*," in bombaſt proſe. In the ſame Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Briſtol, with the ſame ſignature, D. B. *viz.* CERDICK, *tranſlated from the Saxon* (in the ſame ſtyle with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Obſervations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon atchievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by* T. ROWLEY, *a ſecular prieſt*, p. 273. This laſt poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the ſubſequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are ſeveral other pieces in the ſame Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his compoſition.

In April 1770, he left Briſtol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In

in profe and verfe. Other copies were difpofed of, in the fame way, to Mr. William Barrett,

In the profecution of this fcheme, he appears to have almoft entirely depended upon the patronage of a fet of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worft judges or rewarders of merit*, the bookfellers of this great city. At his firft arrival indeed he was fo unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenafes, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little difappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high fpirits upon the change in his fituation, with the following farcaftic reflection upon his former patrons at Briftol. "*As to Mr.——, Mr.——, Mr.——*, &c. &c. *they rate literary lumber fo low, that I believe an author, in their eftimation, muft be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwife. Had* Rowley *been a* Londoner *inftead of a* Briftowyan, *I could have lived by* copying *his works.*"

In a letter to his fifter, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous hiftory of* London, *to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written fomething in praife of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being prefented to his lordfhip. In the letter juft mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with fome curious obfervations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this fide of the

Barrett, an eminent ſurgeon at Briſtol, who has long been engaged in writing the hiſtory of that city. Mr. Barrett alſo procured from him ſeveral fragments, ſome

queſtion.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both ſides.—Eſſays on the patriotic ſide will fetch no more than what the copy is ſold for. As the patriots themſelves are ſearching for a place, they have no gratuity to ſpare.—On the other hand, unpopular eſſays will not even be accepted; and you muſt pay to have them printed: but then you ſeldom loſe by it, as courtiers are ſo ſenſible of their deficiency in merit, that they generouſly reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithſtanding his employment on the Hiſtory of London, he continued to write inceſſantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his ſiſter that he had pieces laſt month in the *Goſpel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, *viz.* Maria Friendleſs; Falſe Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miſs Buſh, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Regiſter*, &c. But all theſe exertions of his genius brought in ſo little profit, that he was ſoon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of Auguſt, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into ſmall pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

of

of a conſiderable length, written upon vellum*, which he aſſerted to be part of his original MSS. In ſhort, in the ſpace of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, beſides the Poems now publiſhed, he produced as many compoſitions, in proſe and verſe, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill ſuch another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the Auguſt follow-

* One of theſe fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permiſſion, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac ſimile*, by that ingenious artiſt Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inſerted at p. 288. Two other ſmall fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account.* The fragments in proſe, which are conſiderably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publiſh in his Hiſtory of Briſtol, which, the Editor has the ſatisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the ſame work will be inſerted *A Diſcorſe on Briſtowe*, and the other hiſtorical pieces in proſe, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with ſuch remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is beſt qualified to make, from his accurate reſearches into the Antiquities of Briſtol.

ing; ſo that the whole hiſtory of this very extraordinary tranſaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he conſtantly aſſerted) of all theſe productions; he appears to have kept the ſecret entirely to himſelf, and not to have put it in the power of any other perſon, to bear certain teſtimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The queſtion therefore concerning the authenticity of theſe Poems muſt now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the ſeveral pieces afford. If the Fragments ſhall be judged to be genuine, it will ſtill remain to be determined, how far their genuineneſs

nuineneſs ſhould ſerve to authenticate the reſt of the collection, of which no copies, older than thoſe made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments ſhall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of neceſſity follow, that the matter of them was alſo forged by him, and ſtill leſs, that all the other compoſitions, which he profeſſed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either caſe, the deciſion must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor ſhould give an opinion upon this important queſtion; but he rather chooſes, for many reaſons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been deſirous that

that theſe Poems ſhould be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of ſuperintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which ſeemed to him beſt ſuited to ſuch a publication; and here he means that his taſk ſhould end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compoſitions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they muſt always be conſidered as a moſt ſingular literary curioſity.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT

OF THE

SEVERAL PIECES

CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST. p. 1
ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 12

Theſe three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the firſt page. "*Eclogues and other Poems by* Thomas Rowley, *with a Gloſſary and Annotations by* Thomas Chatterton."

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of "*Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*" which ſee below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA. p. 19

This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, "*Elinoure and*

and Juga. Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, a ſecular prieſt." And it has the following ſubſcription; "D. B. Briſtol, May, 1769." Chatterton ſoon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inſerted it in the Magazine.

The preſent Editor has taken the liberty to ſupply [between hooks] the names of the ſpeakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by ſome accident in the firſt publication; as the nature of the compoſition ſeems to require, that the dialogue ſhould proceed by alternate ſtanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE. p. 23
SONGE TO ÆLLA. Ibid.
LYDGATE'S ANSWER. 26

Theſe three ſmall Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (excluſive of many in the ſpelling) are ſet down below*.

THE

* *Verſes to Lydgate.*
In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate.*
ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee.*
3. for *bee*, r. *goe.*
7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte.*

Songe

THE TOURNAMENT. p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Songe to Ælla.

The title in the vellum MS. was ſimply "*Songe toe Ælle*," with a ſmall mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"*Lorde of the caſtelle of Bryſtowe ynne daies of yore.*" It may be proper alſo to take notice, that the whole ſong was there written like proſe, without any breaks, or diviſions into verſes.

ver. 6. for *braſtynge*, r. *burſtynge.*
11. for *valyante*, r. *burlie.*
23. for *dyſmall*, r. *honore.*

Lydgate's anſwer.

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *varſes*, r. *pene.*
antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes.*
ult. for *lyne*, r. *thynge.*

Mr. Barrett had alſo a copy of theſe Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verſes to Lydgate.*

Orig. *Lydgate* —— Chat. *Ladgate.*
ver. 3. Orig. *goe.* —— Chat. *doe.*
7. Orig. *wryte.* —— Chat. *fyghte.*

Songe to Ælla.

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane.* — Chat. *Dacya's.*
Orig. *whoſe lockes* — Chat. *whoſe hayres.*
11. Orig. *burlie.* —— Chat. *bronded.*
22. Orig. *kennſt.* —— Chat. *hearſt.*
23. Orig. *honore.* —— Chat. *dyſmall.*
26. Orig. *Ypraucynge* — Chat. *Ifrayning.*
30. Orig. *gloue.* —— Chat. *glare.*

Sir

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt founder of a church dedicated to *oure Ladie*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now ſtands. Mr. Barrett has a ſmall leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is ſaid, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in conſequence of a vow made at a tournament.

THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The perſon here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancaſtrian, who was executed at Briſtol in the latter end of 1461, the firſt year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he ſeems to have been executed under a ſpecial commiſſion for the trial of treaſons, &c. within the town of Briſtol. The fragment of the old chronicle, publiſhed by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. ſays only; "Item *the ſame yere* (1 Edw. IV.) *was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid att Briſtow.*" But the matter is more fully ſtated in the act which paſſed in 7 Edw. IV. for the reſtitution in blood and eſtate of Thomas

Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldeſt ſon of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonſhire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after ſtating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus: "And alſo the ſaid Baldewyn, the ſaid firſt yere of your noble reign, at Briſtowe in the ſhere of Briſtowe, before Henry Erle of Eſſex William Haſtyngs of Haſtyngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the ſaid towne of Briſtowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all treeſons &c. doon withyn the ſaid towne of Briſtowe before the vth day of September the firſt yere of your ſaid reign, was atteynt of dyvers treſons by him doon ayenſt your Highnes &c." If the commiſſion ſate ſoon after the vth of September, as is moſt probable, King Edward might very poſſibly be at Briſtol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progreſs (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coaſt into the Weſt, and was (among other places) at Briſtol. Indeed there is a circumſtance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a ſpectator of the execution from the minſter-window, as deſcribed in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minſter, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next enſuing, is the following arti-

cle, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

"Item *for waſhynge the church payven ageyns Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.* } iiij d. ob.

ÆLLA, a tragycal enterlude. p. 65

This Poem, with the *Epiſtle, Letter,* and *Entroductionne,* is printed from a folio MS. furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, "Chatterton's tranſcript. 1769." The whole tranſcript is of Chatterton's hand-writing.

GODDWYN, a Tragedie. p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton's hand-writing.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS. p. 196

This Poem is printed from a ſingle ſheet in Chatterton's hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

BALADE OF CHARITIE. p. 203

This Poem is alſo printed from a ſingle ſheet in Chatterton's hand-writing. It was ſent to the Printer of the *Town and Country Magazine,* with the following letter prefixed:

"To

" To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Gloſſary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Deſcription, and Verſification, are highly deſerving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770. D. B."

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, No 2. 237

In printing the firſt of theſe poems two copies have been made uſe of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The ſecond poem is printed from a ſingle copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the Poem marked No 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; "*Battle of Haſtings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and tranſlated by Thomas Rowlie, pariſh preeſte of St. Johns in the city of Briſtol, in the year* 1465.—*The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*" Being afterwards preſt by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at laſt ſaid, that he wrote this poem himſelf for a friend; but that he had another,

the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then defired to produce that other poem, he, after a conſiderable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N° 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title; "*Battle of Haſtyngs by Turgotus, tranſlated by Roulie for W. Canynge Eſq.*" The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought ſome time after, in conſequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated ſollicitations for the concluſion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 275

ON THE SAME. 276

The firſt of theſe Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing, furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "*A Diſcorſe on Briſtowe, by Thomas Rowlie.*" See the Preface, p. xi. n. *.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 firſt lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum-fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furniſhed by Mr. Catcott, with ſome corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a proſe-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Briſtol, from the earlieſt times to his own. The whole will be publiſhed by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic hiſtory of that diſtinguiſhed citizen of Briſtol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may ſee ſeveral particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerſet'. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Tanner's Not. Monaſt.* Art. BRISTOL and WESTBURY.—*Dugdale's Warwickſhire*, p. 634.

It may be proper juſt to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his Liſt of Mayors, &c.

The tranſaction alluded to in the laſt Stanza is related at large in ſome Proſe Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there ſaid, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, propoſed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the Regiſter of the Biſhop of Worceſter, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolythe* by Biſhop Carpenter on

19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Subdeacon*, *Deacon*, and *Prieſt*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, reſpectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286
ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the ſame. Ibid.
THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the ſame. 287
THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of theſe four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three firſt are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The laſt is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the ſecond word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it ſo in other copies. The Reader may judge for himſelf, by examining the *Fac ſimile* in the oppoſite page.

With reſpect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the laſt line, the name of *Rowley* is ſufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iſcamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, aſcribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inſerted in the "*Diſcorſe of Briſtowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family ſeated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Briſtol [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has alſo appeared above

above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynſtrelles ſonges* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to truſtees, in part of a benefaction of £. 500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "*certain jewells of* Sir *Theobald Gorges* Knt." which had been pawned to him for £. 160.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader is desired to observe, that the notes at the bottom of the several pages, throughout the following part of this book, are all copied from MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton.

POEMS, &c.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, ſmeethynge[1] from her lethal[2] wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte[3] the chayne awaie,
Kennynge her legeful ſonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark ſurcote[4] graie,
Twayne lonelie ſhepſterres[5] dyd abrodden[6] flie,
(The roſtlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie[7],)
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
Firſte Roberte Neatherde hys ſore boeſom ſtroke,
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yſpoke.

[1] *Smething*, ſmoking; in ſome copies *bletheynge*, but in the or~al as above. [2] deadly. [3] pluck or pull. [4] *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other dreſs. [5] ſhepherds. [6] abruptly, ſo Chaucer, Syke he abredden dyd attourne. [7] affright.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,
Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee ftronge,
Ne wylle oure pace fwefte as oure danger goe.
To oure grete wronges we have enheped[8] moe,
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have efcaped foe,
That lyff ytfel mie Senfes doe affraie.
Oh Raufe, comme lyfte, and hear mie dernie[9] tale,
Comme heare the balefull[10] dome of Robynne of the Dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
O! I've a tale that Sabalus[11] mote[12] telle.
Swote[13] flouretts, mantled meedows, foreftes dygne[14];
Gravots[15] far-kend[16] arounde the Errmiets[17] cell;

[8] Added. [9] fad. [10] woeful, lamentable. [11] the Devil. [12] might. [13] fweet. [14] good, neat, genteel. [15] groves, fometimes ufed for a coppice. [16] far-feen. [17] Hermit.

The

The ſwote ribible [18] dynning [19] yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoaſtrie [20] courte;
Eke [21] the highe ſonge and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie ſhade of fayre dyſporte [22]:
Impeſtering [23] trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde [24] the aye [25] encreaſynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees [26],
Mie ſpreedynge flockes of ſhepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges [27], and embodyde [28] trees,
Mie Parker's Grange [29], far ſpreedynge to the ſyghte,
Mie cuyen [30] kyne [31], mie bullockes ſtringe [32] yn fyghte,
Mie gorne [33] emblaunched [34] with the comfreie [35] plante,
Mie floure [36] Seyncte Marie ſhotteyng wythe the lyghte,
Mie ſtore of all the bleſſynges Heaven can grant.

[18] violin. [19] ſounding. [20] inn, or public-houſe. [21] alſo. [22] pleaſure. [23] annoying. [24] to keep off. [25] ever, always. [26] meadows. [27] grafted trees. [28] thick, ſtout. [29] liberty of paſture given to the Parker. [30] tender. [31] cows. [32] ſtrong. [33] garden. [34] whitened. [35] cumfrey, a favourite diſh at that time. [36] marygold.

I amm dureſſed [37] unto ſorrowes blowe,
Ihanten'd [38] to the peyne, will lette ne ſalte teare flowe.

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie [39] untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoyſoned leathel [40] tree,
Whyche fleaeth [41] everichone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre [42].
I to bement [43] haveth moe cauſe than thee;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie [44] fadre lies;
Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would flea,
And bie hys ſyde for aie encloſe myne eies.
Calked [45] from everych joie, heere wylle I blede;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte [46] of mie hartes caſtle ſtede.

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome [47] ſhal bee.
Mie ſonne, mie ſonne alleyn [48], yſtorven [49] ys;

[37] hardened. [38] accuſtomed. [39] abide. This line is alſo wrote, "Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere," but this is modernized. [40] deadly. [41] deſtroyeth, killeth. [42] grow. [43] lament. [44] much-loved, beloved. [45] caſt out, ejected. [46] alluding to the portcullis, which guarded the gate, on which often depended the caſtle. [47] fate. [48] my only ſon. [49] dead.

Here

Here wylle I ſtaie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myn a borden ys ywis.
Now from een logges [50] fledden is ſelyneſs [51],
Mynſterres [52] alleyn [53] can boaſte the hallie [54] Seyncte,
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dreſſe
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;
Peace fledde, diſorder ſheweth her dark rode [55],
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments ſteyned with bloude.

[50] cottages. [51] happineſs. [52] monaſterys. [53] only. [54] holy. [55] complexion.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

SPRYTES[1] of the bleſte, the pious Nygelle ſed,
Poure owte yer pleaſaunce[2] onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede[3] ſea doe the banners gleme[4];
The amenuſed[5] nationnes be aſton[6],
To ken[7] ſyke[8] large a flete, ſyke ſyne, ſyke breme[9].
The barkis heafods[10] coupe[11] the lymed[12] ſtreme;
Oundes[13] ſynkeynge oundes upon the hard ake[14] rieſe;
The water ſlughornes[15] wythe a ſwotye[16] cleme[17]
Conteke[18] the dynnynge[19] ayre, and reche the ſkies.
Sprytes of the bleſte, on gouldyn trones[20] aſtedde[21],
Poure owte yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

[1] Spirits, ſouls. [2] pleaſure. [3] broad. [4] ſhine, glimmer. [5] diminiſhed, leſſened. [6] aſtoniſhed, confounded. [7] ſee, diſcover, know. [8] ſuch, ſo. [9] ſtrong. [10] heads. [11] cut. [12] glaſſy, reflecting. [13] waves, billows. [14] oak. [15] a muſical inſtrument, not unlike a hautboy. [16] ſweet. [17] ſound. [18] confuſe, contend with. [19] ſounding. [20] thrones. [21] ſeated.

The

The gule [22] depeyncted [23] oares from the black tyde,
Decorn [24] wyth fonnes [25] rare, doe ſhemrynge [26] ryſe;
Upſwalynge [27] doe heie [28] ſhewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore-red eſtells [29] in the eve [30]-merk [31] ſkyes;
The nome-depeyncted [32] ſhields, the ſperes aryſe,
Alyche [33] talle roſhes on the water ſyde;
Alenge [34] from bark to bark the bryghte ſheene [35] flyes;
Sweft-kerv'd [36] delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprites of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Saraſen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous [37] ſonnes do cotte the waie.
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth [38] here and there,
Onknowlachynge [39] inne whatte place to obaie [40].
The banner gleſters on the beme of daie;
The mittee [41] croſſe Jeruſalim ys ſeene;

[22] red. [23] painted. [24] carved. [25] devices. [26] glimmering. [27] riſing high, ſwelling up. [28] they. [29] a corruption of *eſtoile*, Fr. a ſtar. [30] evening. [31] dark. [32] rebus'd ſhields; a herald term, when the charge of the ſhield implies the name of the bearer. [33] like. [34] along. [35] ſhine. [36] ſhort-lived. [37] furious. [38] runneth. [39] not knowing. [40] abide. [41] mighty.

Dhereof the ſyghte yer corrage doe affraie [42],
In balefull [43] dole their faces be ywreene [44].
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers [45] and cottes [45], ſoe ſwyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the ſydes of everich bark appere;
Foorthe to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftſoones [46] hys ſquyer, with hys ſhielde and ſpere.
The jynynge ſhieldes doe ſhemre and moke glare [47];
The doſheynge oare doe make gemoted [48] dynne;
The reynyng [49] foemen [50], thynckeynge gif [51] to dare,
Boun [52] the merk [53] ſwerde, theie feche to fraie [54],
theie blyn [55].
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Powre oute yer pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Saraſyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel [56] of warre,

[42] affright. [43] woeful. [44] covered. [45] different kinds of boats. [46] full ſoon, preſently. [47] glitter. [48] united, aſſembled. [49] running. [50] foes. [51] if. [52] make ready. [53] dark. [54] engage. [55] ceaſe, ſtand ſtill. [56] a young lion.

Inne

Inne ſheenynge goulde, lyke feerie [57] gronfers [58], dyghte [59],
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and ſeene afarre.
Syke haveth I eſpyde a greter ſtarre
Amenge the drybblett [60] ons to ſheene fulle bryghte ;
Syke ſunnys wayne [61] wyth amayl'd [62] beames doe barr
The blaunchie [63] mone or eſtells [64] to gev lyghte.
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Diſtraughte [65] affraie [66], wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Terroure, emburled [67] yn the thonders rage,
Deathe, lynked to diſmaie, dothe ugſomme [68] flie,
Enchafynge [69] echone champyonne war to wage.
Speeres bevyle [70] ſperes ; ſwerdes upon ſwerdes engage ;
Armoure on armoure dynn [71], ſhielde upon ſhielde ;

[57] flaming. [58] a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire ; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. [59] deckt. [60] ſmall, inſignificant. [61] carr. [62] enameled. [63] white, ſilver. [64] ſtars. [65] diſtracting. [66] affright. [67] armed. [68] terribly. [69] encouraging, heating. [70] break, a herald term, ſignifying a ſpear broken in tilting. [71] ſounds.

Ne dethe of thoſandes can the warre aſſuage,
Botte falleynge nombers ſable [72] all the feelde.
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleaſaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the croſs reles [73] hye;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys ſeen;
Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie,
And beereth meynte [74] of Turkes onto the greene;
Bie hymm the floure of Aſies menn ys ſleene [75];
The waylynge [76] mone doth fade before hys ſonne;
Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene [77],
Doeynge ſyke marvels [78], ſtrongers be aſton [79].
Sprytes of the bleſte, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleaſaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde maſter is;
The Englonde bannerr kiſſeth the hie ayre;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys [80],
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre [81];

[72] blacken. [73] waves. [74] many, great numbers. [75] ſlain.
[76] decreaſing. [77] glorious, worthy. [78] wonders. [79] aſtoniſhed.
[80] certainly. [81] brow.

Agayne

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worſchepped there,
Twyghte [82] into lovynge armes, and feaſted eft [83];
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wyere [84],
Of all remembrance of paſt peyne bereſte.
Sprites of the bleſte, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleaſures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel ſed, whan from the bluie ſea
The upſwol [85] ſayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Sweſte as the wiſhe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre ſteppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyſſen menne, who haveth ſprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemſelves how mote the meetynge proove.

[82] plucked, pulled. [83] often. [84] grief, trouble. [85] ſwollen.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, ſerche the logges [1] and bordels [2] of the hynde [3];
Gyff [4] theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem [5] you ſee the blakied [6] forme of kynde [7].
Haveth your mynde a lycheynge [8] of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote [9] bee?
Woulde ytte here phraſe of the vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wiſeegger [10] wordes and knowlache [11] free?
Gyf ſoe, rede thys, whyche Iche dyſporteynge [12] pende;
Gif nete beſyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

[1] lodges, huts. [2] cottages. [3] ſervant, ſlave, peaſant. [4] if. [5] a contraction of *them*. [6] naked, original. [7] nature. [8] liking. [9] might. The ſenſe of this line is, Would you ſee every thing in its primæval ſtate. [10] wiſe-egger, a philoſopher. [11] knowledge. [12] ſporting.

MANNE.

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee aſſeled [13] naie.

WOMANNE.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele [14] hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Rogerre, the parſone, hav hyred mee there,
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke [15] and we'lle ſynge, and wylle drenche [16]
of ſtronge beer
As longe as the merrie ſommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.

[13] anſwered. [14] aid, or help. [15] work. [16] drink.

Dame

Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
With birlette [17] golde,
Wythe gelten [18] aumeres [19] ſtronge ontolde,
What was ſhee moe than me, to be ſoe?

MANNE.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich aſk whie the loverds [20] ſon
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The ſweltrie [21] ſonne dothe hie apace hys wayne [22],
From everich beme a ſeme [23] of lyfe doe falle;
Swythyn [24] ſcille [25] oppe the haie uponne the playne;
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre [26] talle.
Thys ys alyche oure doome [27]; the great, the ſmalle,
Moſte withe [28] and bee forwyned [29] by deathis darte.
See! the ſwote [30] flourette [31] hathe noe ſwote at alle;
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle [32] parte.

[17] a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. [18] guilded. [19] borders of gold and ſilver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the preſent ſpangled laces. [20] lord. [21] ſultry. [22] car. [23] ſeed. [24] quickly, preſently. [25] gather. [26] grow. [27] fate. [28] a contraction of wither. [29] dried. [30] ſweet. [31] flower. [32] equal.

The

The cravent [33], warrioure, and the wyſe be blente [34],
Alyche to drie awaie wythe thoſe theie dyd bemente [35].

MANNE.

All-a-boon [36], Syr Prieſt, all-a-boon,
Bye yer preeſtſchype nowe ſaye unto mee ;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie ſhoulde hee than mee
Bee moe greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and eſtate ?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne [37] thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie [38] loke arounde the chaper [39] delle [40] ;
An anſwere to thie barganette [41] here ſee,
Thys welked [42] flourette wylle a leſon telle :
Ariſt [43] it blew [44], itte floriſhed, and dyd welle,
Lokeynge aſcaunce [45] upon the naighboure greene ;
Yet with the deigned [46] greene yttes rennome [47] felle,
Eftſoones [48] ytte ſhronke upon the daie-brente [49] playne,

[33] coward. [34] ceaſed, dead, no more. [35] lament. [36] a manner of aſking a favour. [37] turn. [38] carefully, with circumſpection. [39] dry, ſun-burnt. [40] valley. [41] a ſong, or ballad. [42] withered. [43] ariſen, or aroſe. [44] bloſſomed. [45] diſdainfully. [46] diſdained. [47] glory. [48] quickly. [49] burnt.

Didde

Didde not yttes loke, whileſt ytte there dyd ſtonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move ſomme dred honde.

Syke [50] ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds [51] ente [52]
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to ſlea [53];
Gyf thou has ethe [54], the ſhadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe [55], theres none moe haile [56] yan thee.
Thou wurcheſt [57]; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the rougheſt daie.
Couldeſt thou the kivercled [58] of ſoughlys [59] ſee,
Thou wouldſt eftſoones [60] ſee trothe ynne whatte I ſaie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryſe wythe the ſonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne [61],
And eere mie wurche is don
I ſynge a ſonge or twayne [62].

[50] ſuch. [51] lord's. [52] a purſe or bag. [53] ſlay. [54] eaſe. [55] truth. [56] happy. [57] workeſt. [58] the hidden or ſecret part of. [59] fouls. [60] full ſoon, or preſently. [61] car. [62] two.

I followe

I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb [63] of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;
Syr Preeſte mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beſte heiedeygnes [64],
And foile [65] the wyſeſt feygnes [66].
On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynſtrelle [67] am I ſeene,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyſhe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whoſe unliſte [68] braunces [69] rechen far toe ſyghte;
Whan fuired [70] unwers [71] doe the heaven fylle,
Itte ſhaketh deere [72] yn dole [73] and moke affryghte.

[63] a bottle. [64] a country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North. [65] baffle. [66] a corruption of *feints*. [67] a minſtrel is a muſician. [68] unbounded. [69] branches. [70] furious. [71] tempeſts, ſtorms. [72] dire. [73] diſmay.

Whyleſt the congeon [74] flowrette abeſſie [75] dyghte [76],
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced [77] bie the ſtorme:
Syke is a picte [78] of lyffe: the manne of myghte
Is tempeſt-chaft [79], hys woe greate as hys forme,
Thieſelfe a flowrette of a ſmall accounte,
Wouldſt harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydſte mounte.

[74] dwarf. [75] humility. [76] decked. [77] unhurt. [78] picture, [79] tempeſt-beaten.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne [1] bank twa pynynge Maydens ſate,
Theire teares faſte dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;
Echone bementynge [2] for her abſente mate,
Who atte Seyncte Albonns ſhouke the morthynge [3] ſpeare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dydde ſpeke acroole [4], wythe languiſhment of eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed [5] the quyvryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie [6] plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte [7] in ſtele;
O maie ne ſanguen ſteine the whyte roſe peyncte,
Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Roberte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantaſie I feele;

[1] Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houſes of Lancaſter and York. [2] lamenting. [3] murdering. [4] faintly. [5] gliſtened. [6] ſad complaint. [7] arrayed, or caſed.

See! ſee! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;
Inhild[8] ſome joice[9] of lyfe, or elſe mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Syſters in ſorrowe, on thys daiſe-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche levynde[10] okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn[11] halles of merriemente,
Whoſe gaſtlie mitches[12] holde the traine of fryghte[13],
Where lethale[14] ravens bark, and owlets wake the nyghte.

[ELINOURE.]

No moe the miſkynette[15] ſhall wake the morne,
The minſtrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the leſſel[16] rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll ſeke the foreſte alle the lyve-longe daie;

[8] infuſe. [9] juice. [10] blaſted. [11] forſaken. [12] ruins. [13] fear. [14] deadly or deathboding. [15] a ſmall bagpipe. [16] in a confined ſenſe, a buſh or hedge, though ſometimes uſed as a foreſt.

Alle

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche [17] glebe wyll goe,
And to the paſſante Spryghtes lecture [18] mie tale of woe.

[JUGA.]

Whan mokie [19] cloudis do hange upon the leme
Of leden [20] Moon, ynn ſylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme
Of Selyneſs [21], whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a ſpryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dyſtraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corſe, and die eche daie ynn thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can ſhewe!
Thou limed [22] ryver, on thie linche [23] maie bleede
Champyons, whoſe bloude wylle wythe thie waterres flowe,
And Rudborne ſtreeme be Rudborne ſtreeme indeede!
Haſte, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade,

[17] church-yard. [18] relate. [19] black. [20] decreaſing. [21] happineſs. [22] glaſſy. [23] bank.

To knowe, or wheder we muſte waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne the plain.

Soe ſayinge, lyke twa levyn-blaſted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth ſtormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees [24],
To where Seyncte Albons holie ſhrynes remayne.
There dyd theye ſynde that bothe their knyghtes were ſlayne,
Diſtraughte [25] theie wandered to ſwollen Rudbornes ſyde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, ſonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

[24] meeds. [25] diſtracted

To

To JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, ſythe ytt muſt needes be ſoe,
Thatt thou & I a bowtynge matche muſt have,
Lette ytt ne breakynge of oulde friendſhyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtſtowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkynge, one of myckle lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,
Hee ſhowd ſmalle wytte, and ſhowd hys weakneſſe more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,
The beſt performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE to ÆLLA, Lorde of the castel of Brystowe ynne daies of yore.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie ſonge bolde as thie courage be,
As everlaſtynge to poſteritye.

Whanne Dacya's ſonnes, whoſe hayres of bloude-redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes braſtynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets ſhore ;
Than dyddſt thou furiouſe ſtande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beeſprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thouſandes of Dacyanns went ;
Bryſtowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reſte)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beſte,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennſt fromm farre
The dyſmall crye of warre,
Orr ſeeſt ſomme mountayne made of corſe of ſleyne ;

Orr

Orr ſeeſt the hatchedd ſtede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd ſpeeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure ſtaulke arounde
Embattel'd Bryſtowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Caſtle ſteeres;

Orr fierye round the mynſterr glare;
Lette Bryſtowe ſtylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & conſumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones ſtreme enſyrke ytte rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The underwritten Lines were compoſed by JOHN LADGATE, a Prieſt in London, and ſent to ROWLIE, as an Anſwer to the preceding *Songe of Ælla.*

HAVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde
Whatt you dydd to mee ſende,
Admyre the varſes mouche I dydd,
And thus an anſwerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beſte of Poets founde.

The Brytiſh Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inſpyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd ſynge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtſtowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne theſe mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys ſheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs founde;
The courſerrs lyſſe [1] about the menſuredd [2] fielde;
The ſhemrynge armoure throws the ſheene arounde;
Quayntyſſed [3] fons [4] depictedd [5] onn eche ſheelde.
The feeric [6] heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde [7], 5
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell [8] orr beare,
Wythe ſtraunge depyctures [9], Nature maie nott yeelde,
Unſeemelie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte [10] to menne, who thyncke and have a ſpryte [11],
Makes knowen thatt the phantaſies unryghte. 10

[1] ſport, or play. [2] bounded, or meaſured. [3] curiouſly deviſed. [4] fancys or devices. [5] painted, or diſplayed. [6] fiery. [7] ornamented, enameled. [8] a young lion. [9] drawings, paintings. [10] that. [11] foul.

I, Sonne

[*ll.* 7–10 *See introduction* p. xl]

I, Sonne of Honnoure, ſpencer [11] of her joies,
Muſte ſwythen [12] goe to yeve [13] the ſpeeres arounde,
Wythe advantayle [14] & borne [15] I meynte [16] emploie,
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
Soe the tall oake the ivie twyſteth rounde;
Soe the neſhe [17] flowerr grees [18] ynne the woodeland ſhade.
The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;
Wydhoute unlikeneſſe nothynge could bee made.
As ynn the bowke [19] nete [20] alleyn [21] cann bee donne,
Syke [22] ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes of onne.

Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde [23], bie heavenne theſe tylterrs ſtaie too long.
Mie phantaſie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynſtrelles have begonne the thyrde warr ſonge,
Yett notte a ſpeere of hemm [24] hath grete mie ſyghte.
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lacke a Guid [25], a Wyllyamm [26] to entylte.

[11] diſpenſer. [12] quickly. [13] give. [14] armer. [15] burniſh. [16] many. [17] young, weak, tender. [18] grows. [19] body. [20] nothing. [21] alone. [22] ſo. [23] herald. [24] a contraction of *them*. [25] *Guie de Sancto Egidio*, the moſt famous tilter of his age. [26] William Rufus.

To

To reine [27] anente [28] a fele [29] embodiedd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne rennome [30] gyff hys blodde bee ſpylte.
Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here;
I lyche nott unthylle [31] thus to wielde the ſpeare.

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer ſlugghornes [32] dynn [33] fromm farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! ſwythenn [34] mie ſhielde & tyltynge launce bee bounde [35].
Eftſoones [36] beheſte [37] mie Squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge growndc.

[*Goeth oute.*

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte [38] of menne aſtounde;
Harde bee yer ſhappe [39] encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;

[27] run. [28] againſt. [29] feeble. [30] honour, glory. [31] uſeleſs. [32] a kind of claryon. [33] ſound. [34] quickly. [35] ready. [36] ſoon. [37] command. [38] moſt. [39] fate, or doom.

Anenſt

Anenſt [40] all menne thou bereſt to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roſhes pyghte [41].
As whanne the mornynge ſonne ydronks the dew,
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke [42] eche
knyghte's hue.

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTES, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND SERVYTOURS [43].

KYNGE.

The barganette [44]; yee mynſtrelles tune the ſtrynge,
Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now ſynge.

MYNSTRELLES.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englondes
thorne,
The manne whoſe myghte delievretie [45] hadd knite [46],

[40] againſt. [41] pitched, or bent down. [42] drink.
[43] ſervants, attendants. [44] ſong, or ballad. [45] activity. [46]

Snett

[*Note* 46 joined (*1842; left blank in 1777 and 1778*)]

Snett[46] oppe hys long ſtrunge bowe and ſheelde aborne[47],
Beheſteynge[48] all hys hommageres[49] to fyghte.
Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted[50] denne,
Lett thie floes[51] drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.

Ynn the treed forreſte doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd[52] plies[53];
Loude dynns[54] the arrowe ynn the wolfynn's eare;
Hee ryſeth, battent[55] roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
Forſlagenn att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn flea.

Throwe the merke[56] ſhade of twiſtynde trees hee rydes;
The flemed[57] owlett[58] flapps herr eve-ſpeckte[59] wynge;
The lordynge[60] toade ynn all hys paſſes bides;
The berten[61] neders[62] att hymm darte the ſtynge;

[46] bent. [47] burniſhed. [48] commanding. [49] ſervants. [50] hidden. [51] arrows. [52] worked with iron. [53] bends. [54] ſounds. [55] loudly. [56] dark, or gloome. [57] & [58] frighted owl. [59] marked with evening dew. [60] ſtanding on their hind legs. [61] venemous. [62] adders.

The

[*l.* 52 ryſeth, battent: ryſeth battent, *1777*, *1778*]

Styll, ſtylle, hee paſſes onn, hys ſtede aſtrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe bloodde.
The lyoncel, fromme ſweltrie[63] countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the ſheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn[64] doth rayſe hymſelfe diſtraughte[65],
He loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, ſticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne.
Lette thie floes[66] drenche the blood of anie thynge botte menn.

Wythe paſſent[67] ſteppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge[68] thonderr ſtronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys ſpryte foorthe ſendes.
Goe, ſlea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-ſteyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle[69] drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett ſtarks the ſtagge awaie;
The couraciers[70] as ſwefte doe afterr flie.

[63] hot, ſultry. [64] ſound, noiſe. [65] diſtracted. [66] arrows. [67] walking leiſurely. [68] rolling. [69] arrow. [70] horſe courſers.

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Hee lepethe hie, hee ſtondes, hee kepes att baie,
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftſoones[71] doth die.
Forſlagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beaſtes bee,
Lett thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee ſleynges hys bowe alyne[72].
The ſtagge ys ouch'd[73] wythe crownes of lillie flowerrs.
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
Forſlagenn wyth thie floe lette wylde beaſtes bee,
Feeſte thee upponne theire fleſhe, doe ne thie bredrenn flee.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie[74]; who wylle fyrſte affraie[75]?

[71] full ſoon. [72] acroſs his ſhoulders. [73] garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was ſaid to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a chain, worn by earls round their necks. [74] Turnament. [75] fight, or encounter.

HE-

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte [76] honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the paſſage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake [77] thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette [78] onn mie gaberdyne [79].

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull [80] challenge, knyghtes & champyonns dygne [81],
A leegefull challenge, lette the flugghorne ſounde.
[Syrr Symonne *and* Nevylle *tylte.*
Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horſe, toe grounde.
[Nevylle *falls.*
Loverdes, how doughtilie [82] the tylterrs joyne!

[76] that. [77] diſpute. [78] glove. [79] a piece of armour. [80] lawful. [81] worthy. [82] furiouſly.

Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd [83], aſſayle [84] hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente [85] hymm goe; mie ſquierr, mie ſhielde;
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle [86] ſcethe [87]
Before I doe departe the liſſedd [88] fielde,
Mieſelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe [89].
Mie ſhielde.

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe [90].
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe.
[*Theie tylte.* Ferraris *falleth.*
Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe ſmethe [91];
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe [92].

[83] vanquiſhed. [84] oppoſe. [85] againſt. [86] much. [87] damage, miſchief. [88] bounded. [89] bleed. [90] eaſy. [91] ſmoke. [92] hurt, or damage.

HE-

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys ſeconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd ſheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; ſquyre, mie launce and ſtede.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee ſtaie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteſte mee, thou ſhalt have mede[93];
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie[94];
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie poſſeſs the daie,
Thenn I ſchalle bee a foemanne forr thie ſpere.
Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys faie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou ſchalte ne tend[95]; I doe thee fie[96].
Lyche forreying[97] levynn[98], ſchalle mie tylte-launce flie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallethe*.

[93] reward. [94] fight or engage. [95] attend or wait. [96] defy. [97] & [98] deſtroying lightening.

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure [99] thie beeveredd [100] eyne.
I have borne downe, and eſte [101] doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne [102] begynne, and wrynn [103] thie ſhappe [104] orr myne;
Gyff thou dyſcomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.
[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth.* Berghamme *falls.*

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe.
Lett hymm bee ſett aſyde, tylle hee doth ſee
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe ſtraunge knyghtes; gyff corteous [105] heie [106],
Ytt welle beſeies [107] to yeve [108] hemm ryghte of fraie [109].

[99] turn. [100] beaver'd. [101] again. [102] quickly. [103] declare. [104] fate. [105] worthy. [106] they. [107] becomes. [108] give. [109] fyght.

FIRST

FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme
The rennome [110] ynn thys Tourneie [111] forr to tylte;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents [112] owre goode name,
Bewrynnynge [113] thatt wee gentile blodde have ſpylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of corteſie, theſe ſtraungerrs, ſaie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie?
[*Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the ſtraunge Knyghte, and bee everichone* [114] *overthrowne.*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
Ycraſedd [115] ſperes and helmetts bee beſprente [116],
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd [117] ſheeld,
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee ſtente [118],

[110] honour. [111] Tournament. [112] cowards. [113] declaring.
[114] every one. [115] broken, ſplit. [116] ſcatter'd.
[117] broken, or pierced through with darts. [118] ſtained.

Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, Marſhalle, anodherr launce.
Albeytte hee wythe lowes [119] of fyre ybrente [120],
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenſte hys val [121] advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe [122] hys ſpeere,
Botte hee ſchalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I ſweare,
Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte ſhall fall
Anethe [123] the ſtronge puſh of mie ſtraught [124] out ſpeere,
There ſchalle aryſe a hallie [125] chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle,
Wythe pillars large, and ſpyre full hyghe and rounde.
And thys I faifullie [126] wylle ſtonde to all,
Gyff yonderr ſtraungerr falleth to the grounde.
Straungerr, bee bounc [127]; I champyonn [128] you to warre.
Sounde, ſounde the ſlughornes, to bee hearde fromm farre.

[Bourtonne *&* *the* Straungerr *tylt.* Straunger *falleth.*

[119] flames. [120] burnt. [121] healm. [122] beneath. [123] againſt.
[124] ſtretched out. [125] holy. [126] faithfully. [127] ready. [128] challenge.

KYNGE.

The Mornynge Tyltes now ceaſe.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge.

Dyſplaie the Englyſhe bannorre onn the tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynſtrelles, ſongs of achments [129] ſynge;
Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the ſpeeres beſprente [130];
To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the ſwerde hee ſhente [131];
Hee jouſtedd, alleine [132] havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynſtrelles, ſound the ſtrynge, goe onn eche ſyde,
Whyleſt hee untoe the Kynge ynn ſtate doe ryde.

[129] atchievements, glorious actions. [130] broken ſpears.
[131] broke, deſtroyed. [132] only, alone.

MYN-

MYNSTRELLES.

Whann Battayle, ſmethynge [133] wythe new quickenn'd gore,
Bendynge wythe ſpoiles, and bloddie droppynge hedde,
Dydd the merke [134] woode of ethe [135] and reſt explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleaſures downie bedde,
Pleaſure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
Fromm hys vyſage waſhedd the bloude,
Hylte [136] hys ſwerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe ſyke an eyne ſhee ſwotelie [137] hymm dydd view,
Dydd ſoe ycorvenn [138] everrie ſhape to joie,
Hys ſpryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,
Hys armes, ne ſpoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.
All delyghtſomme and contente,
Fyre enſhotynge [139] fromm hys eyne,
Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente [140],
Lyche the merk [141]-plante doe entwyne.

[133] ſmoaking, ſteaming. [134] dark, gloomy. [135] eaſe. [136] hid, fecreted. [137] ſweetly. [138] moulded. [139] ſhooting, darting. [140] graſp, hold. [141] night-ſhade.

Soe

Soe, gyff thou loveſt Pleaſure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge [142] ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yſpende [143], and ynn thie mynde retayne ;
Seeke Honnoure fyrſte, and Pleaſaunce lies behynde.

[142] ignorant, unknowing. [143] conſider.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

OR THE DETHE OF

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd ſongſter chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge EDWARDE ſawe the ruddie ſtreakes
Of lyghte eclypſe the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
"That ſyttes enthron'd on hyghe!
"CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To-daie ſhall furelie die."

Thenne

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall ſtate."

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the caſtle-gate,
And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

"O goode Syr CHARLES!" ſayd CANTERLONE,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
'Speke boldlie, manne," ſayd brave Syr CHARLES,
"Whatte ſays thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne ſonne
"Does fromme the welkinn flye,
"Hee hath uponne hys honour ſworne,
"Thatt thou ſhalt ſurelie die."

"Wee

[*l.* 17 CANTERLONE; *see Errata*, p. 307]

"Wee all muſt die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
"Whatte bootes to lyve a little ſpace?
"Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd:

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
"I'de ſooner die to-daie
"Thanne lyve hys ſlave, as manie are,
"Tho' I ſhoulde lyve for aie."

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out,
To telle the maior ſtraite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyneſs
For goode Syr CHARLESES fate.

Thenne Maiſterr CANYNGE faughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Youre tale ſpeke out,
"You have been much oure friende;
"Whatever youre requeſt may bee,
"Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My

"My nobile leige! alle my requeſt
"Ys for a nobile knyghte,
"Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
"He thoghte ytte ſtylle was ryghte:

"Hee has a ſpouſe and children twaine,
"Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
"Yff thatt you are reſolv'd to lett
"CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie."

"Speke nott of ſuch a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie ſayde;
"Before the evening ſtarre doth ſheene,
"BAWDIN ſhall looſe hys hedde:

"Juſtice does loudlie for hym calle,
"And hee ſhalle have hys meede:
"Speke, Maiſter CANYNGE! Whatte thynge elſe
"Att preſent doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode CANYNGE ſayde,
"Leave juſtice to our Godde,
"And laye the yronne rule aſyde;
"Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was

" Was Godde to ſerche our hertes and reines,
" The beſt were ſynners grete ;
" CHRIST'S vycarr only knowes ne ſynne,
" Ynne alle thys mortall ſtate.

" Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
" 'Twylle faſte thye crowne fulle ſure ;
" From race to race thy familie
" Alle ſov'reigns ſhall endure:

" But yff wythe bloode and ſlaughter thou
" Beginne thy infante reigne,
" Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
" Wylle never long remayne."

" CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile
" Has ſcorn'd my power and mee ;
" Howe canſt thou thenne for ſuch a manne
" Intreate my clemencye ? "

" My nobile leige ! the trulie brave
" Wylle val'rous actions prize,
" Reſpect a brave and nobile mynde,
" Altho' ynne enemies."

" CANYNGE,

"CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
"Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
"I wylle nott taſte a bitt of breade
"Whilſt thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

"By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
"Thys ſunne ſhall be hys laſte."
Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,
And from the preſence paſte.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,
And ſatt hymm downe uponne a ſtoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"Wee all muſt die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
"Dethe ys the ſure, the certaine fate
"Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friend, thie honeſt ſoul
"Runns overr att thyne eye;
"Is ytte for my moſt welcome doome
"Thatt thou doſt child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie CANYNGE, "I doe weepe,
"Thatt thou ſo ſoone muſt dye,
"And leave thy ſonnes and helpleſs wyfe;
"'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
"From godlie fountaines ſprynge;
"Dethe I deſpiſe, and alle the power
"Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge.

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
"I ſhall reſigne my lyfe,
"The Godde I ſerve wylle ſoone provyde
"For bothe mye ſonnes and wyfe.

"Before I ſawe the lyghtſome ſunne,
"Thys was appointed mee;
"Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
"Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I ſtoode,
"Whan thouſands dy'd arounde;
"Whan ſmokynge ſtreemes of crimſon bloode
"Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"Howe

"How dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
"Thatt cutte the airie waie,
"Myghte nott fynde paſſage toe my harte,
"And cloſe myne eyes for aie?

"And ſhall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
"Looke wanne and bee dyſmayde?
"Ne! fromm my herte flie childyſhe feere,
"Bee alle the manne diſplay'd.

"Ah, goddelyke HENRIE! Godde forefende,
"And guarde thee and thye ſonne,
"Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
"Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honeſt friende, my faulte has beene
"To ſerve Godde and mye prynce;
"And thatt I no tyme-ſerver am,
"My dethe wylle ſoone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
"Of parents of grete note;
"My fadre dydd a nobile armes
"Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
"Where ſoone I hope to goe;
"Where wee for ever ſhall bee bleſt,
"From oute the reech of woe:

"Hee taughte mee juſtice and the laws
"Wyth pitie to unite;
"And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
"The wronge cauſe fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
"To feede the hungrie poore,
"Ne lett mye ſarvants dryve awaie
"The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can ſaye, butt alle mye lyfe
"I have hys wordyes kept;
"And ſumm'd the actyonns of the daie
"Eche nyghte before I ſlept.

"I have a ſpouſe, goe aſke of her,
"Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
"I have a kynge, and none can laie
"Blacke treaſon onne my hedde.

"Ynne

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
"Fromm fleſhe I dydd refrayne;
"Whie ſhould I thenne appeare diſmay'd
"To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne! hapleſs HENRIE! I rejoyce,
"I ſhalle ne ſee thye dethe;
"Moſte willynglie ynne thye juſt cauſe
"Doe I reſign my brethe.

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
"Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
"Whyle RICHARD'S ſonnes exalt themſelves,
"Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
"And godlie HENRIE'S reigne,
"Thatt you dydd choppe youre eaſie daies
"For thoſe of bloude and peyne?

"Whatte tho' I onne a ſledde bee drawne,
"And mangled by a hynde,
"I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
"Hee can ne harm my mynde;

"Whatte tho', uphoiſted onne a pole,
"Mye lymbes ſhall rotte ynne ayre,
"And ne ryche monument of braſſe
"CHARLES BAWDIN'S name ſhall bear;

"Yett ynne the holie booke above,
"Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
"There wythe the ſarvants of the Lorde
"Mye name ſhall lyve for aie.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
"I leave thys mortall lyfe:
"Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
"Mye ſonnes and lovynge wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
"As e'er the moneth of Maie;
"Nor woulde I even wyſhe to lyve,
"Wyth my dere wyfe to ſtaie."

Quod CANYNGE, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
"To bee prepar'd to die;
"And from thys world of peyne and griefe
"To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to founde;
Syr CHARLES hee herde the horſes feete
A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And juſt before the officers,
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dyſmalle dynne.

"Sweet FLORENCE! nowe I praie forbere,
"Ynne quiet lett mee die;
"Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Chriſtian ſoule
"Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet FLORENCE! why theſe brinie teeres?
"Theye waſhe my ſoule awaie,
"And almoſt make mee wyſhe for lyfe,
"Wyth thee, ſweete dame, to ſtaie.

"'Tys butt a journie I ſhalle goe
"Untoe the lande of blyſſe;
"Nowe, as a proofe of huſbande's love,
"Receive thys holie kyſſe."

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,
Tremblynge theſe wordyes ſpoke,
"Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kynge!
"My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, ſweete Syr CHARLES! why wylt thou goe,
"Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
"The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
"Ytte eke ſhall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr CHARLES awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe his lovynge wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd ſaie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
"Truſte thou ynne Godde above,
"And teache thye ſonnes to feare the Lorde,
"And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
"Thatt I theyre fader runne:
"FLORENCE! ſhou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
"Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her treſſes tere;
"Oh! ſtaie, mye huſbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—
Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a ſledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and ſwete;
Lookes, thatt enſhone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the ſtrete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne ſcarlett robes and golde,
And taſſils ſpanglynge ynne the ſunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next
Appeared to the ſyghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie ruſſett weedes,
Of godlie monkyſh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pſaume
Moſte ſweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From reſcue of kynge HENRIES friends
Syr CHARLES forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde ſledde,
Bye two blacke ſtedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
Of archers ſtronge and ſtoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte JAMESES Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backs ſyx mynſtrelles came,
Who tun'd the ſtrunge bataunt:

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of ſcarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Eaſterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd paſſe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe croſſe,
Syr CHARLES dydd turne and ſaie,
"O Thou, thatt ſaveſt manne fromme ſynne,
"Waſhe mye ſoule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynſterr wyndowe ſat
The kynge ynne myckle ſtate,
To ſee CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge
To hys moſt welcom fate.

Soone as the ſledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd ſtande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou

"Thou ſeeſt mee, EDWARDE! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie;
"Butt bee aſſur'd, diſloyall manne!
"I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
"Thou weareſt nowe a crowne;
"And haſt appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkeſt I ſhall dye to-daie;
"I have beene dede 'till nowe,
"And ſoone ſhall lyve to weare a crowne
"For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylſt thou, perhapps, for ſom few yeares,
"Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
"To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
"'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjuſt, thou traytour ſlave!
"Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the ſledde.

Kynge

Kynge EDWARDE'S ſoule ruſh'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder GLOUCESTER
Hee thus dydd ſpeke and ſaie:

"To hym that ſoe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghaſtlie terrors brynge,
"Beholde the manne! hee ſpake the truthe,
"Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke RICHARD ſayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
"And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horſes gentlie drewe
Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glyſterr ynne the ſunne,
Hys pretious bloude to ſpylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the ſcaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And

And to the people hee dydd ſaie,
"Beholde you ſee mee dye,
"For ſervynge loyally mye kynge,
"Mye kynge moſt rightfullie.

"As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,
"Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
"Youre ſonnes and huſbandes ſhalle bee ſlayne,
"And brookes wythe bloude ſhalle flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
"Whenne ynne adverſitye;
"Lyke mee, untoe the true cauſe ſtycke,
"And for the true cauſe dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preeſtes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beſeechynge hym unto hymſelfe
Hys partynge ſoule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Moſt ſeemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne ſtroke:

And

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the ſcaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to waſhe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynſter-tower,
And one from off the caſtle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery ſpectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe croſſe,
Ynne hyghe-ſtreete moſt nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN'S fate:
Godde proſper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN'S ſoule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie ſynge!

ÆLLA:

Æ L L A:

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE;

[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN HOWARD.]

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie *Thomas Rowleie*, Preeſte, the Auctʜoure.

CELMONDE, *Johan Iſcamm*, Preeſte.

HURRA, Syrr *Thybbotte Gorges*, Knyghte.

BIRTHA, Maſtre *Edwarde Canynge.*

Odherr Partes bie *Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.*

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

'TYS ſonge bie mynſtrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reaſonn hylt[1] herſelfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege[2] yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted[3] tyltynge ſpeares to pleaſe the ſyghte,
The whyche yn yttes ſelle uſe doe make moke[4] dere[5],
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deſtlie[6] delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtues gare[7] rhym mote bee thenne,
Butt eeſte[8] nowe flyeth to the odher ſyde;
In hallie[9] preeſte apperes the ribaudes[10] penne,
Inne lithie[11] moncke apperes the barronnes pryde:
But rhym wythe ſomme, as nedere[12] widhout teethe,
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie do lyttel ſcathe[13].

[1] hid, concealed. [2] law. [3] painted. [4] much. [5] hurt, damage. [6] ſweetly. [7] cauſe. [8] oft. [9] holy. [10] rake, lewd perſon. [11] humble. [12] adder. [13] hurt, damage.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore[14],
Kenns[15] Latyn att fyrſt ſyghte from Frenche or Greke,
Pyghtethe[16] hys knowlachynge[17] ten yeres or more,
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to ſpeke.
Whoever ſpekethe Englyſch ys deſpyſed,
The Englyſch hym to pleaſe moſte fyrſte be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem[18] ſynges ;
Can preache ſo wele, eche hynde[19] hys meneynge knowes
Albeytte theſe gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearſe as goode yn proſe.
Hee ſynges of ſeynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afreſche he ſheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huſwyfes, and unlored[20] dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment & woe.
Loughe[21] loudlie dynneth[22] from the dolte[23] adrames[24] ;
He ſwelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes[25] hem ſoe.

[14] learning. [15] knows. [16] plucks or tortures. [17] knowledge. [18] a ſervice uſed over the dead. [19] peaſant. [20] unlearned. [21] laugh. [22] ſounds. [23] fooliſh. [24] churls, [25] knows.

Sommetyme

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and ſynge,
At merrie yaped[26] fage[27] ſomme hard-drayned water brynge.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde[28] hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearſe, as handycraftes theyr ware;
Wordes wythoute ſenſe fulle groffyngelye[29] he twynes,
Cotteynge hys ſtorie off as wythe a ſheere;
Waytes monthes on nothynge, & hys ſtorie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf[30] you neere begonne.

Enowe of odhers; of mieſelfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe poſſeſs,
To you I leave the taſke; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte[31] of faultes, be leſs.
ÆLLA wythe thys I ſende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte caſte awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

[26] laughable. [27] tale, jeſt. [28] beyond. [29] fooliſhly. [30] if. [31] many.

Playes made from hallie [32] tales I holde unmeete;
Lette ſomme greate ſtorie of a manne be ſonge;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jeſus treate,
In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie [33] mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the ſame. Adieu untylle anere [34].

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

[32] holy. [33] ſtrange perverſion of words. *Droorie* in its antient ſignification ſtood for *modeſty*. [34] another.

LETTER

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn theſe daies of oures,
Nete[35] butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe ſhapelie poeſie haſt loſte yttes powers,
And pynant hyſtorie ys onlie grace;
Heie[36] pycke up wolſome weedes, ynſtedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynſtedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poeſie canne meete wythe ne regrate[37],
Whylſte proſe, & herehaughtrie[38], ryſe yn eſtate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,
Shewe whatt theyre grandſieres, & great grandſieres bore,
Emarſchalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;
Lette trades, & toune folck, lett ſyke[39] thynges alone,
Ne fyghte for ſable yn a fielde of aure;

[35] nought. [36] they. [37] eſteem. [38] heraldry. [39] ſuch.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge[40] to take myckle[41] aie dothe hede.

A man aſcaunſe upponn a piece maye looke,
And ſhake hys hedde to ſtyrre hys rede[42] aboute;
Quod he, gyf I aſkaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute;
Eke, gyf[43] ynto a vew percaſe[44] I tooke
The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Afferius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem[45] al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes[46], gyff I ſaie, onwiſe
Yee are, to ſtycke ſo cloſe & byſmarelie[47]
To hyſtorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,
Whyche amenuſed[48] thoughtes of poeſie;
Somme drybblette[49] ſhare you ſhoulde to yatte[50] alyſe[51],
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hyſtorie;
Inſtedde of mountynge onn a wynged horſe,
You onn a rouncy[52] dryve yn dolefull courſe.

[40] unwilling. [41] much. [42] wiſdom, council. [43] if. [44] perchance. [45] them. [46] Greybeards. [47] curiouſly. [48] leſſened. [49] ſmall. [50] that. [51] allow. [52] cart-horſe.

Cannynge

[*ll.* 15–16 *See Introduction* p. xli]

Cannynge & I from common courſe dyſſente;
Wee ryde the ſtede, botte yev to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene craſed molterynge bookes be pente,
Botte ſoare on hyghe, & yn the ſonne-bemes ſheene;
And where wee kenn ſomme iſhad [53] floures beſprente,
We take ytte, & from oulde rouſte doe ytte clene;
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one paſture bee,
Botte ſometymes ſoare 'bove trouthe of hyſtorie.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearſe yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie [54] bewryen [55],
Notte ſyke as doe annoie thys age ſo ſore,
A keppened poyntelle [56] reſtynge at eche lyne.
Vearſe maie be goode, botte poeſie wantes more,
An onliſt [57] lecturn [58], and a ſonge adygne [59];
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt pleaſe Canynge, I care notte a groate.

The thynge yttſelf moſte bee yttes owne defenſe;
Som metre maie notte pleaſe a womannes ear.

[53] broken. [54] elegantly. [55] declared, expreſſed.
[56] a pen, uſed metaphorically, as a muſe or genius. [57] boundleſs.
[58] ſubject. [59] nervous, worthy of praiſe.

[*l.* 49 yttſelf*:* ytts *1777, 1778.* *See Errata, p.* 307]

Canynge lookes notte for poeſie, botte ſenſe;
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full ſoone I hope to taſte of your good cheere;
Goode Byſhoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee ſaie,
Hee wyſche you healthe & ſelineſſe for aie.

T. ROWLEIE.

ENTRO-

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

SOMME cheriſaunei[60] 'tys to gentle mynde,
Whan heie have chevyced[61] theyre londe from bayne[62],
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme[63] everych ſteyne,
Whyleſt al her gentleneſſe ys made to ſheene,
Lyche fetyve baubels[64] geaſonne[65] to be ſeene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys[66] caſtell[67] ſtede,
Whyleſt Saxons dyd the Englyſche ſceptre ſwaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then ſeel'd[68] hys eyne, and ſeeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To ſaie what he, as clergyond[69], can kenne,
And howe hee ſojourned in the vale of men.

[60] comfort. [61] preſerved. [62] ruin. [63] inter. [64] jewels. [65] rare. [66] Briſtol. [67] caſtle. [68] cloſed. [69] taught.

ÆLLA.

[*l.* 1 cheriſaunei: *see Errata, p.* 307, *and cf. p.* 135 *l.* 839]

Æ L L A.

CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

BEFORE yonne roddie ſonne has droove hys wayne
Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites[1] of goulde,
Mee, happeleſs mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieſelfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myſchaunces chayne.

Ah! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre? 5
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle[2] canne bewreene[3]?
Whie art thou nott as coarſe as odhers are?—
Botte thenn thie ſoughle woulde throwe thy vyſage ſheene,
Yatt ſhemres onn thie comelie ſemlykeene[4],
Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the ſonne made redde, 10

[1] robes, mantels. [2] a pen. [3] expreſs. [4] countenance.

Orr

Orr ſcarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene [5],
Syke [6] woulde thie ſpryte upponn thie vyſage ſpredde.
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moſte parte.

And cann I lyve to ſee herr wythe anere [7] ! 15
Ytt cannotte, muſte notte, naie, ytt ſhalle not bee.
Thys nyghte I'll putte ſtronge poyſonn ynn the beere,
And hymm, herr, and myſelfe, attenes [8] wyll ſlea.
Aſſyſt mee, Helle ! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,
To ſlea mieſelfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie [9] friende. 20

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieſte dyd make me knyghte,
Bleſſynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd [10] Dane ſhoulde blede,
Howe I ſchulde often bee, and often wynne, ynn fyghte;

[5] covered. [6] ſuch. [7] another. at once. [9] mighty. [10] hardy, valourous.

Notte,

Notte, whann I fyrſte behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche ſtrooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie ſofter ſoule;
Nott, whann from the barbed horſe yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth ſyke reddoure [11] as nowe,
Whann hallie preeſt, the lechemanne of the ſoule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytyſnede [12] vowe:
Now hallie Ælla's ſelyneſſe ys grate;
Shap [13] haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate [14].

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde,& huſbande, ſyke a joie ys myne;
Botte mayden modeſtie moſte ne ſoe ſaie,
Albeytte thou mayeſt rede ytt ynn myne eyne,
Or ynn myne harte, where thou ſhalte be for aie;
Inne ſothe, I have botte meeded oute thie faie [15];
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin yblente [16],

[11] violence. [12] binding, enforcing. [13] fate. [14] leſſen, decreaſe. [15] faith. [16] blinded.

As

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
And on the graſſe her lemes [17] of ſylverr ſente,
Sythe thou dydſt cheeſe mee for thie ſwote to bee,
Enactynge ynn the ſame moſte faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I ſeene thee atte the none-daie feaſte,
Whanne deyſde bie thieſelfe, for wante of pheeres [18],
Awhylſt thie merryemen dydde laughe and jeaſte,
Onn mee thou ſemeſt all eyne, to mee all eares.
Thou wardeſt mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Aleſt a daygnous [19] looke to thee be ſente,
And offrendes [20] made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,
Offe ſcarpes [21] of ſcarlette, & fyne paramente [22];
All thie yntente to pleaſe was lyſſed [23] to mee,
I ſaie ytt, I moſte ſtreve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttel kyndneſſes whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleneſs doth corven them ſoe grete,
Lyche bawſyn [24] olyphauntes [25] mie gnattes doe ſhewe;
Thou doeſt mie thoughtes of paying love amate [26].

[17] lights, rays. [18] fellows, equals. [19] diſdainful.
[20] preſents, offerings. [21] ſcarfs. [22] robes of ſcarlet. [23] bounded.
[24] large. [25] elephants. [26] deſtroy.

Botte

Botte hann mie actyonns ſtraughte[27] the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a falldſtole atte thie feete,
On ſmyle woulde be ſuffycyll mede for mee.
I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower ſtylle, & thyne, mie ſwete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevmentes[28] ſoe ſmalle;
As I to you, ſyke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paſte wille Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle fleſch wylle ſpere,
Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe flacke yn love, ne overdeare;
A ſmalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis doe thie volunde[29] kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of menne.

[27] ſtretched. [28] ſervices. [29] memory, underſtanding.

[*l.* 73 doe: toe *1777, 1778*. *See Errata, p.* 307]

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleſſynges ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the moone, yn ſylverr ſheenynge lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed bleſſynges ſhedde,
Beſprengeynge far abrode miſchaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo bryghte,
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace,
Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan ſopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe ſtronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye Mynſtrelles, chaunt your ſonge.

Mynſtrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepſterr [30] ſwayne;
Bryghte ſonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, beſtoikerre [31], I wylle goe,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees [32],
Lyche the ſylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge ſhelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moſs-growne daiſey'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the ſtreme belowe;
Here we'lle ſytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

[30] Shepherd. [31] deceiver. [32] meadows.

WO-

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erſte mie grandame ſaie,
Yonge damoyſelles ſchulde ne bee,
Inne the ſwotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, ſytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle [33] chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree [34], greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate ;

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte ſo blatauntlie [35],
Tellynge lecturnyes [36] to mee,
Myſcheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

[33] The black bird. [34] Gold-finch. [35] loudly. [36] lectures.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees ſo grene
Pied daiſies, kynge-coppes ſwote;
Alle wee ſee, bie non bee ſeene,
Nete botte ſhepe ſettes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepſter ſwayne, you tare mie gratche[37]. 115
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee ſwythe, or I'lle alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame ſhall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyſte hys ſpraie; 120
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryſchethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us ſeate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and ſynge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee; 125
Nature made all thynges bie payres.

[37] Apparel.

Drooried

Drooried cattes wylle after kynde ;
Gentle doves wylle kyſs and coe :

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,
Tylle ſyr preeſte make on of two.

Tempte mee ne to the foule thynge ;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be ;
Tyll ſyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,
Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes [38], thos honde yn honde,
Unto diviniſtre [39] goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde ?

[38] At once. [39] a divine.

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode ſyr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes ſhryne.

BOTHE.

We wylle ynn a bordelle[40] lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no eſtate;
Everyche clocke moe love ſhall gyve;
Wee ynne godeneſſe wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys ſonge, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer ſyngeynge nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleſſynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, bleſſynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

[40] A cottage.

MYN-

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde[41], wee have; and, gyff you pleaſe, wille ſynge,
As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and ſee you ſwotelie tune the ſtrynge,
And ſtret[42], and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe pleaſe mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle ſtrayne owre wytte and ſynge.

Mynſtrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge flourettes bloſhes atte the lyghte;
The mees be ſprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiſeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The neſh[43] yonge coweſlepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

[41] Lord. [42] ſtretch. [43] tender.

The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne ſtraughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to wheſtlyng dynne
ys broughte.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkynne ſheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the aleſtake Mynſtrells ſynge the ſonge;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poſte do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the graſſe; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe ſomethynge ſtylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyſe,
All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;
Ynn Womman alleyne mannes pleaſaunce lyes;
As Inſtrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and ſee
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

THYRDE

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake[44] and ſonne-brente doe appere,
With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge leſe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped ſhefe ;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie ſede ys whyte ;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the ſyghte ;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even ſkie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde ;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde ;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys ſteynced wyth ſomme care.

[44] Naked.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde ;
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe[45] deſyre bee free ;
Dheere ys a ſomwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot ſtylled bee ;
Ne ſeyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere[46],
Do ſynde the ſpryte to joie on ſyghte of womanne fayre :

Wommen bee made, notte for hemſelves, botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys deſire ;
Fromme an ynutyle membere fyrſte beganne,
Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre ;
Therefore theie ſeke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyneſs of kynde, and make hemſelfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
To ſalvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to ſlea,
Botte wommenne efte the ſpryghte of peace ſo cheres,
Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee ;

[45] Hot. [46] health.

Go,

Go, take thee ſwythyn [47] to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or bleſſed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynſtrelles Songe, bie Syr *Thybbot Gorges.*

As Elynour bie the green leſſelle was ſyttynge,
As from the ſones hete ſhe harried,
She ſayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hoſen was knyttynge,
Whatte pleaſure ytt ys to be married!

Mie huſbande, Lorde Thomas, a forreſter boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baſkette,
Does no cheryſauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as ſoone as I aſke ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde ſpynnynge,
I ſtylle wanted ſomethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge.

[47] Quickly.

Eche

Eche mornynge I ryſe, doe I ſette mie maydennes,
Somme to ſpynn, ſomme to curdell, ſomme bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aſke for mie aidens,
Thann ſwythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte ſchulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In ſothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee ſayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente ſhee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaſte;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
There ſwotelie ſynge eche carolle, and yaped[48] jeaſte:
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;

[48] Laughable.

Comme,

Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe ſpouſe-feaſte goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted [49] everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaſte;
Lyche ſcolles of locuſts, caſte oppe bie the ſea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaſte,
Are ragyng, to be quanſed [50] bie none botte thee;
Haſte, ſwyfte as Levynne to theſe royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haſte ſwythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedeceſterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haſte, haſte, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes ſpace tenne thouſand menne maie die.

ÆLLA.

Beſhrew thee for thie newes! I moſte be gon.
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne!
Thos from dyſportyſmente to warr to ron,
To chaunge the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne!

[49] Drouned. [50] Stilled, quenched.

BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte thie boddie from the ſchaftes of warre.
Thou ſhalte nott, muſt not, from thie Birtha ryne,
Botte kenn the dynne of ſlughornes from afarre.

ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to ſhewe the treate,
Than groffyſhe to forbydde thie hongered gueſtes to eate?

O mie upſwalynge[51] harte, whatt wordes can ſaie
The peynes, thatte paſſethe ynn mie ſoule ybrente?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie ſpouſalle daie,
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures ſente
As thous faſte dented to a loade of peyne?
Moſte wee aie holde yn chace the ſhade content,
And for a bodykyn[52] a ſwarthe obteyne?

[51] Swelling. [52] Body, ſubſtance.

O! whie

O! whie, yee ſeynctes, oppreſs yee thos mie ſowle?
How ſhalle I ſpeke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dole?

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyſeſte lacketh pore mans rede.
Reaſonne and counynge wytte eſte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde, lett me ſaie, wyth hommaged drede
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counſelle ſaie;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen [53] laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth fote.
Mie loverde, lett the ſpeere-menne, dyghte for fraie,
And all the ſabbataners goe aboute.
I ſpeke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryſe
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to alyſe.

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou potteſt takells [54] yn mie harte;
Mie ſoulghe dothe nowe begynne to ſee herſelle;
I wylle upryſe mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To ſlea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.

[53] Still, dead. [54] arrows, darts.

Botte

[*l.* 272 laie *1777*: fail *1778*]

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
Whyche ryſeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
Founde out impleaſaunce of ſyke blacke a geare.
Yette I wylle bee mieſelfe, and rouze mie ſpryte
To acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou ſchalte never leave thie Birtha's ſyde;
Ne ſchall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde;
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte ſhall behoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;
Itte braſteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
Ynne tydes of teares mie ſwarthynge ſpryte wyll drayne,
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, Ælla; wythe thie Birtha ſtaie;
For wyth thie ſemmlykeed mie ſpryte wyll goe awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muſte bee mieſelfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn ſtele,
And ſhake the bloddie ſwerde and ſteyned ſpere.

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaſte hys Birtha teare?
Is ſhee ſo rou and ugſomme[55] to hys ſyghte?
Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre ſo deare?
Thou pryzeſt mee belowe the joies of ſyghte.
Thou ſcalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thie ſwerde, and craved for thy morthe.

ÆLLA.

Dyddeſt thou kenne howe mie woes, as ſtarres ybrente,
Headed bie theſe thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde ſtryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie ſlepynge mynde to honnoures calle.

[55] Terrible.

Of ſelyneſſe I pryze thee moe yan all
Heaven can mee ſende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moſte Birtha boon requeſte and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes a darte yn ſelyneſſe and pryde?
Doe ſtaie, att leaſte tylle morrowes ſonne apperes.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneſte welle the Dacyannes myttee powere;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for yeares;
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a ſyngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for haſtie dede
Calls, for the rodeynge of ſome doughtie power,
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede.

BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; falſe and entrykyng wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedeſt notte goe, untyll thou haſte command
Under the ſygnette of oure lorde the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldeſt thou make me then a recreande? 330
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thynge!
Heere, Birtha, thou haſt potte a double ſtynge,
Onc for thie love, anodher for thie myndc.

BIRTHA.

Agylted [56] Ælla, thie abredynge [57] blynge [58].
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywryndc. 335
Yette heare mie ſupplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted [59] harte the lover and the friende.

[56] Offended. [57] upbraiding. [58] ceaſe. [59] ſwollen.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte ;
And yn thie ſtead unto the battle goe ;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flyghte,
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde preſſe downe the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldſte mee recreand doe ;
I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweftlie goe,
Telle mie Bryſtowans to bedyghte yn ſtele ;
Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe ; O mie agroted harte !

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche ; I muſte awaie ;
Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte
Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

Botte

[*l.* 345 bedyghte : dyghte *1777, 1778. See Errata, p.* 307]

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe aſſwaie
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be ſedde bie tyngue,
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee ſonge of warre heie ſynge.
O Birtha, ſtrev mie agreeme [60] to accaie [61],
And joyous ſee mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile [62] ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle ſtrev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaſte.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleaſaunce yev,
Lyche thee, I'lle ſtrev to ſette mie mynde atte reſte.
Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dyſtreſte;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher ſwaie.
Juſte as I was wythe Ælla to be bleſte,
Shappe ſoullie thos hathe ſnatched hym awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,
Wydhoute an ounde of teares and breaſte wyth ſyghes ytorne.

[60] Torture. [61] aſſwage. [62] difficult.

[*l.* 367 teares: feares *1777, 1778.* *See Errata, p.* 307]

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieſelfe; why wylte thou bee
All blanche, al kyngelie, all ſoe wyſe yn mynde,
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla ſee,
Whatte wondrous bighes[63] he nowe muſte leave behynde?
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
On everych wynde I wylle a token ſende;
Onn mie longe ſhielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *ſpeaking.*

Thie Bryſtowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge[64];
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-ſhield dothe ſlynge.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

[63] Jewels. [64] ſtay.

BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie ſpryte, mie gentle Ælla ſtaie.
Engyne mee notte wyth ſyke a drierie woe.

ÆLLA.

I muſte, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braſte, braſte ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie.
I'm flyynge from mieſelfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, houſband, friend, and loverde, ſtaie.
He's gon, he's gone, alaſs! percaſe he's gone for aie.

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie ſuſter, ſweepeynge thro' the ſkie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche ſarre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dyſtaunce the enjoyous ſyghte,
Albeytte efte thou takeſt thie hie flyghte
Hecket [65] ynne a myſte, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe commeſt thou to mee wythe ſtarrie lyghte;
Ontoe thie veſte the rodde ſonne ys adente [66];
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depyćte wythe ſkylledd honde upponn thie wyde aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped [67] atte the ſetyveneſs of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I moſte followe, toe the fraie.

[65] Wrapped cloſely, covered. [66] faſtened. [67] aſtoniſh'd.

Celmonde

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker ſtaie.
Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place.
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haſte awaie.
The reſte from nethe tymes maſque muſt ſhew yttes face.
I ſee onnombered joies arounde mee ryſe;
Blake [68] ſtondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyſe.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee beſtanne,
And nothynge does thie myckle gaſtneſs fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie boſomme alle thee tare.
Thou there dyſperpelleſt [69] thie levynne-bronde;
Whyleſt mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As ſomme talle hylle, whann wynds doe ſhake the ground,

[8] Naked, [6] Scattereſt.

Itte kerveth all abroade, bie braſteynge hyltren wounde.
Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a ſhadowes ſhade,
A thynge of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute ſprytes, and wommen for to fleme;
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to ſyke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr ſoules, be breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayſe.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, ſteel mie ſable ſpryte,
For fremde[70] and dolefulle dede.

[70] Strange.

MAGNUS,

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE, *wyth the* ARMIE, *neare* Watchette.

MAGNUS.

SWYTHE[71] lette the offrendes[72] to the Goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the iſſue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-ſteyned ſword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade ſwythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *ſyngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
Delethe ſeaſonnes foule or fayre,
Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles[73] hylte,
Mooved the ſtarres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde;

[71] Quickly. [72] offerings. [73] mantels.

Whanne

Whanne the oundynge waves dyſtreſte,
Stroven to be overeſt,
Sockeynge yn the ſpyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge wole natyones downe,
Sendynge dethe, on plagues aſtrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys Godde;
To mee ſend your heſte dyvyne,
Lyghte eletten[74] all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyſe
All the actyonnes of th'empprize.

[*falleth downe and efte ryſethe.*

Thus ſaycthe the Goddes; goe, yſſue to the playne;
Forr there ſhall meynte of mytte menne bee ſlayne.

MAGNUS.

Whie, ſoe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaſte,
Athorowe ſwerdes, alyche the Queed dyſtraughte,
Have Magnus preſſynge wroghte hys foemen loaſte.

[74] Enlighten.

As

[*l.* 442 Stroven: Storven *1777*, *1778*. *See Errata*, *p.* 307]

As whanne a tempeſte vexethe ſoare the coaſte,
The dyngeynge ounde the ſandeie ſtronde doe tare,
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toſte,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaſte received mie ſpear.
Mie ſheelde, lyche ſommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle ſpeere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of ſound, and eeke
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to ſpeke;
The cocke ſaiethe dreſte[75], yett armed ys he alleyne.
Certis thie wordes maie, thou moteſt have ſayne
Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle myghte.
Sythence ſyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons ſpeeke, and bie thie corrage ſtonde.

[75] Leaſt.

MAGNUS.

[*l.* 467 *see Introduction p.* xli]

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghteſt anente[76] maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makeſt armed hartes to blede.
Efte I, caparyſon'd on bloddie ſtede,
Havethe thee ſeene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,
Wythe corſes I inveſtynge everich mede,
And thou aſton, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldeſt thou comme yn for mie renome,
Albeytte thou wouldſt reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.
Eftſoones I hope wee ſcalle engage yn fyghte;
Thanne to the ſouldyers all thou wylte bewreene.

[76] Againſt.

I'll

[*l.* 486 bewreene: be wreene *1777, 1778. See Errata, p.* 307]

I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene ;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie ſphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.
Thys mie adented ſhielde, thys mie warre-ſpeare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde ſpeke, butte thatte hys noble ſpryte
Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to ſaie.
He'dde ſpeke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldeſt ſtaie,
'Tys here to meet ytt ; botte gyff nott, bee goe ;
Left I in furrie ſhulde mie armes dyſplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche[77] myckle woe.
Oh ! I bee madde, dyſtraughte wyth brendyng rage ;
Ne ſeas of ſmethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte aſſwage.

[77] Work.

HURRA.

[*l.* 489 ſphere : *see note on p.* xli]

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
That doeſt aſlee alonge ynn doled dyſtreſſe,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almoſt wyſche thie prowes were made leſſe.
Whan Ælla (name dreſt uppe yn ugſomneſs[78]
To thee and recreandes[79]) thondered on the playne,
Howe dydſte thou thorowe fyrſte of fleers preſſe!
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydſte thou reyne.
A ronnynge pryze onn feyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie ſpryte!
Maieſt thou fele al the peynes of age whylſt yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,

[78] Terror. [79] cowards.

Thie

Thie ſenſes, lyche thieſelfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A ſcoff to foemen & to beaſtes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere;
Fen vaipoures blaſte thie everiche manlie powere,
Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolſome peenes devoure.

Faygne woulde I curſe thee further, botte mie tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure ſoe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydſte begynne, perſue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curſes felc.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne blewe,
The thonder loude, the ſwellynge azure rele [80].
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete beſyde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle pryde.

Botte doe notte waſte thie breath, leſt Ælla come.

[80] Wave.

MAGNUS.

Ælla & thee togyder ſynke toe helle!
Bee youre names blaſted from the rolle of dome!
I ſeere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenneſt welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,
Bothe ſente, as troopes of wolves, to ſletre felle;
Botte nowe thou lackeſt hem to be all yyne.
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne ſtate,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dyſregate.

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joſte as I doe thie banes,
The ſede of malyce and recendize al.
Thou arte a ſteyne unto the name of Danes;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canſt calle.
Thou beeſt a worme ſo groffile and ſo ſmal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde ſcorne to foul mie ſworde,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee ſalle,
Alyche thie owne feare, ſlea thee wythe a worde.
I Hurra amme mieſel, & aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

MAG-

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGERE.

Blynne your contekions[81], chiefs; for, as I ſtode
Uponne mie watche, I ſpiede an armie commynge,
Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded[82] foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugſomlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder ſtorme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a ſommer's none,
Seemynge as tho' theie ſtynge as perſante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes ſette oure warr-arraie.
Goe, ſounde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

[81] Contentions. [82] frighted.

Ne doubtynge, we wylle ſtynghe as faſte as heie.
Whatte? doeſt forgard[83] thie blodde? ys ytte for feare?
Wouldeſt thou gayne the towne, & caſtle-ſtere,
And yette ne byker wythe the ſoldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys goode.

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe.
I ſpied the croſſed ſhielde, & bloddie ſwerde,

[83] Loſe.

The

The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dyſorder throughe oure hoaſte
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, ſtyr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? & ſoe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie ryſynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeſte thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie mie ſworde, thou arte a verie berne[84].
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure ſcanne,
Whanne thou dydſt boaſte ſoe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche ſyde wylle burne,
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe ſhame or deathe onne eidher ſyde wylle bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryſe, & inne the battelle ſlea.

[84] Child.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near* WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne
Of certane maſterſchyppe upon hys gleſtreynge browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynne the ſommer-ſheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugſomme gratche of fere;
Mie blodde embollen, wythe maſterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd ſtate,
Impatyente forr to mete the perſante ſtele,
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englondes weale.
Friends, kynne, & ſoldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie preſente redynge here.

There

There ys ne houſe, athrow thys ſhap-ſcurged[85] iſle,
Thatte has ne loſte a kynne yn theſe fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has ſorfeeted the hongerde ſoyle,
And townes enlowed[86] lemed[87] oppe the nyghtes.
Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
Oure ſonnes lie ſtorven[88] ynne theyre ſmethynge gore;
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
Vexynge oure coaſte, as byllowes doe the ſhore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, diſplaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempeſt flame.

Ye Chryſtyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
Theſe roynerres of oure hallie houſes ſlea;
Braſte, lyke a cloude, from whence doth comc the flame,
Lyche torrentes, guſhynge downe the mountaines, bee.
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
Sweſte as the rodde for-weltrynge[89] levyn-bronde,
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne theſe royners of the londe.

[85] Fate-ſcourged. [86] flamed, fired. [87] lighted. [88] dead. [89] blaſting.

Lette thoſe yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take ſlepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne ſee herre towne onn fyre,
And ſtrev wythe goulde to ſtaie the royners honde,
Ælla & Bryſtowe havethe thoughtes thattes hygher,
Wee fyghte notte forr ourſelves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of ſonde,
Preſſynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge ſtreme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enſwolters[90] the hyghe ſtronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme,
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,
And throughe a ſtorme of blodde wyll reache the champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,
To Bryſtowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;
Bryſtowe, & alle her joies, wylle ſynke toe ayre,
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende[91] fyre:
Thenne lette oure ſafetie doublie moove oure ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evnynge pre,

[90] ſwallows, ſucks in. [91] unaccuſtomed.

See

See[ing] the lambe & ſhepſterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr ſafetie, th'one for hongre ſlea ;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the playne,
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns ſlayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, ſhalle mie anlace ſheene,
Lyche a ſtrynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,
Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes ſhalle bee ſleene,
Lyche [a] loud dynnynge ſtreeme ſcalle be mie myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deſerve the name of knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte ;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle ſhalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Bryſtow ſlepte.
Yourſelfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,
Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wynne or die.

I ſaie ne moe ; youre ſpryte the reſte wylle ſaie ;
Youre ſpryte wylle wrynne, thatte Bryſtow ys yer place ;

To honoures houſe I nede notte marcke the waie;
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe trace.
'Twexte ſhappe & us there ys botte lyttelle ſpace;
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourſelves bee menne;
Drawe forthe the bornyſhed bylle wythe fetyve grace,
Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlace; goe thou ſhethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys ſycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven ſynge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doſte leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie ſpeche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
Go, & ſytte crowned on corſes of the ſlayne;
Go, & ywielde the maſſie ſwerde of deathe.

SOL-

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantaſie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble ſprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer maſter telle.
Swefte as the rayne-ſtorme toe the erthe alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon theſe royners felle.
Oure mowynge ſwerdes ſhalle plonge hem downe to helle;
Theyre throngynge corſes ſhall onlyghte the ſtarres;
The barrowes braſtynge wythe the ſleene ſchall ſwelle,
Brynnynge[92] to commynge tymes our famous warres;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte ſhall ſaie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,

[92] Declaring.

Echone

Echone wylle wyſſen hee hanne ſeene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to ſtaie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corſes of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the ſlughornes ſounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryſynge grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.

FLY, fly, ye Danes; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleene;
The Saxonnes comme wythe Ælla atte theyre heade;
Lette's ſtrev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thouſandes bie mie anlace bledde,
And muſte I nowe for ſafetie flie awaie?
See! farre beſprenged alle oure troopes are ſpreade,
Yette I wylle ſynglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, & morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, ſcalle[93] marke the goeynge of my feete.

[93] Shall.

THYRDE

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to ſcape the brondeynge foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I ſpied a ſyghte of myckle woe,
Oure ſpyrynge battayles wrapte ynn ſayles of flame.
The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the ſame,
Fro ſyde to ſyde fledde the purſuyte of deathe;
The ſwelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the ſea, & bobblynge yield yer breathe;
Whyleſt thoſe thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle flayne.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyſcourteous knyghte,
Bie cravente[94] havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Dyſpendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,
Gader the ſouldyers lefte to future ſhappe,

[94] Coward.

To

To ſomme newe place for ſafetie wee wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude ſlughorne for a quicke forloyne[95];
Lette alle the Dacyannes ſwythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle ſprenge ſadde dethe & dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, & waſch oureſelves there-ynne;
Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe rolle.
I heere the anlacis deteſted dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to ſyghte agenne.

[95] Retreat.

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a ſpryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche ſcal aſtounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name for aie.

Bryghte ſonne han ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte,
From the rodde Eaſte he flytted wythe hys trayne,
The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
Her ſable tapiſtrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge ſtreakes bedecked heavennes playne,
And on the dewe dyd ſmyle wythe ſhemrynge eie,
Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armoure ſteyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne[96] whyche ſtondeth bie;
The ſouldyers ſtoode uponne the hillis ſyde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreſte byde.

[96] Burniſh.

Ælla

Ælla roſe lyche the tree beſette wyth brieres;
Hys talle ſpeere ſheenynge as the ſtarres at nyghte,
Hys eyne enſemeynge as a lowe of fyre;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte;
Eche warrynge harte forr prayſe & rennome ſwelles;
Lyche flowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge ſtreme,
Syche dyd the mormrynge ſounde of the whol armie ſeme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte; oh! thenne to ſaie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boeſomme tare,
To telle howe everie loke wulde banyſhe feere,
Woulde aſke an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryſeth heaven-were,
Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & ſtrynge,

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depyćted wynges maſterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; ſwerdes uponne ſwerdes dyd rynge;
Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee;
Lyche fallynge ſtarres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd ſlea;
Where he dydde comme, the flemed[97] foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe ſythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm drec,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryſe opponne the playne;
Ælla, thou arte—botte ſtaie, mie tynge; ſaie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, ſtylle greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys ſouldyerres ſee hys ačtes yn vayne.
Heere a ſtoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle;
Heere lorde & hyndlette ſonke uponne the playne;
Heere ſonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, fhame to telle!
Hee ſoughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's ſpeere

[97] Frighted.

Uponne

[*l.* 770 ſythe: *see Errata, p.* 307]

Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes ſchoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, & ſonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corſe encreaſed the pyles of Dacyannes fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyſhe champyons ſtonde,
Lyche bulles, whoſe ſtrengthe & wondrous myghte ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yſpedde;
Fromm everich on unmyſſynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie ſtraughte yer doughtie ſwerdes; the foemenn bledde;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne fledde.

The ſoldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the ſtouteſte hartes affraie.
Sweſte, as yer ſhyppes, the vanquyſhed Dacyannes flie;
Sweſte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Preſſynge behynde, the Englyſche ſoldyerres ſlaie.
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyſhe menne remayne;
Ælla commaundes 'heie ſhoulde the fleetre ſtaie,
Botte bynde 'hem pryſonners on the bloddie playne.
The fyghtynge beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
Mie ſervant ſquyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horſe,
Whoſe feete are wynges, whoſe pace ys lycke the wynde,
Whoe

Whoe wylle outeſtreppe the morneynge lyghte yn courſe,
Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie preſence fynde.
Gyv oute to alle yatte I was ſleene ynne fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doeſt mie order mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou ſhalte be made a knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte mie beſte of ſtedes, & brynge hymm heere—awaie!

CELMONDE.

Ælla ys woundedd ſore, & ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe.
And ſhalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?
O no! fulle ſooner ſchulde mie hartes blodde ſmethe,
Fulle ſoonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe
To gayne ſo gayne a pryze wythe loſſe of breathe;
Botte thanne rennome æterne[98]—ytte ys botte ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantaſie, & alleyn lyvynge there.

[98] Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conſpyre
To telle me of the faulte I nowe ſchulde doe,
Yette woulde I battentlie aſſuage mie fyre,
And the ſame menes, as I ſcall nowe, purſue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, & morther, maſterie, and warre;
Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie ſcarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie ſhalle be torne.

BRYSTOWE.

BRYSTOWE.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte weere[99].
Oh! yatte aughte ſchulde oure ſellyneſſe deſtroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, & brynie teare!

EGWINA.

You muſte, you muſte endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto ſomme cheriſaunied reſte.
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere,
Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dreſte;
Botte I wylle call the mynſtrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the ſwotie ſounde maie chaſe your wiere[99] awaie.

[99] Grief.

[*l.* 839 cheriſaunied: *see Errata, p.* 307, *and cf. p.* 75 *l.* 1]

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! ſynge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge [100] ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne [101] as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode [102] as the ſommer ſnowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tyngue as the throſtles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

[100] Running. [101] hair. [102] complexion.

Defte

Defte hys taboure, codgelle ſtote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe ſynge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone ſheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves ſhroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge ſkie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,

Nee one hallie Seyncte to ſave
Al the celneſs of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corſe to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie ſtylle ſchalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I ſcorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaſte by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes [103],
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

[103] Water-flags.

I die;

I die ; I comme ; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damſelle ſpake, and dyed.

BIRTHA.

Thys ſyngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte pleaſe ;
Butte mie uncourtlie ſhappe benymmes mee of all eaſe.

ÆLLA.

ÆLLA, *atte* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a ſtede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie ſoul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her ſyghte.
Brynge mee a ſtede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyſhe, &, as mie love ys, ſtronge.
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne ſyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes ſo longe.
O! whatte a dome was myne, ſythe maſterie
Canne yeve ne pleaſaunce, nor mie londes goode leme myne eie!

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes the ſamme thynge wylle bothe bane, & bleſſe;

On

On tyme encalede[104], yanne bie the ſame thynge warmd,
Eſtroughted foorthe, and yanne ybrogten leſs.
'Tys Birtha's loſs whyche doe mie thoughtes poſſeſſe;
I wylle, I muſte awaie: whie ſtaies mie ſtede?
Mie huſcarles, hyther haſte; prepare a dreſſe,
Whyche couracyers[105] yn haſtie journies nede.
O heavens! I moſte awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge doe entwyne.

[104] Frozen, cold. [105] horſe courſers, couriers.

CELMONDE,

CELMONDE, *att* BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes are ſtylle;
Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;
The upryſte [106] ſprytes the ſylente letten [107] fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreme;
The forreſte ſheenethe wythe the ſylver leme;
Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treate;
Uponne the lynche of ſomme ſweſte reynyng ſtreme,
Att the ſwote banquette I wylle ſwotelie eate.
Thys ys the howſe; yee hyndes, ſwythyn appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha ſtrayte, a ſtraungerr waytethe here.

[106] Riſen. [107] church-yard.

CEL-

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee ſeynctes! I hope thou haſte goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loſte: for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; & ſtylle maie uſe
The behylte[108] bleſſynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare? 940
Of whatte miſchaunce dydſte thou ſo latelie ſaie?

[108] Promiſed.

CEL-

[*l.* 937 The *1777*: Ths *1778*]

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges ſwythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla ſore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedeceſter's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breaſt!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your ſyghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's preſence ethe herr Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie ſchoulderrs ſprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie ſtede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, & no waie lynge;

Sweftlie

Sweftlie capariſons for rydynge brynge ;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla ! dydſte thou kenne the ſtynge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldſte ſee playne thieſelfe the gare to bee ;
Aryſe, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee.

CELMONDE.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſwefte as ayre ;
Mie ſervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode ;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre ;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ſtaunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle cheere ;
Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode [109] ;
You doe hys ſpryte, & alle hys pleaſaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes ſmoke.

[109] Life.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferſe bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd flee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftſoones woulde flee;
Albeytte hawcthornes dyd mie fleſhe enſeme,
Owlettes, wythe ſcrychynge, ſhakeynge everyche tree,
And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche ſtreme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte ſtaie,
Botte ſeke mie Ælla owte; brave Celmonde, leade the waie.

A WODE.

A WODE.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

HEERE ynn yis forreſte lette us watche for pree,
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre ;
Whatteverre ſchalle be Englyſch wee wylle ſlea,
Spreddynge our ugſomme rennome to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde ſuffycyle for yee bee ;
On everich breaſte yn goric letteres ſcarre,
Whatt ſprytes you have, & howe thoſe ſprytes maie dree.
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes ſhore,
Efteſoones we will retourne, & vanquiſhed bee ne moere.

[*l.* 985 vanquiſhed : wanquiſhed *1777*, *1778*]

The battelle loſte, a battelle was yndede ;
Note queedes hemſelfes culde ſtonde ſo harde a fraie ;
Oure verie armoure, & oure heaulmes dyd blede,
The Dacyannes, ſprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde awaie.
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie ;
Ynn ſpyte of foemanne, I moſte ſaie hys myghte ;
Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loſs wylle paie,
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn ſyghte ;
Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enlooſed from chaynes, deſtroie ;—
Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of joie.

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,
Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure ſhuyrie brende ;
Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,
The talle chyrche-ſpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende ;
Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes rende,
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

Downe

Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof ſende,
Beſprengynge alle abrode ſadde warre & bloddie weere.
Botte fyrſte to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wylle yſſue owte onne all yatte commeth bie.

ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkneſs doe affraie mie wommanns breaſte.
Howe ſable ys the ſpreddynge ſkie arrayde!
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reſte,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dyſmayde;
The ſtarres doe ſcantillie [110] the ſable brayde;
Wyde ys the ſylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

[110] Scarcely, ſparingly.

[*l.* 1008 Hallie: *see Errata, p.* 307]

BIRTHA.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes.
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys tore [111], dothe ſheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,
Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;

[111] Torch.

Thys

Thys was for love fyrſte made, & heere ytt ſtondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves bondes.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, ſpeake whatte thou meneſt, or alſe mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honeſtie ſo fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare?
Am I betraſte[112]? where ys mie Ælla, ſaie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla ſyke love bere,
Botte geven ſome onne Celmondes hedde.

[112] Betrayed.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!
I wylle be gone, & groape mie paſſage oute,
Albeytte neders ſtynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the ſeynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeſte mie brendynge love amate.
Thoſe eyne have cauſed Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer ſmyle fyrſt take hymm yn regrate.
O! didſt thou ſee mie breaſtis troblous ſtate,
Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha ſtylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
Softe as the ſommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyſpleaſaunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere ſyche deſlavatie [113] ſedde.

[113] Letchery.

Swythynne

Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further ſaie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee ſeynctes! & ſhal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde,
And wouldſt thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lett mee be gone—alle curſes onne thie hedde!
Was ytte for thys thou dydſte a meſſage brynge!
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of ſable harte!
Or welkyn [114] & her ſtarres wyll take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie ſuyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes ſhall bende, albeytte ſtrynge as ſtele;
The merkye ſeeſonne wylle your bloſhes hylte [115].

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee ſeynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was ſpylte!

[114] heaven. [115] hide.

CELMONDE.

The ſeynctes att diſtaunce ſtonde ynn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canſte notte, gyff thou wylte.
Unto mie wyſche bee kinde, & nete alſe hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule beſtoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do ſtaie mie dynne, or ſomme kynde roder heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
I kenn hem; ſaie, who are you, yatte bee theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys ſwerde yee dies.

HURRA.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis ſete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! ſave mee from thys royner heere! 1070

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe ſaie thie name & londe;
Or ſwythyne ſchall mie ſwerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle ſhewe thee bie mie brondeous [116] honde.

HURRA.

Beſette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and ſee
Gyff mie ſtrynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075
[*Fyghte al anenſte* Celmonde, *meynte Danes he ſleath, and faleth to* Hurra.

[116] Furious.

CEL-

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forſlagen [117] be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, ſeconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, ſo forſlege youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to ſwymme yn æterne nyghte;—
To her be kynde. [*Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenſte hym you harboure foule deſpyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

[117] ſlain.

Mie

Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle beſtowe,
From ewbryce [118] you mee pyghte, the worſte of mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte ſcalle bee ſoe: yee Dacyans, heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure ſoe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie,
Forſlagen Magnus, all oure ſchippes ybrente;
Bie hys ſelle arme wee now are made to ſtraie;
The ſpeere of Dacya he ynne pieces ſhente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,
Ælla the gare dheie ſed, & wyſched hym bytter dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee ſtylle.

[118] Adultery.

Botte

[*l.* 1084 Mie: Bie *1777, 1778*. *See Errata, p.* 307]

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are ſpente, he ſoundethe the forloyne;
The captyves chayne he toſſeth ynne the ayre,
Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne;
Has hee notte untoe ſomme of you bynn dygne? 1100
You would have ſmethd onne Wedeceſtrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte the ſlughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder ſpreddynge ſhielde.
Whanne you, as caytyſned, yn fielde dyd bee,
Hee oathed you to bee ſtylle, & ſtrayte dydd ſette you free. 1105

Scalle wee forſlege [119] hys wyfe, becauſe he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's ſlave,
Robbe hym of whatte percaſe he holdith deere?
Or ſcalle we menne of mennys ſprytes appere, 1110
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiſelle bere,
Bewrynne oure caſe, and to oure waie be gonne?

[119] Slay.

The

The laſt you do approve; ſo lette ytte bee;
Damoyſelle, comme awaie; you ſafe ſcalle bee wythe
mee.

BIRTHA.

Al bleſſynges maie the ſeynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleaſaunce maie youre longe-ſtraughte livynges
bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,
Wylle thyncke too ſmalle a guyfte the londe & ſea.
O Celmonde! I maie deſtlie rede bie thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie crofs-ſtone [120] of thie cryme bewree!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Soldyer! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie.

HURRA.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Eaſte to ſheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme flowe creepeth oere the greene,
Toe chaſe the merkyneſs of nyghte awaie;

[120] Monument.

Swifte

Swifte flies the howers thatte wylle brynge oute the daie;

The ſofte dewe falleth onne the greeynge graſſe;

The ſhepſter mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,

Scante [121] ſees her vyſage yn the wavie glaſſe;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee ſcalle Ælla ſee,

Or Bryſtowes wallyd towne; damoyſelle, followe mee.

[121] Scarce.

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laſte nyghte
To have been heere; mie ſtede han notte mie love;
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylſte I goe oppe, & wake mie ſlepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I ſhal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie ſpryte,
Thie ſmyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee ſette aryghte.
Egwina, haſte, & ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breſte maie thynke of warre ne more.

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla!

ÆLLA.

Ah! that ſemmlykeene to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is—

ÆLLA.

Whatt? where? how? ſaie, whatte of ſhee?

EGWINA.

Gone—

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.
Yee ſeynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150
Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.
Where ys ſhee gon awaie? ah! ſpeake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyſon a ſcore of ſtedes; flie, flie.
Where ys ſhee? ſwythynne ſpeeke, or inſtante thou
ſhalte die. 1155

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! ſpeek.

EGWINA.

Lyche prymroſe, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
Laſte nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte ſyke peyne—

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her ſpouſe alleyne [122].
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,
Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd feere [123],
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie wheere.

ÆLLA.

Thou lyeſt, foul hagge! thou lyeſt; thou art her ayde
To chere her louſte; botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

[122] Only, alone. [123] Search.

EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have ſayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace ſwythyn, thanne mee flea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muſte, ytte muſte bee ſoe; I ſee,
Shee wythe ſomme louſtie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moſte bee ſoe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, & brondeous ſtorm, & tempeſte comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enſwote mie domme.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to ſaie.
Laſte nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reſte.
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha onne hys name & place addreſte;

Downe to hym camme ſhee; butte thereof the reſte
I ken ne matter; ſo, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! ſpeake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heſte;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes ſhade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onne mie benned [124] headde I hanne been Ælla ſtylle.

Thys alleyn was unburled [125] of alle mie ſpryte;
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce [126] wynde,
Thatte ſteeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette ſomme drybblet joie maie ſynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome [127] & mie peace ys rynde,
Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;

[124] Curſed, tormented. [125] unarmed. [126] ſoft, gentle. [127] renown.

Mie

Mie huſcarles, untoe everie aſker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle.
[*Stabbeth hys breſte.*

SERVYTOURE.

Ælla ys ſleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be ſtylle: ſwythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Bryſtowe caſtle, wyll doe welle.
[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; ſo alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyſchd mie wyfe!

[*l.* 1197 ſwythe: ſtythe *1777, 1778. See Errata, p.* 307]

Botte, ah! ſhee maie be fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte ſhee moſte bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! ſaie notte ſoe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie ſlee.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle knelle?
Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge ſee.

Thie foulneſs urged mie honde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unſprytes [128].

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unſpryted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and ſo wylle bee.

[128] Un-fouls.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.

Thys damoyſelle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenſte a burled ſwayne;
I ſente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiſelle ſoughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! ſhe ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere.
Botte doe reſte mee uponne mie Ælla's breaſte;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reſte,
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeſte,
To Watchette towne, where you deceaſynge laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preſte,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd ſaie;
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— [*dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn ſpouſal bedde.

[Birtha *feyncteth.*

COERNYKE.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha dyynge toe!
Soe falles the fayreſt flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,
Or who untweſte the role of ſhappe yn twayne?
Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne;
For yatte, thie pleaſaunce, & thie joie was loſte.
Thie countrymen ſhall rere thee, on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaſte;
Further, a juſt amede to thee to bee,
Inne heaven thou ſynge of Godde, on erthe we'lle ſynge of thee.

THE ENDE.

GODDWYN;

GODDWYN;

A TRAGEDIE.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, bie *T. Rowleie*, the Auctthoure.

GODDWYN, bie *Johan de Iſcamme.*

ELWARDE, bie Syrr *Thybbot Gorges.*

ALSTAN, bie Syrr *Alan de Vere.*

KYNGE EDWARDE, bie Maſtre *Willyam Canynge.*

Odhers bie *Knyghtes Mynnſtrells.*

PROLOGUE,

Made bie Maiſtre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME [1] bie penſmenne [2] moke [3] ungentle [4] name
Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge [5] hymme of faie [6] and fame;
Unliart [7] diviniſtres [8] haveth ſaide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie [9] wurche [10]; 5
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne [11] the churche.

The aucthoure [12] of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte [13] a clergyon [14], trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn [15] a kynge mote [16] bee full pleaſed to nyghte. 10
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon [17] anie onne.

[1] Of old, formerly. [2] writers, hiſtorians. [3] much. [4] inglorious. [5] bereaving. [6] faith. [7] unforgiving. [8] divines, clergymen, monks. [9] holy. [10] work. [11] not. [12] author. [13] though, notwithſtanding. [14] clerk, or clergyman. [15] entyn, even. [16] might. [17] challenge.

GODDWYN;

GODDWYN; A TRAGEDIE.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

HAROLDE!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde[18]!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen[19] riſeth to iſrete[20] the londe.
Theie batten[21] onne her fleſhe, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

[18] Lord. [19] foes, enemies. [20] devour, deſtroy. [21] fatten.

HAROLDE.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme [22] blyn [23], ne aledge [24] ſtonde ;
Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore :
Am I betraſſed [25], ſyke [26] ſhulde mie burlie [27] bronde
Depeyncte [28] the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie ſpryte [29] ful welle ; gentle thou art,
Stringe [30], ugſomme [31], rou [32], as ſmethynge [33] armyes
ſeeme ;
Yett efte [34], I feare, thie cheſes [35] toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede [36] bee efte borne downe bie breme [37].
What tydynges from the kynge?

HAROLDE.

His Normans know.
I make noe compheeres of the ſhemrynge [38] trayne.

[22] Grievance ; a ſenſe of it. [23] ceaſe, be ſtill. [24] idly.
[25] deceived, impoſed on. [26] ſo. [27] fury, anger, rage.
[28] paint, diſplay. [29] ſoul. [30] ſtrong. [31] terrible.
[32] horrid, grim. [33] ſmoking, bleeding. [34] oft. [35] heat, raſhneſs.
[36] counſel, wiſdom. [37] ſtrength, alſo ſtrong. [38] taudry, glimmering.

GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a ſyghte of myckle woe,
To kenne theſe Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydynge withe the foulke [39]?

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer ſhap [40], ſtylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a ſorgie ſea.
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a ſtynge?
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle ſende us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muſte ſtreve to ayde ourefelves wyth powre.
Whan Godde wylle ſende us ayde! tis fetelie [41] prayde.

[39] People. [40] fate, deſtiny. [41] nobly.

Moſte

Moſte we thoſe calke [42] awaie the lyve-longe howre? 25
Thos croche [43] oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne [44],
Unburled [45], undelievre [46], uneſpryte [47]?
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk [48] thoughte of peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle ſomme ſeaſon fytte. 30
Mie Kentyſhmen, thie Summertons ſhall ryſe;
Adented [49] proweſs [50] to the gite [51] of witte,
Agayne the argent [52] horſe ſhall daunce yn ſkies.
Oh Harolde, heere forſtraughteynge [53] wanhope [54] lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe [55]. 35
Whylſte Edwarde to thie ſonnes wylle nete alyſe [56],
Shulde anie of thie ſonnes fele aughte of ethe [57]?
Upponne the trone [58] I ſette thee, helde thie crowne;
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte [59] thee downe.

[42] Caſt. [43] croſs, from crouche, a croſs. [44] attempt, or endeavour. [45] unarmed. [46] unactive. [47] unſpirited. [48] ſuch. [49] faſtened, annexed. [50] might, power. [51] mantle, or robe. [52] white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horſe ſaliant, argent. [53] diſtracting. [54] deſpair. [55] bleed. [56] allow. [57] eaſe. [58] throne. [59] pluck.

Thou arte all preeſte, & notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte all Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Know, ytte beſeies [60] thee notte a maſſe to ſynge;
Servynge thie leegefolcke [61] thou arte ſervynge Godde.

HAROLDE.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a ſervyce. To the ſkyes
The dailie contekes [62] of the londe aſcende.
The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe, & bondemennes cries
Acheke [63] the mokie [64] aire & heaven aſtende [65].
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
Hancelled [66] from erthe theſe Normanne [67] hyndes ſhalle bee;
Lyche a battently [68] low [69], mie ſwerde ſhalle brende [70];
Lyche fallynge ſofte rayne droppes, I wyll hem [71] flea [72];
Wee wayte too longe; our purpoſe wylle defayte [73];
Aboune [74] the hyghe empryze [75], & rouze the champyones ſtrayte.

[60] Becomes. [61] ſubjects. [62] contentions, complaints. [63] choke. [64] dark, cloudy. [65] aſtoniſh. [66] cut off, deſtroyed. [67] ſlaves. [68] loud roaring. [69] flame of fire. [70] burn, conſume. [71] them. [72] flay. [73] decay. [74] make ready. [75] enterprize.

GODD-

GODDWYN.

Thie ſuſter—

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, ſhe is his queene.
Albeytte [76], dyd ſhee ſpeeke her foemen [77] fayre,
I wulde dequace [78] her comlie ſemlykeene [79],
And foulde mie bloddie anlace [80] yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye fhuir [81] blyn [82].

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal [83] mere [84],
Upriſte [85] withe hiltrene [86] wyndes & cauſe unkend [87],
Beheſte [88] it to be lete [89]; ſo twylle appeare,
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

[76] Notwithſtanding. [77] foes. [78] mangle, deſtroy. [79] beauty, countenance. [80] an ancient ſword. [81] fury. [82] ceaſe. [83] deadly. [84] lake. [85] ſwollen. [86] hidden. [87] unknown. [88] command. [89] ſtill.

The gule-ſteynct [90] brygandyne [91], the adventayle [92],
The feerie anlace [92] brede [93] ſhal make mie gare [94] prevayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldeſt doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt.
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites [95] unfree,
Here liethe Normans coupynge [96] her bie lotte,
Caltyſnyng [97] everich native plante to gre [98],
Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous [99] wulde hem ſlee [1];
Tare owte theyre ſable harte bie ryghtefulle breme [2];
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe ſhulde bee,
Mie ſpryte ſhulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde ſtreme.
Eftſoones I wylle bewryne [3] mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace [4] wielde yn furie dyre.

[90] Red-ſtained. [91] [92] parts of armour. [93] broad. [94] cauſe.
[95] rights, liberties. [96] cutting, mangling. [97] forbidding. [98] grow.
[99] furious. [1] ſlay. [2] ſtrength. [3] declare. [4] ſword.

GODD-

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldeſt thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of ſomme mynſter [5] hym ordeyne;
Sette uppe ſom dygner [6] than I han pyghte [7] downe;
And peace in Englonde ſhulde be brayd [8] agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the ſuper-hallie [9] ſeyncte kynge reygne,
Ande ſomme moe reded [10] rule the untentyff [11] reaulme;
Kynge Edwarde, yn hys corteſie, wylle deygne
To yielde the ſpoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme:
Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wyſche him to ordeyne.

[5] Monaſtery. [6] more worthy. [7] pulled, plucked. [8] diſplayed. [9] over-righteous. [10] counſelled, more wiſe. [11] uncareful, neglected.

HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boute ytte ſtrayte;
Bete [12] mee to ſlea [13] mieſelf, ytte ſhalle be done.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle ſwythynne [14] the menes unplayte [15],
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, ſhalte be proved mie ſonne.
I have longe ſeen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames [16] braunce [17] out from the general tree;
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock [18] gron [19]
Drented [20] of alle yts ſwolynge [21] owndes [22] ſhalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; our menne ſhall ryſe:
Eftſoons the Normans and owre agrame [23] flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the Weſt, and gemote [24] alle mie knyghtes,
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and ſheeldes as brede [25]

[12] Bid, command. [13] ſlay. [14] preſently. [15] explain. [16] grievances. [17] branch. [18] wet, moiſt. [19] fen, moor. [20] drained. [21] ſwelling. [22] waves. [23] grievance. [24] aſſemble. [25] broad.

As

As the ybroched [26] moon, when blaunch [27] ſhe dyghtes [28]
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede ;
Wythe hondes whoſe myghte canne make the doughtieſt [29] blede,
Who efte have knelte upon forſlagen [30] foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orreſts [31] a caſtle-ſtede [32],
Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke [33] yiere woes ;
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

GODDWYN.

Botte firſte we'll call the loverdes of the Weſt,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all ;
The moe wee gayne, the gare [34] wylle proſper beſte,
Wythe ſyke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, ſo wee ſal doe beſt to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes [35] the ſpreddynge kyngedomme bynde.

[26] Horned. [27] white. [28] decks. [29] mightieſt, moſt valiant. [30] ſlain. [31] overſets. [32] a caſtle. [33] revenge. [34] cauſe. [35] at once.

No crouched [36] champyone wythe an harte moe feygne
Dyd yſſue owte the hallie [37] ſwerde to fynde,
Than I nowe ſtrev to ryd mie londe of peyne.
Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!
I'lle ryſe mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aſlepe.
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feaſtive halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

GODDWYN.

Next eve, mie ſonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cauſe moſte die.
Thie geaſon [38] wronges bee reyne [39] ynto theyre pryme;
Nowe wylle thie ſonnes unto thie ſuccoure flie.
Alyche a ſtorm egederinge [40] yn the ſkie,
Tys fulle ande braſteth [41] on the chaper [42] grounde;

[36] One who takes up the croſs in order to fight againſt the Saracens. [37] holy. [38] rare, extraordinary, ſtrange. [39] run, ſhot up. [40] aſſembling, gathering, [41] burſteth. [42] dry, barren.

Sycke

Sycke ſhalle mie ſhuirye on the Normans flie,
And alle theyre mittee [43] menne be ſleene [44]
arounde.
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppreſſionne falle,
Ne moe the Englyſhmenne yn vayne for hele [45] ſhal
calle.

[43] Mighty. [44] ſlain. [45] help.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

BOTTE, loverde [46], whie ſo manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyſhe londe.
Theſe browded [47] ſtraungers alwaie doe appere,
Theie parte yor trone [48], and ſete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne underſtonde:
Theie yeave mee lyffe. and dyd mie bowkie [49] kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeſte, and did embowre [50] me gronde;
To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndneſſe ſlepe.

[46] Lord. [47] embroidered; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not uſed in England till Hen. II. [48] throne. [49] perſon, body. [50] lodge.

QUEENE.

QUEENE.

Mancas [51] you have yn ſtore, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke [52] make moke [53] dole [54], you have
theyr worthe aſterte [55].

KYNGE.

I heſte [56] no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie [57] dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele [58].
Theyre volundes [59] are yſtorven [60] to ſelf endes;
No denwere [61] yn mie breſte I of them fele:
I muſte to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muſte ne loſe the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele [62],
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were [63];
To ſerve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

[51] Marks. [52] ſubjects. [53] much. [54] lamentation.
[55] neglected, or paſſed by. [56] require, aſk. [57] holy. [58] help.
[59] will. [60] dead. [61] doubt. [62] waves.
[63] heaven-ward, or God-ward.

KYNGE

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente [64];
The hus dyſpenſe [65] unpaied doe appere;
The laſte receivure [66] ys efteſoones [67] diſpente [68].

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weſte.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd ſpeke
Untoe the mitte [69] Erle Harolde of the thynge;
He rayſed hys honde, and ſmote me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte meſſage to the kynge.

[64] Purſe, uſed here probably as a treaſury. [65] expence.
[66] receipt. [67] ſoon. [68] expended. [69] a contradiction of mighty.

KYNGE.

KYNGE.

Arace [70] hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde ſhall ywield the erlies ſwerde.

HUGHE.

Atte ſeeſon fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe ſoe enalſe [71] hys name,
Inne ſtrevvynge to ſlea hymme, ourſelves wee ſlea; 160
Syke ys the doughtyneſs [72] of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede [73] ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maieſt fynde fulle ſtore of marckes yn
Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the ſame
He ſweeres he wylle notte ſwelle the Normans ent. 165

[70] Diveſt. [71] embrace. [72] mightineſs. [73] counſel.

KYNGE.

KYNGE.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a ſtraunger to the launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere
Such ſtedneſs[74] in the yll and evylle thynge,
Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere[75].
Onknowlachynge[76] gif thereunto to clynge.

HUGHE.

Onwordie ſyke a marvelle[77] of a kynge!
O Edwarde, thou deſerveſt purer leege[78];
To thee heie[79] ſhulden al theire mancas brynge;
Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb[80] forſlege[81].
I amme no curriedowe[82], I lacke no wite[83],
I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is ryghte.

[74] Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. [75] doubt, ſuſpenſe. [76] not knowing. [77] wonder. [78] homage, obeyſance. [79] they. [80] frown. [81] kill. [82] curriedowe, flatterer. [83] reward.

KYNGE.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie [84] manne, I doe thee pryze.
Comme, comme, and here and hele [85] mee ynn mie praires.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee aliſe [86],
And twayne of hamlettes [87] to thee and thie heyres.
So ſhalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn [88] have ſyke love as to acquyre yer bredde.

[84] holy. [85] help. [86] allow. [87] manors. [88] alone.

CHORUS.

WHAN Freedom, dreſte yn blodde-ſteyned veſte,
To everie knyghte her warre-ſonge ſunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were ſpredde;
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of ſylver hue,
In vayne affayled [1] her boſomme to acale [2];
She hearde onflemed [3] the ſhriekynge voice of woe,
And ſadneſſe ynne the owlette ſhake the dale.
She ſhooke the burled [4] ſpeere,
On hie ſhe jeſte [5] her ſheelde,
Her foemen [6] all appere,
And flizze [7] alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod [8] ſtraught [9] ynto the ſkyes,
Hys ſpeere a ſonne-beame, and his ſheelde a ſtarre,

[1] Endeavoured. freeze. [3] undiſmayed. [4] armed, pointed. [5] hoiſted on high, raiſed. [6] foes, enemies. [7] fly. [8] head. [9] ſtretched.

Alyche

Alyche [10] twaie [11] brendeynge [12] gronfyres [13] rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes [14] with hys yronne feete and ſoundes to war.
She ſyttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before his ſpeere,
She ryſes from the ſhocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe ſhe drive ytte on,
Wytte ſcillye [15] wympled [16] gies [17] ytte to hys crowne,
Hys longe ſharpe ſpeere, hys ſpreddynge ſheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thouſandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld [18], ariſt [19],
Hys feerie heaulme [20] noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge fyſte—

* * * * * * * *

[10] Like. [11] two. [12] flaming. [13] meteors. [14] beats, ſtamps. [15] cloſely. [16] mantled, covered. [17] guides. [18] armed. [19] aroſe. [20] helmet.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE Iſt[1].

WHANNE Scythyannes, ſalvage as the wolves theie chacde,
Peyncted in horrowe [2] formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled [3] yn beaſtſkyns, ſlepte uponne the waſte,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as defcendeynge lemes [4] of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulſtred [5] bedde of laveynge ſeas,
Gerd [6] the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets [7] twighte [8],
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whoſe eyne dyd feerie ſheene, like blue-hayred defs [9],
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched [10] clefs.

[1] I will endeavour to get the remainder of theſe poems.
[2] unſeemly, diſagreeable. [3] wrapped. [4] rays. [5] hidden, ſecret.
[6] broke, rent. [7] ſmall pieces. [8] pulled, rent. [9] vapours, meteors.
[10] emblaunched.

Soft

[*Title : See Introduction* p. xli]

Soft boundeynge over ſwelleynge azure reles [11]
The ſalvage natyves ſawe a ſhyppe appere;
An uncouthe [12] denwere [13] to theire boſomme ſteles;
Theyre myghte ys knopped [14] ynne the froſte of fere.
The headed javlyn liſſeth [15] here and there;
Theie ſtonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne;
The ſhyppes ſayle, boleynge [16] wythe the kyndelie ayre,
Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
Theie dryve awaie aghaſte, whanne to the ſtronde
A burled [17] Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien ſweerde yn honde.

Hymme followede eftſoones hys compheeres [18], whoſe ſwerdes
Gleſtred lyke gledeynge [19] ſtarres ynne froſtie nete,
Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge [20] wordes
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie ſet theyre fete.
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareſchalled the fyghte;

[11] Ridges, riſing waves. [12, 13] unknown tremour.
[14] faſtened, chained, congealed. [15] boundeth. [16] ſwelling.
[17] armed. [18] companions. [19] livid. [20] a confuſed noiſe.

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
As fleaynge cloudes that ſwymme before the ſyghte;
Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceeſe the fraie,
Theie unc̃ted [21] Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns ſwaie.

Twayne of twelve years han lemed [22] up the myndes,
Leggende [23] the ſalvage unthewes [24] of theire breſte,
Improved in myſterk [25] warre, and lymmed [26] theyre kyndes,
Whenne Brute from Brutons ſonke to æterne reſte.
Eftſoons the gentle Locryne was poſſeſt
Of ſwaie, and veſted yn the paramente [27];
Halceld [28] the bykrous [29] Huns, who dyd infeſte
Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;
As hys broade ſwerde oer Homberres heade was honge,
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal ſede,
Upon whoſe countenance rodde healthe was ſpreade;

[21] Anointed. [22] enlightened. [23] alloyed. [24] ſavage barbarity. [25] myſtic. [26] poliſhed. [27] a princely robe. [28] defeated. [29] warring.

Blouſhing,

Blouſhing, alyche [30] the ſcarlette of herr wede,
She ſonke to pleaſaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftſoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde;
Elſtrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
Unnombered beauties were upon her ſhedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynge, the roſe, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere.

The gentle ſuyte of Locryne gayned her love;
Theie lyved ſoft momentes to a ſwotie [31] age;
Eft [32] wandringe yn the coppyce, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre diſporte engage;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynge fage [33],
Croppe the prymroſen floure to decke theyre headde;
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted [34] warriours to bewrecke [35] her bedde;
Theie roſe; ynne battle was greete Locryne ſleene;
The faire Elſtrida fledde from the enchafed [36] queene.

[30] Like. [31] ſweet. [32] oft. [33] a tale. [34] aſſembled. [35] revenge. [36] heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre ſhe hanne,
Whoſe boddeynge morneyng ſhewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde ſhe haſte awaie,
To where the Weſtern mittee [37] pyles of claie
Ariſe ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elſtrida and Sabryna ſtaie;
The fyrſte tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch [38] and gear;
Vyncente was ſhe ycleped, butte fulle ſoone fate
Sente deathe, to telle the dame, ſhe was notte yn regrate [39].

The queene Gendolyne ſente a gyaunte knyghte,
Whoſe doughtie heade ſwepte the emmertleynge [40] ſkies,
To ſlea her whereſoever ſhe ſhulde be pyghte [41],
Eke everychone who ſhulde her ele [42] emprize [43].
Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies,
Stayde the loude wyndes, and ſhaded reaulmes yn nyghte,

[37] Mighty. [38] apparel. [39] eſteem, favour. [40] glittering. [41] ſettled. [42] help. [43] adventure.

Stepte

Stepte over cyttics, on meint [44] acres lies,
Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte ;
Tyll mooveynge to the Weſte, myſchaunce hys gye [45],
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elſtrid did eſpie.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
Harried [46] uppe noddynge forreſts to the ſkie,
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe aſtounde [47],
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.
The flying wolfynnes ſente a yelleynge crie ;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna ſelle the mount ;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eſtſoones die ;
Thorowe the ſandie grave boiled up the pourple
founte,
On a broade graſſie playne was layde the hylle,
Staieynge the rounynge courſe of meint a limmed [48]
rylle.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen [49] the ſadde happe of twayne ſo fayre,
Houton [50] dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

[44] Many. [45] guide. [46] toſt. [47] aſtoniſh. [48] glaſſy, reflecting. [49] leſſen, alloy. [50] hollow.

Roarynge

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn courſe byſmare [51];
From female Vyncente ſhotte a ridge of ſtones,
Eche ſyde the ryver ryſynge heavenwere;
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elſtryds bones.
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes ſtreeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde [52].

The bawſyn [53] gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was yſped [54];
Whanne, as he ſtrod alonge the ſhakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne [55] gleſterrd on hys headde:
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures ſpreade;
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie [56] payne;
Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes [57] were fed,
He felle an hepe of aſhes on the playne:
Stylle does hys aſhes ſhoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte.

[51] Bewildered, curious. [52] hid, covered. [53] huge, bulky.
[54] diſpatched. [55] red lightning. [56] cruel. [57] flames, rays.

FINIS.

AN

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieſte THOMAS ROWLEY [1], 1464.

IN Virgyne the ſweltrie ſun gan ſheene,
And hotte upon the mees [2] did caſte his raie;
The apple rodded [3] from its palie greene,
And the mole [4] peare did bende the leafy ſpraie;
The peede chelandri [5] ſunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte [6] in its moſe defte [7] aumere [8].

The ſun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde ſtill the aire, and eke the welken [9] blue,

[1] Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somerſetſhire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keyneſham, and died at Weſtbury in Glouceſterſhire. [2] meads. [3] reddened, ripened. [4] ſoft. [5] pied goldfinch. [6] dreſt, arrayed. [7] neat, ornamental. [8] a looſe robe or mantle. [9] the ſky, the atmoſphere.

When

When from the ſea ariſt [10] in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of ſable ſullen hue,
The which full faſt unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring [11] attenes [12] the ſunnis fetive [13] face,
And the blacke tempeſte ſwolne and gatherd up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faſte by a pathwaie ſide,
Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent [14] lede,
A hapleſs pilgrim moneynge did abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle [15] in his weede,
Longe bretful [16] of the miſeries of neede,
Where from the hail-ſtone coulde the almer [17] flie?
He had no houſen theere, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed [18] face, his ſprighte there ſcanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd [19], deade!

[10] Aroſe. [11] hiding, ſhrouding. [12] at once. [13] beauteous. [14] It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at perſonal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great ſtickler for the Lancaſtrian family. Rowley was a Yorkiſt. [15] beggarly. [16] filled with. [17] beggar. [18] clouded, dejected. A perſon of ſome note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumſtance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuſcripts. Glum-mong in the Saxon ſignifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. [19] dry, ſapleſs.

Haſte

Haſte to thie church-glebe-houſe [20], aſshrewed [21] manne!
Haſte to thie kiſte [22], thie onlie dortoure [23] bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleaſure and themſelves.

The gatherd ſtorme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forſwat [24] meadowes ſmethe [25], and drenche [26] the raine;
The comyng ghaſtneſs do the cattle pall [27],
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Daſhde from the cloudes the waters flott [28] againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne [29] flies;
And the hot fierie ſmothe [30] in the wide lowings [31] dies.

Liſte! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge [32] ſound
Cheves [33] flowlie on, and then embollen [34] clangs,

[20] The grave. [21] accurſed, unfortunate. [22] coffin.
[23] a ſleeping room. [24] ſun-burnt. [25] ſmoke. [26] drink.
[27] *pall*, a contraction from *appall*, to fright. [28] fly. [29] lightning.
[30] ſteam, or vapours. [31] flames. [32] noiſy. [33] moves.
[34] ſwelled, ſtrengthened.

Shakes the hie ſpyre, and loſſt, diſpended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard [35] eare of terroure hanges ;
The windes are up ; the lofty elmen ſwanges ;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braſte [36] attenes in ſtonen ſhowers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine.
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came ;
His chapournette [37] was drented with the reine,
And his pencte [38] gyrdle met with mickle ſhame ;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll [39] at the ſame ;
The ſtorme encreaſen, and he drew aſide,
With the miſt [40] almes craver neere to the holme to bide.

His cope [41] was all of Lyncolne clothe ſo fyne,
With a gold button faſten'd neere his chynne ;
His autremete [42] was edged with golden twynne,

[35] Frighted. [36] burſt. [37] a ſmall round hat, not unlike the ſhapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Eccleſiaſtics and Lawyers. [38] painted. [39] He told his beads backwards ; a figurative expreſſion to ſignify curſing. [40] poor, needy. [41] a cloke. [42] a looſe white robe, worn by Prieſts.

And

And his ſhoone pyke a loverds [43] mighte have binne;
Full well it ſhewn he thoughten coſte no ſinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleaſde his ſighte,
For the horſe-millanare [44] his head with roſes dighte.

An almes, ſir prieſte! the droppynge pilgrim ſaide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the ſunne ſheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeſte of the aire is oer;
Helpleſs and ould am I alas! and poor;
No houſe, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I call my owne is this my ſilver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, ceaſe your dinne;
This is no ſeaſon almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour [45] in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the ſonne with the blacke cloudes did ſtryve,
And ſhettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte ſpurrde his ſteede, and eftſoones roadde awaie.

[43] A lord. [44] I believe this trade is ſtill in being, though but ſeldom employed. [45] a beggar, or vagabond.

Once

Once moe the ſkie was blacke, the thounder rolde ;
Faſte reyneynge oer the plaine a prieſte was ſeen ;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;
His cope and jape [46] were graie, and eke were clene ;
A Limitoure he was of order ſeene ;
And from the pathwaie ſide then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, ſir prieſt! the droppynge pilgrim ſayde,
For ſweete Seyncte Marie and your order ſake.
The Limitoure then looſen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of ſilver take ;
The miſter pilgrim dyd for halline [47] ſhake.
Here take this ſilver, it maie eathe [48] thie care ;
We are Goddes ſtewards all, nete [49] of oure owne we bare.

But ah! unhailie [50] pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my ſemecope [51], thou arte bare I ſee ;

[46] A ſhort ſurplice, worn by Friars of an inferior claſs, and ſecular prieſts. [47] joy. [48] eaſe. [49] nought. [50] unhappy. [51] a ſhort under-cloke.

Tis

Tis thyne ; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie Seynćte, who ſitte yn gloure [52], 90
Or give the mittee [53] will, or give the gode man power.

[52] Glory. [53] mighty, rich.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N° 1.]

OCHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al fleyne in Haſtyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O ſea! our teeming donore han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement,
Thou wouldſt have roſe and ſank wyth tydes of bloude,
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whoſe cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as ſeaſon rayne.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All paſſyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whoſe poygnant arrowes, typp'd with deſtynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges,

[*l.* 5: *see Errata, p.* 307]

Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to fynge of bloudie warre
Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And fcond your manfion if grymm war come there.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And fonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, deftynde for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a fparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the fportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen fpake;
My merrie men, be not caſte downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon funne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erſt dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treafure that you han,

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unleſſe with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chaſe ſorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did ſaie ;
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche ;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte ;
Lordſhippes and honores echone ſhall poſſeſſe ;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte ;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cauſe bleſſe.
The clarions then ſounded ſharpe and ſhrille ;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys ſaie ;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys ſhorte horſe-ſpear,
The noiſe it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His criſtede beaver dyd him ſmalle abounde ;
The cruel ſpear went thorough all his hede ;
The purpel bloude came gouſhynge to the grounde,
And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade :

So

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Daniſh menne.

O Afflem, ſon of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and ſhewe Duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a ſynger ſtrayne.
Duke Wyllyam ſawe hys freende ſleyne piteouſlie,
Hys lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han lovd hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it rayſde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

He tooke a braſen croſſe-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the braveſt in the londe
Han by his ſoundynge arrowe-lede bene ſleyne.
Alured's ſtede, the ſyneſt ſtede alive,
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the reſt;
But nowe his deſtind howre did aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breſte:
So have I ſeen a ladie-ſmock ſoe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,
And downe with flaiten noyſe he ſunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horſe,
Was ſmeerd all over withe the gorie duſte,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corſe,
That Alured coulde not hymſelf aluſte.
The ſtandyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englyſh champyons downe.

The Normans kept aloofe, at diſtaunce ſtylle,
The Englyſh nete but ſhort horſe-ſpears could welde;
The Englyſh manie dethe-ſure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the ſheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts deſir'de for hendie ſtroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie cloſe, and made the pleyne to ſmoke;
Theire ſheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
The Normans ſtode aloofe, nor hede the ſame,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they came.

Duke

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe ſtrynge,
An arrowe withe a ſylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd ſynge,
And hytt the horſe of Toſſelyn on the knee.
At this brave Toſslyn threwe his ſhort horſe-ſpeare;
Duke Wyllyam ſtooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe:
Upon his helme ſoe furious was the ſtroke,
It ſplete his bever, and the ryvets broke.

Downe fell the beaver by Toſslyn ſplete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Deſtoutvilles ſholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his boweſtrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Toſslyn bloudie wounde,
But Harolde's aſenglave ſtopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootleſs on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he ſawe hys venge thus broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the ſcabard toke.

And now the battail cloſde on everych ſyde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;

 They

[*l.* 104 of Toſſelyn: Toſſelyn *1777, 1778*. *See Errata, p.* 307]

They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I ſene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking ſounde,
Burſte waves on waves, and ſpangle in the ſunne;
And when their myghte in burſtynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, ſtele alonge their ozy bede.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was ſeene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinſte the breſt of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and ſunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryſte! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thouſand thoughtes puſh'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymſelfe, but thoſe he left behynde.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wyth cheryſhment did dearlie love;
In England's court, in goode Kynge Edwarde's regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymſon glove;

And

And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietneſſe to lead his lyfe;
And now with ſovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

Then, ſweſte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus ſet
Agaynſt du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,
And from his courſer down he tumbled dede.
So have I ſene a mountayne oak, that longe
Has caſte his ſhadowe to the mountayne ſyde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they ſo ſtronge,
And view the briers belowe with ſelf-taught pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder ſtroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,
And ſtrok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,
And at his pole the ſpear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght ſent from de Tracy's bowe,

 And

And at hys ſyde the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymſon ſtreme of bloude gan flowe ;
In purple ſtrekes it dyd his armer ſtaine,
And ſmok'd in puddles on the duſtie plaine.

But Egelred, before he ſunken downe,
With all his myghte amein his ſpear beſped.
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie ſunken dede.
So have I ſeen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who ſtronglie plac'd laughde at his ſlippry ſtate,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the ſleeve unravels all theire fate,
And broken onn the beech thys leſſon ſpeak,
The ſtronge and firme ſhould not defame the weake.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han ſlayne a noble's ſon,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done ;
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard ;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng ſpear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward :

True

True as a ſhadow to a ſubſtant thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And ſtrooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde his kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie ;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's ſtrynge,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron ſtaie ;
The grey-gooſe pynion, that thereon was ſett,
Eftſoons wyth ſmokyng crymſon bloud was wett.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he ſplete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whoſe featlieſt bewty ladden in his face ;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Roſaline's embrace ;
And like a uſeleſs weede amonge the haie
Amonge the ſleine warriours Griel laie.

Kynge

Kynge Harolde then he putt his yeomen bie.
And ferſlie ryd into the bloudie fyghte ;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwyn too,
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harolde's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde ;
The reſte of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge ſperes.

As when ſome ryver with the ſeaſon raynes
White ſomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
Oerturns the hamelet and all conteins.
And layeth oer the hylls a muddie ſoft ;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and ſmall upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a ſtore of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde ;
So who he be that ouphant faieries ſtrike.
Their ſoules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke.

Fitz

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee ſtroke with thilk a myghte,
The Norman's bowels ſteemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld hys ſon lie ded,
Againſt Erle Edelward his bowe-ſtrynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the iſſue gone,
And in one battle fell the ſire and ſon.

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou ſhalt, Erle Ethelwarde he ſaid;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drewe hys ſwerde, and ghaſtlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftſoons he lifeleſs fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no ſuch truſtie freende!

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely ſouten flie;

But

But Egwyn cutt ſo deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and ſoon dyd die.
His diſtant ſonne, Sire Romara de Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynſman's lote,
But ſoone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng ſpear
Stucke in his harte, and ſtayd his ſpeed, God wote.
He tumbled downe cloſe by hys kynſman's ſyde,
Myngle their ſtremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftſoons dyd flee;
Who dying ſayd; ah me! how hard my lote!
Now ſlayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I ſeen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the ſpendyng landlord is growne poore.
It falls benethe the axe of ſome rude ſweine;
And like the oke, the ſovran of the woode,
It's fallen boddie tells you how it ſtoode.

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert ſtrongeſt of the Normanne crewe.
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

With

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde ;
And was demaſing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghaſtlie wounde
Gyven by de Torcie, with a ſtabbyng knyfe ;
Baſe trecherous Normannes, if ſuch actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you.

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe
Han made his crymſon bloude and ſpirits floe ;
And knowlachyng he ſoon muſt quyt this lyfe,
Reſolved Hubert ſhould too with hym goe.
He held hys truſtie ſwerd againſt his breſte,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte ;
And both together then did take their reſte,
Their ſoules from corpſes unaknell'd depart ;
And both together ſoughte the unknown ſhore,
Where we ſhall goe, where manie's gon before.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd ſpie,
And hie aloſe his temper'd ſwerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe ſteel armoure did him littel ſheelde ;
And not contente, he ſplete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde ;

Mean

Mean while the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's ſpreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages ſtoode;
Where Druids, auncient preeſts, did ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle ſhed the victyms bloude;
Where auncient Bardi dyd their verſes ſynge
Of Cæſar conquer'd, and his mighty hoſte,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys ſhyppyng on the Brittiſh coaſte,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes ſteynd the place wyth Brittiſh gore,
Where nete but bloud of ſacrifices felle.
Tho' Chryſtians, ſtylle they thoghte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mett when cauſes dyd it neede;

'Twas

[*l.* 300 women in men's: men in women's *1777*, *1778*. *See Errata*, *p.* 307]

'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Iſle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengiſt bleede;
O Hengiſt! han thy cauſe bin good and true,
Thou wouldſt ſuch murdrous acts as theſe eſchew.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes ſleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to ſmoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he ſmote the erlies hede;
Who eftſoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horſes feet he tumbled dede:
His partyng ſpirit hovered o'er the floude
Of ſoddayne rouſhynge mouche lov'd pourple bloude.

De Viponte then, a ſquier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that cauſd but littel peine.
So have I ſeene a Dolthead place a ſtone,
Enthoghte to ſtaie a driving rivers courſe;

But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by ſo baſe a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's ſyghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in ſyghte.
Chatillion his truſtie ſwerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouſlie they flewe,
As maſtie dogs at Hocktide ſet to ſyghte;
Bothe ſcornd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
Reſolv'd to vanquiſhe, or reſolv'd to die.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
Thatt ſplytte eſtſoons his criſted helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breſte, his harte was plein to ſee;
He tumbled at the horſes feet alſoe,
And in dethe panges he ſeez'd the recer's knee:

Faſte

Faſte as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faſte he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toſte the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's ſquier then a ſwerde did ſticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghaſtlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymſon pleine,
Upon Chatillion's ſoulleſs corſe of claie;
A puddlie ſtreme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length beſmer'd with gore he laie;
As ſome tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a ſecond time upon the main.

The erlie nowe an horſe and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng ſwerd his life did yeeld;
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have ſleyne;
It miſs'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble ſoule came rouſhyng from the wounde.

Thys Herewald perceevd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he; thou'ſt ſlaughtred my beloved ſquier,
But I will be revenged for the ſame.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte,
And drew thereout a ſteemie drerie lode;
Quod he; theſe offals are for ever curſt,
Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode.
Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon bloude.

Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,
Ah me! ſayde he; what woeful ſyghte I ſee!
But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than ſighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.
Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White ruſhe the burſtynge waves, and roar along the weir.

The

The erle with one honde graſp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce beſped ;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede ;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full ſlyghte,
But peerc'd his ſhoulder, ghaſtlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a ſhade of nyghte,
Whyche ſoone were cloſed ynn a ſleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horſe
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all ſmore ;
And now eletten on another horſe,
Eftſoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a diſtaunce ſent their arrowes keene ;
But noe ſuch deſtinie awaits his hedde,
As to be ſleyen by a wighte ſo meene.
Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's ſhock,
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

Upon du Chatelet he ferſelie ſett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The aſenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a maſtie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
Cloſe by the Norman champyons he han ſleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie juſt,
A launce, that ſtroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duſte;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie ſhalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He ſcritch'd and ſcreem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftſoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymſon ſtreme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
While life and dethe ſtrove for the maſterrie,

He

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiſcampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a ſtabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent,
Eftſoons his truſtie ſwerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiſcampe ſent,
That ſoule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deſerve, whoſe deeds ſo fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their ſoule.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And ſlewe the noble flower of Powyſlonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the ſtronge.
Whan he the firſt miſchaunce received han,
With horſemans haſte he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who ſange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To bleſſe his labour, and to heal the ſame.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did ſeck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;
And putt a rowe of bloude-ſtones round his neck;
And then did ſay; go, champyon, get agone.
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
His ſheelde of wolf-ſkinn did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
As ſome tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine; ſo fell the warriour dede.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faieries, whan the moone ſheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their ſyghte,
Ne by the race of deſtinie be ſeen;
For what he be that ouphant faieries ſtryke,
Their ſoules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftſoons fled awaie aghaſte;

And

And lefte behynde their bowe and aſenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haſte.
His garb ſufficient were to move affryghte;
A wolf ſkin girded round his myddle was;
A bear ſkyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his ſhoulders by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis ſunge, much like to him,
Upon his ſholder wore a lyon's ſkin.

Upon his thyghes and harte-ſwefte legges he wore
A hugie goat ſkyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar ſkyn ſheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the ſkynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed cloſe upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the ſwerde unto his arme,
In ſpringing rivulet, alive and warme.

His ſwerde was ſhorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could ſtonde to ſtoppe itts waie;
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.

Then with his ſwerde he ſett on Fitz du Valle,
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte ;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the ſwerde and hylte ;
As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

And with the ſwerde, that in his neck yet ſtoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde ;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's ſwerde he broke,
And bloude afreſhe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vyſage grym ;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym ;
And cauſe he fryghted them ſo muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

So, whan they ſawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen ſwerde, thatt wroghte thilke great diſmaie,
They turned about, eftſoons upon hym lept,
And full a ſcore engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque ;

And

And wring'd his hedde with ſuch a vehement gier,
His viſage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the uſeleſs gore,
And felle upon the pleine to riſe no more.

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and ſeiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more ſtronge,
And from their ſockets ſtarted out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameleſs tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguiſhe eftſoon dies.
As ſome rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to aſſiſt;
A myghtie ſiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel liſt.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris ſet his;

And Egwald dyd the ſiere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myſchaunce dyd miſs:
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the ſtrande,
He ne deſerved a death from erlies hande.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypaſs;
The diſtaunt ſyde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathleſs on the bloudie graſs.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,
And hytt the ſquier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh ſhame to Norman armes! a lord a ſlave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions ſpeak--

* * * * * * *

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N° 2.]

OH Truth! immortal daughter of the ſkies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of theſe daies,
Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy paſſynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayſe.
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe ſylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of ſtarres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe ſurveies,
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
She ſees Kynge Harolde ſtande, fayre Englands curſe and pryde.

With ale and vernage drunk his ſouldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie ſpredde;

Sad

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead!
Thro' everie troope diſorder reer'd her hedde;
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this eaſie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from ſo ſweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for ſuccour aſkd and praied.

Thus Harolde to his wites that ſtoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a ſcore,
And ſearch how farre our foeman's campe doth bound;
Yourſelf have rede; I nede to ſaie ne more.
My brother beſt belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
And waiten tyll I ſende the heſt for fyghte.
He ſaide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Succeſs and cheerfulneſs depicted on ech face.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dyſtant ſyde.

When

When the dyre clatterynge of the ſhielde and launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh eſpyd.
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
Girthe drew hys ſwerde, and cutte hys burled hyde;
The proto-ſlene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out ſtreemd the bloude, and ran in ſmokynge curles,
Reflected bie the moone ſeemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

A troope of Normannes from the maſs-ſonge came,
Rouſd from their praiers by the flotting cric;
Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the ſame,
Not once theie ſtoode abaſhd, or thoghte to flie.
He ſeizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie whereſoe're it lie;
* Fierce as a ryver burſtynge from the borne;
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.

* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell braſte of erthe ſo fierce that it threw a ſtone-mell carrying the ſame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this lefte out o line.

Tancarville

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;
Let none edraw his arcublaſter bowe.
Girthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the ſame,
And vengynge Normannes ſtaid the flyinge floe.
The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye ſo
Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to ſhowe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here ſingle onlie theſe to all thie crewe
Shall ſhewe what Englyſh handes and heartes can doe.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen moſt diſtraught;
In peace and mercy is a Chryſtians pryde;
He that dothe conteſtes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to Duke William brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.
Quod Willyam; thus ſhall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treades on Engliſh ground.

Erle

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypaſs'd,
And ſawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde;
They ſlepte, as thoughe they wouldc have ſlepte theyr laſt,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He ſtarted backe, and was wyth ſhame aſtownd;
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he ſhooke wyth rage;
When throughe the hollow tentes theſe wordes dyd ſound,
Rowſe from your ſleepe, detratours of the age!
Was it for thys the ſtoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huſcarles, now, or waken wyth the dead.

As when the ſhepſter in the ſhadie bowre
In jintle ſlumbers chaſe the heat of daie,
Hears doublyng echoc wind the wolfins rore,
That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
He tremblynge for his ſheep drives dreeme awaie,
Gripes faſte hys burled croke, and ſore adradde
Wyth fleeting ſtrides he haſtens to the fraie,
And rage and proweſs ſyres the coiſtrell lad;
With truſtie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the ſkies.

Such was the dire confuſion of eche wite,
That roſe from ſleep and walſome power of wine;
Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paſte the line;
Now here now there the burnyſht ſheeldes and byll-
ſpear ſhine;
Throwote the campe a wild confuſionne ſpredde;
Eche bracd hys armlace ſiker ne deſygne.
The creſted helmet nodded on the hedde;
Some caught a ſlughorne, and an onſett wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the
ſounde.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in ſtele!
Was itte for thys Norwegia's ſtubborn ſede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
And rybbes of ſolid braſſe were made to bleede?
Whylſt yet the worlde was wondrynge at the
deede.
You ſouldiers, that ſhoulde ſtand with byll in hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
Oh ſhame! oh dyre diſhonoure to the lande!

He

He ſayde; and ſhame on everie viſage ſpredde,
Ne ſawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentyſh menne in fronte, for ſtrenght renownd,
Next the Bryſtowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And laſt the numerous crewe ſhall preſſe the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Bryſtowe bande;
And Bertrams ſonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Suſſers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte ſkyrts anie.

He ſaide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce ſhall hit upon the ſcent,
With twa redubbled ſhuir the alans run;
So ſtyrrd the valiante Saxons everych one;
Soone linked man to man the champyones ſtoode;
To 'tone for their bewrate ſo ſoone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enſeem'd an yron woode;

Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And ſeem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thouſand fights.

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill ſtate;
This ſunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-haird Dane he chaſd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels coud mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waſte;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilſte dethe and victorie for magyſtrie beſted.

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde lookd aſkaunte, and thus replyd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;
And thus he ſaide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deſerved this fremed ſpeche to heare?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.

When

When Toſtus ſent me golde and ſylver ſtore,
I ſcornd hys preſent vile, and ſcorn'd hys treaſon more.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;
Who can I truſt, if brothers are not true?
Ithink of Toſtus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe ſaide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll ſhewe;
By Gods hie hallidome they preeſtes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, myſtell them ſo,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, ſo is the glorie grete.

And nowe Duke Willyam mareſchalled his band,
And ſtretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
Firſt did a ranke of arcublaſtrics ſtande,
Next thoſe on horſebacke drewe the aſcendyng flo,
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr aſenglave acroſſe theyr horſes ty'd,
Or with the loverds ſquier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited ſquier lyke at the horſes ſyde.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd ſaie,
Prepare thyſelfe wyth ſpede, to Harolde haſte awaie.

Telle hym from me one of theſe three to take ;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceaſyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chryſts vicar ſtande.
He ſaide ; the Monke departyd out of hande,
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this meſſage bear ;
Who ſaid ; tell thou the duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He ſaid, and drove the Monke out of his ſyghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie ſyghte.

A ſtandarde made of ſylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was ſeen deth-doynge there,
Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.
This ſtandard rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze
That ſtraite the heſt for battle ſhould be ſpredde.

To

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and ſlughornes ſhake the vaulted heaven.

As when the erthe, torne by convulſyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkneſs hid from human ſyghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Braſt from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns ſeeke the reaulmes of lyght;
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and cauſes grete affryght;
Now here, now there, majeſtic nods the bourne,
And awfulle ſhakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and foreſts nod, and ryvers change theyr courſe.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Linkd man to man, enſeemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre moſt ſtraunge to ſyght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of ſlughornes to enrowſe theyr minde;

Eche ſhootynge ſpere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more ſwefte than wynd;
With ſolemne ſtep, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One ſingle boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on fyre.

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets dreſt,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her roſie radiance to the Weſt:
Forth from the Eaſterne gatte the fyerie ſteedes
Of the bright ſunne awaytynge ſpirits leedes:
The ſunne, in fierie pompe enthrond on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And ſcatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the ſkie:
He ſawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And ſtopt his driving ſteeds, and hid his lyghtſome raye.

Kynge Haroldc hie in ayre majeſtic rayſd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouſe ſent it whyſtlynge thro the ayre.

It

It ſtruck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did braſſe or yron ſtop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, ſcritchyng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuiſhes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

This Willyam ſaw, and ſoundynge Rowlandes ſonge
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full ſtronge,
From out of mortals ſyght ſhot up the floe;
Then ſwyfte as fallynge ſtarres to earthe belowe
It ſlaunted down on Alfwoldes paynćted ſheelde;
Quite thro the ſilver-bordurd croſſe did goe,
Nor loſte its force, but ſtuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr ſovrin, dyd prepare,
And ſhotte ten thouſande floes upryſynge in the aire.

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie
In houſeholde armies thro the flanched ſkie,
Alike the cauſe, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce ſome boggie fenne is nie.

Soon as the muddie natyon theie eſpie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth deſcende ;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie ;
In vayne do reedes the ſpeckled folk defend :
So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peercd thro braſſe, and ſente manie to heaven or helle.

Ælan Adelfred, of the ſtowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breſte ;
Before he dyd, he ſente hys ſpear awaie,
Thenne ſunke to glorie and eternal reſte.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beſte,
Throw the joint cuiſhe dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horſebacke for the fyghte addreſsd,
And ſawe hys bloude come ſmokynge oer the ſteele ;
He ſente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
And turnd hys horſes hedde, and did to leeche repayre.

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,
Hurld from the Englyſh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz dreare alonge, and ſonges of terror ſynges,
Such ſonges as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurld

Hurld by ſuch ſtrength along the ayre theie burne,
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did deſcend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydſt thou ſtill eſtande;
Full ſoon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande
Could hurle a javlyn with ſuch lethal geer;
Itte whyzzd a ghaſtlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He closd hys eyne in everlaſtynge nyghte;
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creſte!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was preſt.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Deſcendyng like a ſhafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne

Onne Algars ſheelde the arrowe dyd aſſaie,
There throghe dyd peerſe, and ſtycke into his groine ;
In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne ;
Diſtort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke ſturdie elms by ſtormes in uncothe wrythynges torne.

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceevd,
He drewe his ſwerde, his lefte hande helde a ſpeere,
Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng ſteede,
And to the Godde of heaven he ſent a prayre ;
Then ſent his lethale javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame ;
Next with his ſwerde he 'fayld the Sciur de Roe,
And braſte his ſylver helme, ſo furyous was the blowe.

But Willyam, who had ſeen hys proweſſe great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a ſtrong arblaſter, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron ſente the fleetynge floe.

As

As Alric hoiſtes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roces laſte,
The ſwyfte-wyngd meſſenger from Willyams bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his ſyde ypaſte;
His eyne ſhotte fyre, lyke blazyng ſtarre at nyghte,
He grypd his ſwerde, and felle upon the place of fyghte.

O Alfwolde, ſaie, how ſhalle I ſynge of thee
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes ſelf more Normanne knyghtes did flee,
Not Haroldes ſelf did for more praiſes call;
How ſhall a penne like myne then ſhew it all?
Lyke thee their leader, eche Briſtowyanne foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze muſt be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a ſcore from thee and theie receive their fatale wounde.

Firſt Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen ſheelde availe;
Eftſoones throwe that thie drivynge ſpeare did peerce
Nor was ytte ſtopped by his coate of mayle;

Into

Into his breaſte it quicklie did aſſayle ;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde ;
With purple ſtayned all hys adventayle ;
In ſcarlet was his cuiſhe of ſylver dyde :
Upon the bloudie carnage houſe he laie,
Whylſt hys longe ſheelde dyd gleem with the ſun's ryſing ray.

Next Feſcampe felle ; O Chrieſte, howe harde his fate
To die the leckedſt knyghte of all the thronge !
His ſprite was made of malice deſlavate,
Ne ſhoulden find a place in anie ſonge.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde ſo ſtronge
As thine came thundrynge on his cryſted beave ;
Ah ! neete avayld the braſs or iron thonge,
With mightie force his ſkulle in twoe dyd cleave ;
Fallyng he ſhooken out his ſmokyng braine,
As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the playne.

For, Norcie, could thie myghte and ſkilfulle lore
Preſerve thee from the doom of Alfwold's ſpeere ;

Couldſte

Couldſte thou not kenne, moſt ſkyll'd After la goure,
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,
It gave thee death and everlaſtynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preſte,
His foule and bloude came rouſhynge from the wounde;
He closd his eyen, and opd them with the bleſt.
It can ne be I ſhould behight the reſt,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Paſte bie a penne to be counte or expreſte,
How manie Alfwolde ſent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees ſhook by derne Autumns hand,
So laie the Normannes ſlain by Alfwold on the ſtrand.

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Affayle ſome flocke, ne care if ſhepſter ken't,
Beſprenge

[*l.* 343 After la goure: *see Errata, p.* 307, *and Glossary*]

Beſprenge deſtructione oer the woodes and delles;
The ſhepſter ſwaynes in vayne theyr lees lement;
So foughte the Bryſtowe menne; ne one crevent,
Ne onne abaſhd enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne beſprent.
And like theyr leaders every man did flee:
In vayne on every ſyde the arrowes fled;
The Bryſtowe menne ſtyll ragd, for Alfwold was not dead.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreasd the flayne;
'Twould take a Neſtor's age to ſynge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preſte the playne;
But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath flayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate,
That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions ſee,
And like to them æternal alwaie ſtryve to be.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whoſe holie deathleſs fire
For ever bended to S^t^. Cuthbert's ſhryne,

Whoſe

Whoſe breaſt for ever burnd with ſacred fyre,
And een on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes reſygne,
And leſte hys ſon his God's and fortunes knyghte;
His ſon the Saincte behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyſe, and greate in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his fomen bleedes.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fyneſt dame the ſun or moone adave;
She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,
Who was alreadie haſtynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, ryſinge from the wave,
Like ſea-gods ſeeme in moſt majeſtic guiſe,
And rounde aboute the riſynge waters lave,
And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majeſtie was in her porte diſplaid,
To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines iſle,
Red as the higheſt colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge ſmile,
Thoſe hues with pleaſaunce on her lippes combine,

Her lippes more redde than ſummer evenynge
ſkyne,
Or Phœbus ryſinge in a froſtie morne,
Her breſte more white than ſnow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been ſhorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braſte brooklettes gently whyſpringe in the
delle.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the ſhelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the ſkie,
Greie as the ſteel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame.
So greie appeard her featly ſparklyng eye;
Thoſe eyne, that did oft mickle pleaſed look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomſday
book.

Majeſtic as the grove of okes that ſtoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oſwald kynge;

Majeſtic

Majeſtic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where ſainctes and ſoules departed maſſes ſynge;
Such awe from her ſweete looke forth iſſuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraſlarkes in the Spring,
So ſweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all ſhewed ſome entent;
Her wordies did diſplaie her great entendement.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts ſhryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie ſhrove,
Tapre as ſilver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and ſhape ygrove.
As ſkyllful mynemenne by the ſtones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her ſoule did ſhewe;
Thus was ſhe outward form'd; the ſun her mind
Did guilde her mortal ſhape and all her charms refin'd.

What blazours then, what glorie ſhall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere ſhall hys praiſes ſynge,

That lefte the boſome of ſo fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaſkt, to ſerve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre ſhrine goode ſubjects oughte to bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the ſpoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants ſpredde hys name to farre;
The ſtoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the graſſe with clotted gore doth ſtree;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouſlie,
And breaks the bankes that would its force reſtrayne,
Alonge the playne in fomynge rynges doth flee,
Gaynſte walles and hedges doth its courſe maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With eaſe at one felle ſtroke full manie is laide lowe.

So manie, with ſuch force, and with ſuch eaſe,
Did Adhelm ſlaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leaſe,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of ſmokynge ſlayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cutte hym with his ſwerde athur the breaſte;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure ſtayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,
Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he laie.

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone did peerce,
Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.
But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,
Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the ſlaine.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,

When ſoone he founde that Adhelmes poynted ſpeere
Had founde an eaſie paſſage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe aſtarte,
Then fell down brethleſſe to encreaſe the corſe ;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillains horſe ;
Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe ;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.

Nor does he hede his maſtres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouſe by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he ſtaundes,
And throwes hys maſtre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie aſtounde,
Beſprengd his arrowes, loofend was his ſheelde,
Thro his redde armoure, as he laie enſoond,
He peercd his ſwerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels ſteemd, a dedlie ſyghte !
He opd and closd hys eyen in everlaſtynge nyghte.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A man well ſkilld in ſwerde and ſoundynge ſtrynge,

Who

Who fled his country for a crime enſtrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his ſheelde aſkaunte the ſame did ringe,
Peercd thro the corner, then ſtuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the ſkie,
Thro ſome tall ſpyre the ſhaftes in a torn clevis flie.

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn ſtronge,
With mighte that none but ſuch grete championes know;
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn paſt alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot moſt feirclie on the prowe;
His helmet braſted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn ſteck;
From eyther ſyde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal ſtrande,
Lyke ſome tall veſſel wreckt upon the tragick ſande.

CONTINUED.

Where fruytleſs heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge deſarte alle arounde hym ſpredde,
The diſtaunte citie ſcantlie to be ſpedde,
The curlynge force of ſmoke he ſees in vayne,
Tis too far diſtaunte, and hys onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylſte rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes ſtandes,
Placd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the falſe god whom they did Tauran name,

Dightynge

Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roaſtynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyſt did the Brytons flee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie ſtandes,
That lyftes yts ſcheafted heade ynto the ſkies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyſe,
Within this vylle fyrſte adrewe the ayre,
A bleſſynge to the erthe ſente from the ſkies,
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in ſteele he rages yn the fyghte,
And ſweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys ſallowe hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves beſprenged on the yellow ſtrande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howſe he ſees,
And ſowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he flees,
And ſweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded floude;

[*l.* 538 vyctualle: *see Errata, p.* 307]

Dethe honge upon his arme; he fleed ſo maynt,
'Tis paſte the pointel of a man to paynte.

Bryghte ſonne in haſte han drove hys fierie wayne
A three howres courſe alonge the whited ſkyen,
Vewynge the ſwarthleſs bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-ſtretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple ſheene,
The wolſomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,
And dyd disfygure all hys ſemmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowſe,
In hyſſynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaundc, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a ſhielde ſo fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to cloſer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd ſo entwyne,
Lyke the neſhe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornyſh wraſtlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came;

There

[*l.* 578 *see Introduction* p. xli]

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the ſonnes of warre.

Oh Turgotte, whereſoeer thie ſpryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie ſyde,
Where thou mayſte heare the ſwotie nyghte larke chaunte,
Orre wyth ſome mokynge brooklette ſwetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferſelie wythe ferſe Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth ſuch greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou ſonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyſhmenne maie wryte.

Harold, who ſaw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys ſpere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth ſhowtes the Normannes did to battel ſteere;
Campynon famous for his ſtature highe,
Fyrey wythe braſſe, benethe a ſhyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reechd into the ſkie;

Neere

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys ſteele Morglaien ſworde ſo ſtronge.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee ſwung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the ſunne his viſage did agleeme,
Then ſtraynynge, as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee ſtroke on Haroldes ſheelde yn manner breme ;
Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds paynćted ſheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie ſwerde dyd ſteeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne ;
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the grounde.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious ſente
A ſtroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes ſyde ;
Upon the playne the broken braſſe beſprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde ;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde ;
With ſtraught oute ſheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes divide,
To ſave himſelfe lefte them unto the foe ;

So

So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the ſunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troopes runne.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies ſtaie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul ſo wyſe,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haſte awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The ſteele bylle bluſhynge oer wyth lukewarm bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Briſtowans for th' emprize
Haſted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon ſtood,
Who aynewarde went, whylſte everie Normanne knyghte
Dyd bluſh to ſee their champyon put to flyghte.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and bluſtrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude beſtreynts the lillie ſnowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,

Throwe

Throwe Severne rollynge oer the ſandes belowe
He ſkyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne ſtynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haſte;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam ſtroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And ſayd; Campynon, is it thee I ſee?
Thee? who dydſt actes of glorie ſo bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieſelfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,
Or with mie ſwerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,
Seezed a huge ſwerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge hounds will flee.
When theie dyſcover they cannot eſcape;

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie oft awhape;
Thus ſtoode Campynon, greete but hertleſſe knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymſelfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie ſyde dyd flee,
Whan on hys lyfted ſheelde withe alle hys myghte
Campynon's ſwerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Bryſtowe menne came in hym for to ſave;
Eftſoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee graſpd hys bylle in ſyke a drear arraie,
Hee ſeem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruſe, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons ſhotte a ſparklynge flame;
Eftſoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and ſkyrts of lare;

A tyde

A tyde of purple gore came wyth the ſame,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when ſome cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that ſhotte ynto the ſkie,
Feeles the broad axes peerſynge his broade ſyde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Preſſynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,
And ſtoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So ſtraught upon the playne the Norman hie

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Bled, gron'd, and dyed; the Normanne knyghtes aſtound
To ſee the bawſin champyon preſte upon the grounde.

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugſom on the ſandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedeceſters ſhore,
And ſweeps the black ſande rounde its horie prowe;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Bryſtowans flew ech ſyde,

Betreinted

Betreinted all alonge with bloudleſs foe,
And ſeemd to ſwymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place beſmeard with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them ſwarthleſs corſe beſprente.

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of ſkyll in bow, in tylte, and handeſworde fyghte
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons ſleene,
Forre hee in ſothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrſte dyd his ſwerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As hee on horſeback was, and peersd hys gryne,
Then upwarde wente: in everlaſtynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymſyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various cauſes ſunken to the dead.

But now to Alfwoulde he oppoſynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of ſtre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he ſente
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys paynčted ſheelde ſo biſmarlie
Aſlaunte his ſwerde did go ynto the grounde;

Then Alfwould him attack'd moſt furyouſlie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then ſoone agayne hys ſwerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creſte and ſplit hym to the eyne.

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ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

AS onn a hylle one eve ſittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke ſo fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;
Quod I; ſome counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;
Full well I wote ſo fine a ſyghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe; thou lackeſt knowlachynge;
Thou forſoth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;
And eke another in the Towne,
Where glaſſie bubblynge Trymme doth roun.
Quod I; ne doubte for all he's given
His ſowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,
And ſee thou doe as hee hath donne.

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Trouthe; as thou haſt got, give almes-dedes ſoe;
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

ON THE SAME.

STAY, curyous traveller, and paſs not bye,
Until this fetive pile aſtounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd ſurveie,
And okes with okes entremed diſponed lie.
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn and the mokie ſtorme defie,
That ſhootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou ſeeſt this mayſtrie of a human hand,
The pride of Bryſtowe and the Weſterne lande,
Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be ſcande.
Thou ſeeſt the fayncles and kynges in ſtonen ſtate,
That ſeemd with breath and human ſoule diſpande,

As

As payrde to us enſeem theſe men of ſlate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

Well maieſt thou be aſtound, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou ſee thy fill,
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall ſpyre in every countye telle,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men ſhame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

THYS mornynge ſtarre of Radcleves ryſynge raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys ſtone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe ſheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the preſent Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;

For aye ſhall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne ſhall yt dye whanne tyme ſhalle bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe ſhall ſounde to riſe the folle,
He'll wynge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys dolle.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Liſteynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
Awhilſt the cavys reſpons'd yts mottring ſonge,
At dyſtaunt ryſyng Avonne to he ſped,
Amenged wyth ryſyng hylles dyd ſhewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of oſyer weedes
And wraytes of alders of a bercie ſcent,
And ſtickeynge out wyth clowde ageſted reedes,
The hoarie Avonne ſhow'd dyre ſemblamente,
Whyleſt blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores flemic o'er the ſandes that ſhe hepde.

Theſe

Theſe eynegears ſwythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
Ælle deſcended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Bryſtowe towne and caſtel ſtede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte ſuch doughtie menn muſt have a ſprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan kynge of helle dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore ;
Orr, ſoone as theie dyd ſee the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I ſayd, or els my mynde dyd ſaie,
Whie ys thy actyons left ſo ſpare yn ſtorie?
Were I toe diſpone, there ſhould lyvven aie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie ;
Thie actes ſoe doughtie ſhould for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teſte all after actes be tryde.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaſte,

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I ſee hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaſte:
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn viſyonn fore mie phantaſie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge ſtrayde,
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the diſtaunt ſtreeme aroſe a mayde,
Whoſe gentle treſſes mov'd not to the wynde;
Lyche to the ſylver moone yn froſtie neete,
The damoiſelle dyd come ſoe blythe amd ſweete.

Ne browded mantell of a ſcarlette hue,
Ne ſhoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,
Ne coſtlie paraments of woden blue,
Noughte of a dreſſe, but bewtie dyd ſhee weere;
Naked ſhee was, and loked ſwete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne ſhould ſee dyd ſwotelie hyde,
Whych on her milk-white bodykin ſo fayre
Dyd ſhowe lyke browne ſtreemes fowlyng the white tyde,

Or

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

Aſtounded mickle there I ſylente laie,
Still ſcauncing wondrous at the walkynge ſyghte ;
Mie ſenſes forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie ;
But was ne forſtraughte whan ſhee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreſte up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn ſome ewbrycious thoughtes abrewe.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte ;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the bloſom woulde ſuch ſins anete ;
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eſchewe.

Wyth ſweet ſemblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breſte ;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
Falſe oratoryes ſhe dyd aie deteſte :
Sweetneſſe was yn eche worde ſhe dyd ywreene,
Tho ſhee ſtrove not to make that ſweetneſſe ſheene.

Shee ſayd ; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and ſleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle ;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd deſcende fromm heavenwere,
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle ;
Thie inmoſte thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I ſawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Paynćters and carvellers have gaind good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encreaſe the ſtore,
A Canynge, who ſhall buie uppe all theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and ſee yn chylde and manne
What troulie nobleneſſe yn Canynge ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of ſweltrie daie,
Yn ſlepeis boſom laieth hys deſt headde,
So, ſenſes ſonke to reſte, mie boddie laie ;
Eftſoons mie ſprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanched ayre wyth Trouthe aſyde.

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,
Whylſt Canynge ſwathed yet yn fleſhlie bedde,

And

And ſaw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the ſcroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to ſyghte,
I ſaw hym eager gaſpynge after lyghte.

In all hys ſhepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyſdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the waſtle cake.
As wiſe as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym ſynge,
Wondryng at one ſoe wyſe, and yet ſoe yinge.

Encreaſeynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And haſteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheeſe a wyfe,
And uſe the ſexes for the purpoſe gevene.

Hee

Hee then was yothe of comelie ſemelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jeſus reſt hys ſoule !)
Who loved money, as hys charie joie ;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole !)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie ;
What then could Canynge wiſſen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte ?

But landes and caſtle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of ſylver rouſted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre ſweete dyd that deſpyſe,
To change of troulie love was theyr content ;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a houſe adygne,
Of goode ſendaument commilie and fyne.

But ſoone hys broder and hys ſyre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam ſtates and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne ſupplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre ſoules ;
And put hys broder ynto ſyke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftſoons hys mornynge tournd to gloomie nyghte ;
Hys dame, hys ſeconde ſelfe, gyve upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endleſs lyghte,
And fleed good Canynge ; ſad myſtake of dethe !
Soe have I ſeen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge ſheweth as an inſtrumente,)
Was to my biſmarde eyne-ſyghte newlie giv'n ;
'Tis paſt to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge ſee
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I ſawe the myndbruch of hys nobille ſoule
Whan Edwarde meniced a ſeconde wyfe ;
I ſaw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;
Nowe fyx'd fromm ſeconde dames a preeſte for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the viſion ſpoke ;
Then belle for even-ſonge mie ſenſes woke.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selyneſſe on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human ſhape bee founde?
Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower beſtadde,
Or quite eraced from the ſcaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the ſecret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
Does yt agroſed ſhun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytſelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selyneſſe ys thyne,
And Chryſtis glorie doth upponne thee ſheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee ſeene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole diſtreſſe,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selyneſſe.

ONN JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the ſame.

JOHNE makes a jarre boute Lancaſter and Yorke;
Bee ſtille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.

THE

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the ſame.

MIE boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the ſyghte
Of guilden merke ſhall mete mie joieous eyne,
Ne moe the ſylver noble ſheenynge bryghte
Schall fyll mie honde with weight to ſpeke ytt fyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alaſs! I call you myne:
Whydder muſt you, ah! whydder muſt I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie emmers dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
I muſte be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
O ſtorthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie ſunne,
A ſhade of theves eche ſtreake of lyght dyd ſeeme;
Whann ynn the heavn full half hys courſe was runn,
Eche ſtirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme;
Thye loſs, or quyck or ſlepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycraſe;
For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte now to mee thie pleaſaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede muſt goe.

THE

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han ſounde ;
Byelecoyle doe the Grave beſeeme ;
The ealdermenne doe ſytte arounde,
Ande ſnoffelle oppe the cheorte ſteeme.
Lyche aſſes wylde ynne deſarte waſte
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taſte,

Syke keene theie ate ; the minſtrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;
Heie ſtylle the gueſtes ha ne to ſaie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aſlape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iſcamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne ſeene.

THE END.

A GLOS-

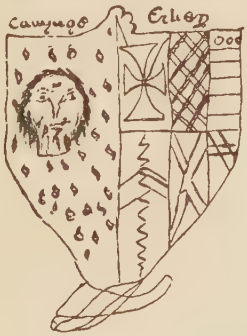
The Arrears of Sr Canynges

Thorough the hall the Bells hath sounde
To yeld accounte for the Grave he deems
The Garmentes for his Knighte arraye
And endelles offres the Quire resema
Sythe all of wyne he harre accrue
Farewell ye thes Nomenyes Ayre bestowe
Ythe Tapes theis are the Minstrels plaie
Ythe Tymes of Angelles bee theis keepe
Gyf sickville the Quarrel ha holpe aide
Hurrie nodde yar thanke gaine falle adape
That scheme daie bee Itto beseene

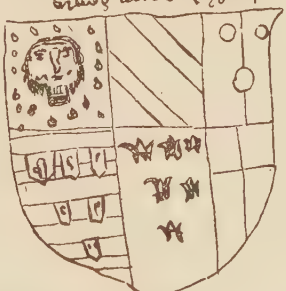
By Crowley Scanne of Sch. Bristowe bee.

Armes Antyanne the mee longe

Canynge Erlee



Erlee and Ratcliffe



Wm Canynge Rosse Mau 63-

Wm Canynge.

I. Strutt Sculp!

[NOTE ON THE GLOSSARY

The following glossary was compiled by Tyrwhitt before he had discovered Chatterton's use of Kersey's and Bailey's dictionaries (vide Introduction, p. xxviii) and a number of words were thus necessarily left unexplained by him. The present editor has added, in square brackets, explanations of all these words except about half-a-dozen which neither Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (*K.*), nor Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary* (*B.*), nor the glossary to Speght's edition of Chaucer (*Speght*), nor the notes of Prof. Skeat in his 1871 edition (*Sk.*), nor any native ingenuity of his own has served to elucidate.]

A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

IN the following Gloſſary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, *at the bottom of the ſeveral pages, are drawn together, and digeſted alphabetically, with the letter* C. *after each of them. But it ſhould be obſerved, that theſe explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a conſiderable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unſupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of ſome other words, omitted by* CHATTERTON, *have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was ſufficiently clear, and the word itſelf did not recede too far from the eſtabliſhed uſage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the conſideration of more learned or more ſagacious interpreters.*

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ. ſtands for	*Ælla*; *a tragycal enterlude*,	p.	76
Ba. ——	*The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin*,	—	44
Ch. ——	*Balade of Charitie*, —	—	203
E. I. ——	*Eclogue the firſt*, —	—	1
E. II. ——	*Eclogue the ſecond*, —	—	6
E. III. ——	*Eclogue the third*, —	—	12
El. ——	*Elinoure and Juga*, —	—	19
Ent. ——	*Entroductionne to Ælla*, —	—	75
Ep. ——	*Epiſtle to M. Canynge*, —	—	67
G. ——	*Goddwyn*; *a Tragedie*, —	—	173
H. 1. ——	*Battle of Haſtings*, N° 1. —		210
H. 2. ——	*Battle of Haſtings*, N° 2. —		237
Le. ——	*Letter to M. Canynge*, —	—	71
M. ——	*Englyſh Metamorphoſis*, —	—	196
P. G. ——	*Prologue to Goddwyn*, —	—	175
T. ——	*Tournament*, —	—	28

The other references are made to the pages.

A GLOS-

A GLOSSARY.

[B. = Bailey's *Universal Etymological Dictionary* (8th ed. 1737).
K. = Kersey's *Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum* (1708).
Sk. = Prof. Skeat's Aldine Edition (1871).
Speght = Glossary to Speght's Chaucer (1598).
T. = Tyrwhitt.
C. = Chatterton's notes to the poems.]

ABESSIE, E. III. 89. *Humility.* C.

Aborne, T. 45. *Burniſhed.* C.

Abounde, H. 1. 55. [Evidently *avail*; K. B. and Speght do not help.]

Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready.* C.

Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding.* C.

Abrewe, p. 281. 60. as *Brew.*

Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly.* C.

Acale, G. 191. *Freeze.* C.

Accaie, Æ. 356. *Aſſwage.* C.

Achments, T. 153. *Atchievements.* C.

Acheke, G. 47. *Choke.* C.

Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services.* C.

Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come.*

Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly.* C.

Adave, H. 2. 402. [Probably *beheld*; cannot be explained from K., who has nothing nearer than adawe (O.), *to awaken*; *awoke* can hardly be the meaning.]

Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake.*

Addawd, H. 2. 110. [*Limply.* Sk. translates *wakened* from B.'s addawe, *to waken*, which makes no sense. K. has 'adaw, *to awaken*; but it is used by the poet Spencer *to slacken*'; hence the meaning I have given.]

Adente, Æ. 396. *Faſtened.* C.

Adented, G. 32. *Faſtened, annexed.* C.

Aderne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne, Dernie.* [*Sad, cruel*, from K.'s dern (O.), *sad*, &c.]

Adigne. See *Adygne.*

Adrames, Ep. 27. *Churls.* C.

Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour.* C.

Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous; worthy of praiſe.* C.

Affynd, H. 1. 132. *Related by marriage.*

Afleme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*; to drive away, to affright.

After la goure, H. 2. 353. ſhould probably be *Aſtrelagour*; Aſtrologer. [A singular mistake for B.'s Asterlagour *an astrolabe.* Sk.]

[Agested, p. 278. 9. *Heaped up* (B.). (For C.'s *clowde* Sk. boldly reads *clod.*]

Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance.* C.

Agreme, Æ. 356. *Torture.* C.—G. 5. *Grievance.* C.

Agroſed, p. 286. 6. as *Agriſed*; terrified.

Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted.*
Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended.* C.
Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance.*
Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak.* C.
Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds.*
Alatche, Æ. 117. [? *call for help.* K. has latch (O.) *release, let go,* but this cannot be the meaning intended.]
Aledge, G. 5. *Idly.* C.
Aleft, Æ. 50. *Left.*
All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner of aſking a favour.* C.
Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only.* C.
Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar.* C.
[Alofe, H. 1. 292. *Aloft.*]
[Alfe, Æ. 1063. *Else.*]
Alufte, H. 1. 88. [The sense is clearly *draw himself out, release himself*; but K. B. and Speght throw no light on the word.]
Alyne, T. 79. *Acroſs his ſhoulders.* C.
Alyſe, Le. 29. *Allow.* C.
Amate, Æ. 58. *Deſtroy.* C.
Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled.* C.
Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*
Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*; mixed.
Amenuſed, E. II. 5. *Diminiſhed.* C.
[Ametten, M. 46. *Met.*]
Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, enameled.* C.
[Anenſte, as *Anente*; against.]
Anente, Æ. 475. *Againſt.* C.
Anere, Æ. 15. *Another.* C. [Ep. 48. *another time* or *occaſion.*]
Anete, p. 281. 64. [*put an end to*, from C.'s nete, *nothing.*]
Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; nigh.
[Anie, H. 1. 120. *Annoy.*]
Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient ſword.* C.
Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before.*
Applings, E. I. 33. *Grafted trees.* C.
Arace, G. 156. *Diveſt.* C.
[Arcublaſter, H. 2. 52. K. has arcubalista, *a warlike engine for casting great stones,* and Speght has arblasters, *crosse-bowes.* This last is evidently C.'s meaning.]
[Ardurous, p. 25. 30. ? as if *ardourous*, valiant.]
Ariſt, Ch. 10. *Aroſe.* C.
Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74. [Neither K. B. nor Speght throws any light on *-lede.* Sk. reads *arrowhead.*]
Aſcaunce, E. III. 52. *Diſdainfully.* C.
Aſenglave, H. 1. 117. [*Aſhenſpear.* K. has glaive, *a weapon like a halbert.*]
Aſkaunted, Le. 19. [*Look carelessly at*, from two words side by side in K., askaunce (O.), *if by chance*, and askaunt (O.) *to look askaunt i. e. to look sideways.*]
Aſlee, Æ. 504. [Probably *sidle* would give the meaning. Sk. renders *dost but slide away.*]
Aſſeled, E. III. 14. *Anſwered.* C.
Aſhrewed. Ch. 24. *Accurſed, unfortunate.* C.
Aſſwaie, Æ. 352. [There is no satisfactory explanation; the sense is clearly *cause.*]
Aſtedde, E. II. 11. *Seated.* C.
Aſtende, G. 47. *Aſtoniſh.* C.
Aſterte, G. 137. *Neglected.* C.
Aſtoun, E. II. 5. *Aſtoniſhed.* C.
Aſtounde, M. 83. *Aſtoniſh.* C.
Aſyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Aſtyde*; aſcended. [More probably *wyth Trouthe aſyde* means *at the side of Truth.*]
Athur, H. 2. 466. as *Thurgh*; thorough.
Attenes, Æ. 18. *At once.* C.
Attoure, T. 115. *Turn.* C.
Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around.*
Ave, H. 2. 636. for *Eau.* Fr. Water.
Aumere, Ch. 7. *A looſe robe, or mantle.* C.
Aumeres, E. III. 25. *Borders of gold and ſilver*, &c. C.
Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aventure*: adventure.

Autremete,

Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white robe, worn by priests.* C.
Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.
Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.* C.

B.

Bankes, T. 111. *Benches.*
[Bante, Æ. 207. *Banned, cursed.*]
Barb'd hall, Æ. 219. [See Appendix, p. 317, § 8.]
Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with armour.*
[Bardi, H. 1. 305. *Bards.* (Latin plural!)]
Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*
Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or ballad.* C.
Bataunt, Ba. 276. 292. [Evidently a musical instrument, but Sk. can get no nearer an etymological explanation than O. F. *battant*, a fuller's mallet.]
Battayles, Æ. 707. *Boats, ships.* Fr.
Batten, G. 3. *Fatten.* C.
Battent, T. 52. *Loudly.* C.
Battently, G. 50. *Loud roaring.* C.
Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks.* Fr.
Baubels, Ent. 7. *Jewels.* C.
Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large.* C.
Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow.* C.
Behestе, G. 60. *Command.* C.
Behight, H. 2. 365. [*Name*; from *hight*, called.]
Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised.* C.
Belent, H. 2. 121. [? from Speght's blent, *stayed, turned back.*]
Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet.*
Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament.* C.
Benned, Æ. 1185. *Cursed, tormented.* C.
Benymmynge, P. G. 3. *Bereaving.* C.
Bercie, p. 278. 8. [No explanation.]
Berne, Æ. 580. *Child.* C.
Berten, T. 58. *Venomous.* C.
Beseies, T. 124. *Becomes.* C.
Besprente, T. 132. *Scattered.* C.
Bestadde, p. 286. 3. [*Lost*, K.'s *bestad* (O.).]
Bestanne, Æ. 411. [= Bestadde.]
Bested, H. 2. 140. [*Contended.* ? from B.'s bestad, *beset, oppressed.*]
Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver.* C.
Bestreynts, H. 2. 634. [*Sprinkles*, from K.'s betreint (O.), *sprinkled*; but affected by *bestrewed.*]
Bete, G. 85. *Bid.* C.
Betrasse, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on.* C.
Betraste, Æ. 1031. *Betrayed.* C.
Betreinted, H. 2. [634] 707. [*Sprinkled*; from K.'s betreint (O.), *sprinkled.*]
Bevyle, E. II. 57. *Break. A herald term signifying a spear broken in tilting.* C.
Bewrate, H. 2. 127. [*Treachery.*]
Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge.* C.
Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express.* C.
Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, expressed.* C.
Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare.* C.
Bewrynning, T. 128. *Declaring.* C.
Bighes, Æ. 371. *Jewels.* C.
Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or covering for the back part of the head.* C.
Bismarde, p. 285. 141. [*Curious, wondering*; from bismar, *curiosity*, K. B. and Speght.]
Blake, Æ. 178. 407. *Naked.* C.
Blakied, E. III. 4. *Naked, original.* C.
Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure.*
Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White.* C.
Blatauntlie, Æ. 108. *Loudly.* C.
[Blents, H. 2. 638. ?]
Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead.* C.
Blethe, T. 98. *Bleed.* C.
Blynge, Æ. 334. *Cease.* C.
Blyn, E.II. 40. *Cease, stand still.* C.
Boddekin, Æ. 265. *Body, substance.* C.
Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling.* C.
[Bollen, H. 2. 636. *Swollen* (K.).]

Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33. *Different kinds of boats.* C.
Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved.* C.
Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage.* C.
Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager.*
Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burniſh.* C.
[Borne, H. 2. 289. ?*ground.* (No satisfactory explanation.)]
Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready.* C.
Bounde, T. 32. *Ready.* C.
Bourne, Æ. 483. [*Borne.*]
Bouting matche, p. 23. 2. [*Bout, trial of skill.*]
Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133. *Body.* C.
Braſteth, G. 123. *Burſteth.* C.
Brayd, G. 77. *Diſplayed.* C.
Brayde, Æ. 1010. [cf. B.'s braid, *a small lace,* &c.]
Breme, ſubſt. G. 12. *Strength.* C.
——— adj. E. II. 6. *Strong.* C.
Brende, G. 50. *Burn, conſume.* C.
Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with.* C.
[Brigandyne, H. 2. 645. *An old-fashioned coat of mail,* K.]
Broched, H. 2. 335. *Pointed.*
Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious.* C.
Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered.* C.
Brynnyng, Æ. 680. *Declaring.* C. [? contracted for *bewrynning.*]
Burled, M. 20. *Armed.* C.
Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger.* C.
[Burne, Æ. 585. H. 2. 265. ?*Run* (no explanation).]
Byelecoyle, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil.* Fr. the name of a perſonage in the *Roman de la Roſe,* which Chaucer has rendered *Fair welcoming.* [Speght followed by K. has Bialacoyl [Fr. Bel-acueil], *faire welcoming.* C. did not observe that the word was a proper name, but uses it to mean *hoſpitality.*]
Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle.*
Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring.* C.
Byſmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curious.* C.
Byſmarelie, Le. 26. *Curiouſly.* C.

C.

Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold.*
Calke, G. 25. *Caſt.* C.
Calked, E. I. 49. *Caſt out.* C.
Caltyſning, G. 67. *Forbidding.* C.
Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, ſtones.* Brit.
Caſtle-ſtede, G. 100. *A caſtle.* C.
Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates.* [*Dainties.*]
Caytiſned, Æ. 32. *Binding, enforcing.* C. [Æ. 1104. *Bound, fettered.*]
Celneſs, Æ. 882. [Probably *coldness*; no explanation.]
Chaſe, Æ. 191. *Hot.* C.
Chaſtes, G. 201. *Beats, ſtamps.* C.
Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Challenge.* C.
Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, ſunburnt.* C.
Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A ſmall round hat.* C.
Cheſe, G. 11. *Heat, raſhneſs.* C.
Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch.* C.
Cheorte, p. 288. 4. [? *Pleasant*; K. B. and Speght have chert, cheorte, *love, jealousy,* and K. and B. have also chertes, *merry people.*]
Cheriſaunce, Ent. 1. *Comfort.* C.
Cheriſaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps *Cheriſaunced.* [The mistake is in C.'s authorities; Cherisaunei(K.) Cherisaunie (B.).]
Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves.* C.
Chevyſed, Ent. 2. *Preſerved.* C.
Chirckynge, M. 23. *A confuſed noiſe.* C.
Church-glebe-houſe, Ch. 24. *Grave.* C.
[Chyne, H. 2. 640. *Cut thro' the back.* K.]
[Cleembe, as *Cleme.*]
Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound.* C.
Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or clergyman.* C.
Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught.* C.
Clevis, H. 2. 46. [*Cliffs,* or *rocks.* K.]

Cleyne,

Cleyne, Æ. 1102. [*Sound.* ? from clymbe (O.) *noise.* K.]
Clinie, H. 1. 431. [Apparently a *declination*, a stooping attitude; part of the science of arms.]
Cloude-ageſted, p. 278. 9. [See *Agested.*]
Clymmynge, Ch. 36. *Noiſy.* C.
Coiſtrell, H. 2. 88. [*A young lad* (O.) K.]
Compheeres, M. 21. *Companions.* C.
Congeon, E. III. 89. *Dwarf.* C.
Contake, T. 87. *Diſpute.* C.
Conteins, H. 1. 223. for *Contents.*
Conteke, E. II. 10. *Confuſe*; *contend with.* C.
Contekions, Æ. 553. *Contentions.* C.
Cope, Ch. 50. *A cloke.* C.
Corven, Æ. 56. See *Ycorven.*
Cotte, E. II. 24. *Cut.*
Cottes, E. II. 33. See *Bollengers.*
Coupe, E. II. 7. *Cut.* C.
Couraciers, T. 74. *Horſe-courſers.* C.
Coyen, Æ. 125. *Coy.* q?
Cravent, E. III. 39. *Coward.* C.
Creand, Æ. 581. as *Recreand.*
Crine, Æ. 851. *Hair.* C.
Croched, H. 2. 511. perhaps *Broched.* [What is *broched*? Sk. renders *crooked*, but surely a javelin should be straight. Perhaps C. was thinking of the *cross*-piece of a halbert. Cf. *croche.*]
Croche, v. G. 26. *Croſs.* C.
Crokynge, Æ. 119. *Bending.*
Croſs-ſtone, Æ. 1122. *Monument.* C.
[Crouchee, p. 281. 63. *Cross*; from Speght's crouch, *cross.*]
Cuarr, p. 281. 53. *Quarry.* q?
[Cuishes, H. 2. 230. *Armour for the thighs*; cuisses K.]
Cullis-yatte, E. I. 50. *Portcullis-gate.* C.
Curriedowe, G. 176. *Flatterer.* C.
Cuyen kine, E. I. 35. *Tender cows.* C.

D.

Dareygne, G. 26. *Attempt, endeavour.* C.
Declynie, H. 1. 161. *Declination.* q? [See *Clinie.*]
Decorn, E. II. 14. *Carved.* C.
Deene, E. II. 69. *Glorious, worthy.* C.
[Deene, p. 288. 11. *Dine*?]
Deere, E. III. 88. *Dire.* C.
Defs, M. 9. *Vapours, meteors.* C.
Defayte, G. 52. *Decay.* C.
Defte, Ch. 7. *Neat, ornamental.* C.
Deigned, E. III. 53. *Diſdained.* C.
Delievretie, T. 44. *Activity.* C.
Demaſing, H. 1. 276. [?*Considering*; no explanation.]
Dente, Æ. 886. See *Adente.*
Dented, Æ. 263. See *Adented.*
Denwere, G. 141. *Doubt.* C.—M. 13. *Tremour.* C.
Dequace, G. 56. *Mangle, deſtroy.* C.
Dequaced, p. 280. 38. [*Dashed* K. and Speght.]
Dere, Ep. 5. *Hurt, damage.* C.
Derkynnes, Æ. 229. *Young deer.* q?
Derne, Æ. 582.—H. 2. 522. [*Barbarous, cruel* K.]
Dernie, E. I. 19. *Woeful, lamentable.* C.
——M. 106. *Cruel.* C.
Deſlavate, H. 2. 333. [*Lecherous, beastly*, from K.'s deslavy.]
Deſlavatie, Æ. 1047. *Letchery.* C.
Detratours, H. 2. 78. [*Slanderous detractors.*]
Deyſde, Æ. 46. *Seated on a deis.*
Dheie; *They.*
Dhere, Æ. 192. *There.*
Dhereof; *Thereof.*
Difficile, Æ. 358. *Difficult.* C.
Dighte, Ch. 7. *Dreſt, arrayed.* C.
Diſpande, p. 276. *ult.* perhaps for *Diſponed.* [B. has dispand, *to stretch out.*]

Diſpone,

Diſpone, p. 279. 27. *Diſpoſe.*
Diviniſtre, Æ. 141. *Divine.* C.
Dolce, Æ. 1187. *Soft, gentle.* C.
Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation.* C.
Dole, adj. p. 283. 13. [*Doleful.*]
Dolte, Ep. 27. *Fooliſh.* C.
[Dolthead, H. 1. 335. *Blockhead.*]
Donde, H. 1. 51. [*Done, finiſhed.*]
Donore, H. 1. 5. This line ſhould probably be written thus; *O ſea-oerteeming Dovor!*
Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A ſleeping room.* C.
Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as *Dighte.*
Doughtre mere, H. 2. 481. *D'outre mere.* Fr. From beyond ſea.
[Draffs, Æ. 717. *Lees, dregs,* ſo *useleſs, worthleſs.*]
Dree, Æ. 983. [H. 2. 664. ?*Work,* or *Drive.*]
Dreſte, Æ. 466. *Leaſt.* C.
[Drenche, Æ. 85. *Drink.* (Really *to doſe with medicine.*)]
Drented, G. 91. *Drained.* C.
Dreynted, Æ. 237. *Drowned.* C.
Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, inſignificant.* C.
Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties.* C.
Drocke, T. 40. *Drink.* C.
Droke, Æ. 461. [Meaning and ſource quite uncertain.]
Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's note. *Druerie* is *Courtſhip, gallantry.*
Drooried, Æ. 127. *Courted.* [Probably *modeſt,* from B.'s drury, *modeſty.*]
Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce.*
Dureſſed, E. I. 39. *Hardened.* C.
Dyd, H. 2. 9. ſhould probably be *Dyght.*
Dygne, T. 89. *Worthy.* C.
[Dyngeynge, . *Dinging* or *ſtriking.*]
Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding.* C.
Dyſperpelleſt, Æ. 414. *Scattereſt.* C.
Dyſporte, E. I. 28. *Pleaſure.* C.
Dyſportiſment, Æ. 250. as *Dyſporte.*
Dyſregate, Æ. 542. [?*Deprive of command.*]

E.

Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw;* Draw.
Eft, E. II. 78. *Often.* C.
Eftſoones, E. III. 54. *Quickly.* C.
Ele, M. 74. *Help.* C.
Eletten, Æ. 448. *Enlighten.* C.
Eke, E. I. 27. *Alſo.* C.
Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened.* C.
Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, ſtout.* C.
[Embollen, Æ. 596. as *Bollen.*]
Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge.* C.
Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed.* C.
Emmate, Æ. 34. *Leſſen, decreaſe.* C.
Emmers, p. 287. 7. [? *coins.* No explanation.]
Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering.* C.
[Emprize, M. 74. *Adventure.* C.]
Enalſe, G. 159. *Embrace.* C.
Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold.* C.
Enchafed, M. 60. *Heated, enraged.* C.
Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture.*
Enheedynge, p. 283. 105. [*Taking heed, ſtudying.*]
Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired.* C.
Enrone, Æ. 661. [Evidently *Unſheath*; no explanation.]
Enſeme, Æ. 971. *To make ſeams in.* ɥ?
Enſeeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming.*
Enſhoting, T. 174. *Shooting, darting.* C.
[Enſooned, H. 2. 497. Probably *In a ſwoon*; not in K. B. or Speght.]
Enſtrote, H. 2. 503. [No explanation.]

Enſwote,

Enſwote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten.* q?
Enſwolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows, ſucks in.* C.
Enſyrke, p. 25. 10. *Encircle.*
Ent, E. III. 57. *A purſe or bag.* C.
Entendement, Æ. 261. *Underſtanding.*
Enthoghteing, Æ. 704. [*Thinking*; cf. *Enheedynge.*]
Entremed, p. 276. 4. [*Intermingled*, from Speght's Entremes, *entermingled.* (Really *entremes* means a side-dish.)]
Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as *Tricking.*
Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even.* C.
Eſtande, H. 2. 271. for *Yſtande*; Stand.
Eſtells, E. II. 16. A corruption of *Eſtoile*, Fr. A ſtar. C.
Eſtroughted, Æ. 918. [*Stretched out.*]
Ethe, E. III. 59. *Eaſe.* C.
Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Eaſy.*
Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal.* C.
Eveſpeckt, T. 56. *Marked with evening dew.* C.
Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery.* C.
Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Laſcivious.*
Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13. [Sk. conſiders this a compound of *eyne, eyes* and *gear, tackle* and renders *objects.*]

F.

Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jeſt.* C.
Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully.* C.
Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or vagabond.* C.
Faldſtole, Æ. 61. *A folding ſtool, or ſeat.* See Du Cange in v. *Faldiſtorium.*
[Fay, H. 2. 144. *Faith.*]
[Faytour, p. 280. 37. as *Faitour.*]
Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, innocent.*
Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire.*
Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming.* C.
Fele, T. 27. *Feeble.* C. [A Rowleian contraction, cf. *gorne* for *garden.*]
Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell* pa. t. ſing. q?
Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly.* C.
Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Feſtive.*
Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly.* C.
Fetiveneſs, Æ. 400. as *Feſtiveneſs.*
Feygnes, E. III. 78. A corruption of *feints.* C.
Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury.* C.
Fie, T. 113. *Defy.* C.
Flaiten, H. 1. 84. [*Frightful*, from B.'s flaite, *to affright, to scare.*]
Flanched, H. 2. 242. [*Arched*, from K.'s flanch, *in heraldry, an ordinary made of an arch-line.*]
Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted.* C.
Flemie, p. 278. *ult.* [*Daunted*, from B.'s *flemed.*]
Flizze, G. 197. *Fly.* C.
Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow.*
Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly.* C.
[Flotting, H. 2. 42. ? *Flying*, cf. *flott*; or *Whistling*, from B.'s floting (O.), *whistling, piping.*]
Foile, E. III. 78. *Baffle.* C.
Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Devices.* C.
Forgard, Æ. 565. *Loſe.* C.
Forletten, El. 19. *Forſaken.* C.
Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat.* C.
Forreying, T. 114. *Deſtroying.* C.
Forſlagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain.* C.
Forſlege, Æ. 1106. *Slay.* C.
Forſtraughte, p. 281. 58. *Diſtracted.*
Forſtraughteyng, G. 34. *Diſtracting.* C.
Forſwat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt.* C.
Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blaſting.* C.
Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried.* C.
Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange.* C.
Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted.* C.
Freme, Æ. 267. [and Fremed, H. 2. 147. *Strange*, from K.'s fremd (O.), *strange.*]

Fructile,

Fructile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful.*
[Furched, Æ. 519. *Forked.*]

G.

Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of armour.* C.
Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted.* C.
Gare, Ep. 7. *Cauſe.* C.
Gaſtneſs, Æ. 412. *Ghaſtlineſs.*
Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne ſo *gayne* a pryze. *Gayne* has probably been repeated by miſtake. [More probably C. intended it to mean *Worth gaining.*]
Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutrement.*
Geaſon, Ent. 7. *Rare.* C.—G. 120. *Extraordinary, ſtrange.* C.
Geer, H. 2. 284. as *Gier.*
Geete, Æ. 736. as *Gite.*
Gemote, G. 94. *Aſſemble.* C.
Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, aſſembled.* C.
Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent.* C.
Gies, G. 207. *Guides.* C.
Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or twiſt.*
Gif, E. II. 39. *If.* C.
Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels.* C.
Glair, H. 2. 570. [? *Glare.*]
[Gledes, H. 2. 217. *Glides.*]
Gledeynge, M. 22. *Livid.* C.
Glomb, G. 175. *Frown.* C.
Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, dejected.* C.
Glytted, H. 2. 272. [*Glittered.*]
Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden.* C.
Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops.*
Gouler, p. 282. 76. [*Usurer*, from K.'s goule, *usury.*]
Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards.* C.
Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of paſture.* C.
Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel.* C.
Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magiſtrate, mayor.* [Where does T. find this meaning? B. and K. have grave, *a German title ſignifying a great lord etc.*, but no word of mayor.]
Gravots, E. I. 24. *Groves.* C.
Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow.* C.
Groffile, Æ. 547. [*Grovelling*, from K.'s groff or gruff (O.), *groveling.*]
Groffiſh, Æ. 257. [*Gruffly.*]
Groffynglie, Ep. 33. *Fooliſhly.* C.
Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor.* C.
Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor*, from *gron* a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire. C. [? then whether C. does not mean a will o' the wisp.]
Gronfyres, G. 200. *Meteors.* C.
Grore, H. 2. 27. [No explanation.]
Groted, Æ. 337. *Swollen.* C.
[Gryne, H. 2. 706. *Groin.*]
Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-painted.* C.
Gule-ſteynct, G. 62. *Red-ſtained.* C.
[Guylde, G. 152. *Tax.*]
[Guylteynge, Æ. 179. *Gilding.*]
Gyttelles, Æ. 438. *Mantels.* C.

H.

[Habergeon, H. 2. 346. *A little coat of mail* (K.).]
Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy.* C.
Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile.*
Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated.* C.
Hallie, T. 144. *Holy.* C.
Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholely.* [But here *Hallie* would seem to be put for hailie, *happy.* Sk. renders *bliſsful.*]
Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy.* C.
Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, deſtroyed.* C.
Han, Æ. 734. *Hath.* q? [One of C.'s fundamental miſtakes.]
Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had.* particip. q?—Æ. 685. *Had.* pa. t. ſing. q?
Hantoned, Æ. 1094. [A miſtake for *hancelled*; *hanten* in B. K. and Speght means *uſe, accuſtom.*]

Harried,

Harried, M. 82. *Toſt.* C. [But in Æ. 209 plainly = *hurried.*]
Hatched, p. 25. 1. [Probably C. meant *covered with a cloth exhibiting its rider's coat of arms.* Cf. *Hatchments.*]
[Hatchments, H. 2. 489. In heraldry, *a coat of arms.* (K.).]
Haveth, E. I. 17. *Have.* 1ſt perſ. q?
Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads.* C.
Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heavenward.* C.
Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped cloſely, covered.* C.
Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped.* C.
Heie, E. II. 15. *They.* C.
Heiedeygnes, E. III. 77. *A country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North.* C.
Hele, n. G. 127. *Help.* C.
Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help.* C.
Hem, T. 24. A contraction of *them.* C.
[Hendie, H. 1. 95. ? *Hand to hand*; K. B. and Speght all have *neat, fine, genteel,* for this Chaucerian word.]
Hente, T. 175. *Graſp, hold.* C.
Hentyll, Æ. 1161. [Evidently *Custom*; no explanation.]
[Herehaughte, M. 78. *Herald.*]
Herſelle, Æ. 279. *Herſelf.*
Heſte, Æ. 1182. [? *Command.*]
Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hidden.* C.
Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding.* C.
Hoaſtrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick houſe.* C.
[Hocktide, H. 1. 25. *A feſtival celebrated in England antiently in memory of the ſudden death of King Hardicanute A. C.* 1042 *and the downfall of the Danes.* B.]
Holtred, Æ. 293. [? *Hidden,* from B.'s *hulstred.*]
Hommeur, Æ. 1190. [? *Honour.*]
Hondepoint, Æ. 273. [Sk. renders (*every*) *moment*; K. B. and Speght give no help.]
Hopelen, Æ. 399. [*Hopelessness*—'I from a night of hopelessness am awakened.']
Horrowe, M. 2. *Unſeemly, diſagreeable.* C.
Horſe-millanar, Ch. 56. See C.'s note. [According to Steevens a Bristol tradesman in 1776 so described himself over his shop-door.]
Houton, M. 93. *Hollow.* C.
Hulſtred, M. 6. *Hidden, ſecret.* C.
Huſcarles, Æ. 922. 1194. *Houſe-ſervants.*
Hyger, Æ. 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the *Hygra.* Gul. Malmeſb. de Pontif. Ang. L. iv. ['The eagre or "bore" of the Severn is a large and swift tide-wave which sometimes flows in from the Atlantic Ocean with great force.' Sk. II, p. 61, note.]
Hylle-fyre, Æ. 682. *A beacon.*
Hylte, T. 168. *Hid, ſecreted.* C.
—Æ. 1059. *Hide.* C.
[Hylted, Hyltren, T. 47. 65. *Hidden.* C.]

I.

Jape, Ch. 74. *A ſhort ſurplice,* &c. C.
Jeſte, G. 195. *Hoiſted, raiſed.* C.
Ifrete, G. 2. *Devour, deſtroy.* C.
Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accuſtomed.* C.
Jintle, H. 2. 82. for *Gentle.*
Impeſtering, E. I. 29. *Annoying.* C.
Inhild, El. 14. *Infuſe.* C.
Iſhad, Le. 37. *Broken.* C.
Jubb, E. III. 72. *A bottle.* C.
[Iwimpled, H. 2. 528. *Muffled* (Speght).]
Iwreene, p. 286. 9. [Evidently the same as K.'s bewreen, *expressed, shewn.*]

K.

K.

Ken, E. II. 6. *See, diſcover, know.* C.
Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.
Keppend, Le. 44. [*Careful, precise,* from B.'s kepen, *keep, take care of.*]
Kiſte, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.
Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or ſecret part.* C.
Knopped, M. 14. *Faſtened, chained, congealed.* C.

L.

[Lack in C. generally = *to be in need of* rather than simply *to be without*; cf. G. 176.]
Ladden, H. 1. 206. [*Lay.*]
Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.
Lechemanne, Æ. 31. *Phyſician.*
Leckedſt, H. 2. 332. [No explanation.]
Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.
Lecturnies, Æ. 109. *Lectures.* C.
Leden, El. 30. *Decreaſing.* C.
Ledanne, Æ. 1143. [? *Leaden, heavy*; or it may be an adj. formed from K.'s leden (O.), *languiſh.*]
[Lee, Ep. 6. *Lay*; or ? *lie.*]
Leege, G. 173. *Homage, obeyſance.* C.
Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.
[Leſſed, H. 1. 141. *Left.*]
Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.
[Legeful, E. I. 3. *Loyal.*]
Leggen, M. 92. *Leſſen, alloy.* C.
Leggende, M. 32. *Alloyed.* C.
Lemanne, Æ. 132. *Miſtreſs.*
Lemes, Æ. 42. *Lights, rays.* C.
Lemed, El. 7. *Gliſtened.* C.—Æ. 606. *Lighted.* C.
Lere, Æ. 568. H. 2. 597. ſeems to be put for *Leather.*
Leſſel, El. 25. *A buſh or hedge.* C.
Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.
Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-boding.* C.
Lethlen, Æ. 272. *Still, dead.* C.
Letten, Æ. 928. *Church-yard.* C.
Levynde, El. 18. *Blaſted.* C.
Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning.* C.
Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Lightning-melted.* q ?
Liefe, Æ. 217. [? from K. and B.'s lief, *rather.* Sk. renders *at my choice.*]
Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf.*
Ligheth, Æ. 627. [? *Lay low,* from K.'s lig, *lie.*]
Likand, H. 2. 177. *Liking.*
Limed, El. 37. } *Glaſſy, reflecting.*
Limmed, M. 90. } C.
Liſſed, T. 97. *Bounded.* C.
[List, H. 1. 544. ? *Pleaſure.*]
Lithie, Ep. 10. *Humble.* C.
Loaſte, Æ. 456. *Loſs.*
[Lode, H. 1. 33. Probably as *load,* a *task* or *burden.* Sk. renders *praiſe,* as if *laud*; this is far from convincing.]
Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages.* C.
Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their hind legs.* C.
Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's.* C.
Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire.* C.
Lowes, T. 137. *Flames.* C.
Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames.* C.
[Lurdanes, H. 1. 36. From B.'s 'Lurdane, lordane, *a dull heavy fellow,* derived by some from *Lord* and *Dane*'. So the word becomes for C. an opprobrious equivalent for *Dane.*]
[Lygheth, Æ. 627. *Lay,* from K.'s lig, *to lie.*]
[Lymed, E. II. 7. *Glaſſy, reflecting.* C.]
Lymmed, M. 33. *Poliſhed.* C.
Lynch, El. 37. *Bank.* C.
Lynge, Æ. 376. *Stay.* C.
Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion.* C.
Lyped, El. 34. [? miswritten for *lithed,* Speght's lith, *to make less,* so *wasted.* Sk. renders *wasted away,*

away, deriving *lyped* from B.'s liposychy, *a small swoon*, which seems too far-fetched even for Rowley.]
Lyſſe, T. 2. *Sport, or play.* C.
Lyſſed, Æ. 53. *Bounded.* C.

M.

Mancas, G. 136. *Marks.* C.
Manchyn, H. 2. 222. *A ſleeve.* Fr.
[Mastie, H. 1. 348. 425. ? *Mastiff.*]
[illegible] Meynte, E. II. 66. *Many*, [illegible]s. C.
[illegible]r. *Meadow.* C.
[illegible]*warded.* [The [illegible] is prob-
Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins.* C.
Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty.* C.
Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More.*
Moke, Ep. 5. *Much.* C.
Mokie, El. 29. *Black.* C.
[Mokynge, H. 2. 584. K. and B. have moky (O.), *cloudy*; so perhaps C. meant a brook the surface of which reflected the clouds. Sk. reads *mocking.*]
Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft.* C.
Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moiſt.* C.
Morglaien, M. 20. *The name of a ſword* [Morglay] *in ſome old Romances.*
Morthe, Æ. 307. [*Violent death.* K. has morth, *murder.*]
Morthynge, El. 4. *Murdering.* C.
Mote, E. I. 22. *Might.* C.
Motte, H. 2. 184. *Word, or motto.*
Myckle, Le. 16. *Much.* C.
Myndbruch, Æ. 401. [*A hurting of honour and worship* (B.).]
Mynſter, G. 75. *Monaſtery.* C.
Myſterk, M. 33. *Myſtic.* C.

N.

[Nap[illegible] B. has nappy-ale, [illegible]*ll cause persons to* [illegible]*asant and strong.* [illegible]*appy* in this con- [illegible]thing to do with
[illegible] C.
[illegible]*ligh.*
Adder. C.
[illegible]. *Night.*
[illegible]*eak, tender.* C.
[illegible]*ight.*
[illegible]*hing.* C.
Unwilling. C.
, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd*
[illegible]ald term, when the [illegible]ſhield implies the [illegible]earer. C.
[illegible] p. 280. 49. *Nut-*

O.

Obaie, E. I. 41. *Abide.* C.
Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Preſents, offerings.* C.
Olyphauntes, H. 2. 609. *Elephants.*
Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing.* C.

Onlight,

Onlight, Æ. 678. [*Put out, extinguish.*]
Onliſt, Le. 46. *Boundleſs.* C.
[Ore, H. 2. 25. Contracted for *other.*]
Orreſts, G. 100. *Overſets.* C.
Ouchd, T. 80. See C.'s note.
Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Ouphen, Elves.*
Ourt, H. 2. 578. [Contraction for B.'s *overt.*]
Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird.* C.
Owndes, G. 91. *Waves.* C.

P.

Pall, Ch. 31. Contraction from *appall,* to fright. C.
Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of ſcarlet.* C.—M. 36. *A princely robe.* C.
[Passante, El. 28. *Passing, going by.* (K.)]
Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. *Shields.*
Peede, Ch. 5. *Pied.* C.
[Peene, Æ. 484. *Pain.*]
Pencte, Ch. 46. *Painted.* C.
Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain.*
Percaſe, Le. 21. *Perchance.* C.
'Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear.* C.
Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple.* q? [From B.'s disparpled, disperpled, *in heraldry, scattered loosely.* T.'s suggestion is certainly wrong.]
Perſant, Æ. 561. *Piercing.*
Pete, Æ. 1001. [as *Pighte.*]
Pheeres, Æ. 46. *Fellows, equals.* C.
Pheon, H. 2. 272. in Heraldry, *the barbed head of a dart.*
Pheryons, p. 285. 147. ['A mistake for *pheons.*' Sk.]
Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture.* C.
Pighte, T. 38. *Pitched, or bent down.* C.
Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen.* C.
Prevyd, Æ. 23. *Hardy, valourous.* C.
Proto-ſlene, H. 2. 38. *Firſt-ſlain.*
Prowe, H. 1. 108. [? *Forehead.* No explanation.]
Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre.*
Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled.* C.
Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures.* C.
[Pyke, Ch. 53. See *Shoone-pykes.*]
[Pynne, Æ. 213. Probably the peg which supported the target; which a clever marksman might split. There is no satisfactory explanation of 'the basket'.]

Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquiſhed.* C.
Quayntyſſed, T. 4. *Curiouſly deviſed.* C.
Quanſd, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched.* C.
Queede, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil one; the Devil.*

R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt.* C.
Recer, H. 1. 87. for *Racer.*
Recendize, Æ. 544. } for *Recreandice;*
Recrandize, Æ. 1193. } *Cowardice.*
[Though Sk. renders *Recendize* resentment.]
Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward.* C.
Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence.* C.
Rede, Le. 18. *Wiſdom.* C.
Reded, G. 79. *Counſelled.* C.
Redeyng, Æ. 227. *Advice.*
Regrate, Le. 7. *Eſteem.* C.—M. 70. *Eſteem, favour.* C.
Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave.* C.
Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves.* C.
Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory.* C.
Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run.* C.

Reyning,

Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running.* C.
Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags.* C.
Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd perſon.* C.
Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Ornaments of ribbands.*
Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened.* C.
Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion.* C.
Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding.*
Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, traveller.*
Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling.* C.
Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin.*
Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd.*
Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner.*
Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim.* C.
Rowncy, Le. 32. *Cart-horſe.* C.
Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd.*

S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil.* C.
Sabbatanners, Æ. 275. [*Soldiers*, from B.'s sabatans, *soldiers' boots*; cf. Lat. *Caligati.*]
[Sarim, H. 1. 301. i.e. *Sarum.*]
Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall.* C.
Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce.* C.
Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, ſparingly.* C.
Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs.* C.
Scethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage.* C.
Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather.* C.
Scillye, G. 207. *Cloſely.* C.
Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes.*
Scond, H. 1. 20. for *Abſcond.*
Seck, H. 1. 461. for *Suck.*
Seeled, Ent. 11. *Cloſed.* C.
Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search.* C.
Selyneſs, E. 1. 55. *Happineſs.* C.
Semblate, p. 281. 67. [=*Semblance.*]
Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed.* C.
Semecope, Ch. 87. *A ſhort undercloke.* C.
Semmlykeed, Æ. 298. [as *Semlykeene.*]
Semlykeene, Æ. 9. *Countenance.* C.—G. 56. *Beauty, countenance.* C.
Sendaument, p. 284. 126. [*Appearance.* The word has no authority; B. and K. are silent.]
Sete, Æ. 1069. *Seat.*
Shappe, T. 36. *Fate.* C.
Shap-ſcurged, Æ. 603. *Fate-ſcourged.* C.
Shemring, E. II. 14. *Glimmering.* C.
Shente, T. 157. *Broke, deſtroyed.* C.
Shepen, p. 283. 97. [*Simple*, from K.'s shepen (O.), *simple, fearful.*]
Shepſtere, E. I. 6. *Shepherd.* C.
Shoone-pykes, p. 280. 44. *Shoes with piked toes.* The length of the pikes was reſtrained to two inches, by 3 Edw. 4. c. 5.
Shrove, H. 2. 432. [It is difficult to discover the probable sense of this word. Perhaps an allusion to an imaginary legend is intended; cf. the reference (H. 2. 417) to Conyan's goats. Sk. has a note '*Shrove* is the Rowleian for *shrouded*'; this is possible but hardly convincing.]
[Slea, Æ. 18. *Slay.*]
[Sleeve, H. 1. 178. *Silk not yet twisted, floss.*]
Sletre, Æ. 539. *Slaughter.*
Slughornes, E. II. 9. *A muſical inſtrument not unlike a hautboy.* C.—T. 31. *A kind of clarion.* C.
Smethe, T. 101. *Smoke.* C.
Smething, E. I. 1. *Smoking.* C.
Smore, H. 1. 412. [? *Smeared* or *Smothered.*]
Smothe, Ch. 35. *Steam or vapours.* C.
Snett, T. 45. *Bent.* C.
[Sorgie, G. 17. *Surging.*]
Sothen, Æ. 227. *Sooth.* q?
Souten, H. 1. 252. for *Sought.* pa. t. ſing. q?
Sparre, H. 1. 26. *A wooden bar.*
Spedde, H. 2. 525. [? *Spied*, or perhaps *Reached.*]

Spencer,

Spencer, T. 11. *Diſpenſer.* C.
Spere, Æ. 69. [*Spare, allow.*]
Spyryng, Æ. 707. *Towering.*
Staie, H. 1. 198. [B. has Stay, *stop, let, hindrance*; so possibly C. uses it as a paraphrase for *armour*; or some special piece of armour may be meant.]
Starks, T. 73. *Stalks.*
[Steeked, Æ. 1188. Not in K. B. or Speght, but Sk. notes that C. has *steeked = stole*; so here the sense would be *stole upon.*]
Steeres, p. 25. 6. *Stairs.*
Stente, T. 134. *Stained.* C.
Steynced, Æ. 189. [?*Stinted*, from B.'s stent (Saxon), *stint.*]
Storthe, p. 287. 10. [*Death*; cf. *Storven.*]
Storven, Æ. 608. *Dead.* C.
Straughte, Æ. 59. *Stretched.* C.
[Stre, H. 2. 712. *Straw.*]
Stret, Æ. 158. *Stretch.* C.
Strev, Æ. 358. *Strive.*
Stringe, G. 10. *Strong.* C.
Suffycyl, Æ. 62. 981. [*Sufficient.*]
[Swanges, Ch. 210. *Swings.*]
Swarthe, Æ. 265. [A *swath*, or *swarth* (so rarely, but cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii, where Maria calls Malvolio 'an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths') is as much hay as the mower can cut at one movement of the scythe. So, an unsubstantial thing compared with a *boddekin.*]
Swartheing, Æ. 295. [*Darkling, darkening.*]
Swarthleſs, H. 2. 563. [*Dark-less*, i. e. *pallid.*]
Sweft-kervd, E. II. 20. *Short-liv'd.* C.
Swoltering, Æ. 444. [?*Swallowing.*]
[Swote, E. I. 25. *Sweet.* C.]
Swotie, E. II. 9. *Sweet.* C.
Swythe, Swythen, Swythyn; *Quickly.* C.
Syke, E. II. 6. *Such, ſo.* C.

T.

Takelle, T. 72. *Arrow.* C.
[Talbot, H. 2. 89. *A kind of hunting dog* (K.); *a dog with a turned-up tail* (B.).]
Teint, H. 1. 462. for *Tent.* [*Bandage.*]
Tende, T. 113. *Attend, or wait.* C.
Tene, Æ. 366. *Sorrow.*
Tentyflie, E. III. 48. *Carefully.* C.
Tere, Æ. 194. *Health.* C.
Thoughten, Æ. 172. 1136. for *Thought.* pa. t. ſing. q?
[Thraslarkes, H. 2. 427. Presumably a kind of lark. K. B. and Speght give no help.]
Thyghte, p. 283. 104. [H. 2. 578. *Well-built.*]
Thyſſen, E. II. 87. *Theſe*, or *thoſe.* q?
Tochelod, Æ. 205. [Perhaps a mistake for *Tochered* = dowered. (Sk.)]
Tore, Æ. 1020. *Torch.* C.
Trechit, II. 2. 93. for *Treget*; Deceit.
Treynted, Æ. 454. [? *Scatter*, from K.'s Betreint (O.), *sprinkled.*]
Twyghte, E. II. 78. *Plucked, pulled.* C.
Twytte, E. I. 2. *Pluck, or pull.* C.
Tynge, Tyngue; *Tongue.*

U.

Val, T. 138. *Helm.* C.
Vernage, H. 2. 11. *Vernaccia* Ital. a ſort of rich wine.
Ugſomeneſs, Æ. 507. *Terror.* C.
Ugſomme, E. II. 55. *Terribly.* C.—Æ. 303. *Terrible.* C.
[Virgyne, Ch. 1. The sign of the zodiac, *Virgo*, which the sun enters about the 21st of August.]

Unaknell'd,

Unaknell'd, H. 1. 288. *Without any knell rung for them.* q? [*unaknelled* was Pope's reading of *unanealed* in his edition of *Hamlet.*]
Unburled, Æ. 1186. *Unarmed.* C.
Uncted, M. 30. *Anointed.* C.
Undelievre, G. 27. *Unactive.* C.
Unenhantend, Æ. 636. *Unaccuſtomed.* C.
Uneſpryte, G. 27. *Unſpirited.* C.
[Uneyned, Æ. 516. *Blinded.*]
Unhailie, Ch. 85. *Unhappy.* C.
Unliart, P. G. 4. *Unforgiving.* C.
Unlift, E. III. 86. *Unbounded.* C.
Unlored, Ep. 25. *Unlearned.* C.
Unlydgefull, Æ. 537. [*Disloyal.*]
Unplayte, G. 86.—Unplyte, Æ. 1238. *Explain.* C.
Unquaced, E. III. 90. *Unhurt.* C.
[Unryghte. See Note 1.]
Unſprytes, Æ. 1212. *Un-ſouls.* C.
Untentyff, G. 79. *Uncareful, neglected.* C.
Unthylle, T. 30. *Uſeleſs.* C.
Unwer, E. III. 87. *Tempeſt.* C.
Volunde, Æ. 73. *Memory, underſtanding.* C.—G. 140. *Will.* C.
Upriſte, Æ. 928. *Riſen.* C.
Upryne, H. 2. 719. [? *Raise up*, from B.'s uprist, *uprisen, risen up.*]
Upſwalynge, Æ. 258. *Swelling.* C.

W.

Walſome, H. 2. 92. *Wlatſome; loathſome.*
Wanhope, G. 34. *Deſpair.* C.
Waylde, Æ. 11. *Choice, ſelected.*
Waylinge, E. II. 68. *Decreaſing.* C. [Wayled (O.), *grown old* (K.).]
Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C.
Weere, Æ. 835. *Grief.* C.
Welked, E. III. 50. *Withered.* C.
Welkyn, Æ. 1055. *Heaven.* C.
[Whaped, H. 2. 579. *Amazed*, from K.'s Awhaped (O.), *amazed.*]
Wiſeegger, E. III. 8. *A philoſopher.* C. [But used by C. as an adjective.]
Wiſſen, Æ. 685. *Wiſh.*
Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C.
Withe, E. III. 36. A contraction of *Wither.* C.
[Wolfynn, T. 51. &c. *Wolf.* Not in K. B. or Speght.]
Wolſome, Le. 5. See *Walſome.*
Wraytes. See *Reytes.*
Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare.* C.
Wurche, Æ. 500. *Work.* C.
Wychencref, Æ. 420. *Witchcraft.*
Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* C.
Wympled, G. 207. *Mantled, covered.* C.
Wynnynge, Æ. 219. [The sense is 'which my father's hall had no winning,' i.e. 'which I could never get in my father's hall'. Sk. is almost certainly wrong here.]

Y.

Yan, Æ. 72. *Than.*
Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.
Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.
Yblente, Æ. 40. *Blinded.* C.
Ybroched, G. 96. *Horned.* C.
[Ybrogten, Æ. 919. *Brought.*]
Ycorne, Æ. 374. [Contracted for *ycorven.*]
Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould.* C.
[Ycrase, p. 287. 16. *Break.*]
Yceafedd, T. 132. *Broken.* C.
Yenne; *Then.*
Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*
Yer, Æ. 152. *Your.*
Ygrove, H. 2. 434. [? *Shaped*, for *y-graven.*]
Yinder, Æ. 692. *Yonder.*

Yis;

Yis; *This.*
Ylach'd, H. 2. 436. [? *Concealed.* B. has Lach, *catch* or *snatch*; but this is hardly to the point.]
Ynhyme, Ent. 5. *Inter.* C.
Ynutile, Æ. 198. *Uſeleſs.*
Yreaden, H. 2. 207. [*Ready.*]
Yroughte, H. 2. 318. for *Ywroughte.*
Yſped, M. 102. *Diſpatched.* C.
Yſpende, T. 179. *Conſider.* C.
Yſtorven, E. I. 52. *Dead.* C.
Ytſel, E. I. 18. *Itſelf.*
Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered.* C.
Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered.* C.
Yyne, Æ. 540. *Thine.*

Z.

Zabalus, Æ. 428. as *Sabalus*; the Devil.

The following are not ERRATA *of the Printer, but ſuch evident miſtakes of the Tranſcriber as an Editor, perhaps, ought to have corrected, though, in the preſent caſe, it has been judged fitter barely to point them out in this manner to the Reader.*

P. 45. 6. for *Canterlone*, r. *Canterloue*, or *Canteloue*.
72. ver. 49. *ytts*, r. *yttſelf*.
75. 1. *cheriſaunei 'tys*, r. *cheriſaunce it ys*.
80. 73. *toe*, r. *doe*.
100. 345. r. to *be* dyghte.
101. 367. *feares*, r. *teares*.
108. 442. *Storven*, r. *Stroven*.
110. 486. *be wreene*, r. *bewreen*.
130. 770. *ſythe*, r. *ſyke*.
135. 839. *cheriſaunied*, r. *cheriſaunced*.
149. 1008. *Hallie*, r. *Hailie*.
157. 1084. *Bie* thankes, r. *Mie* thankes.
167. 1197. *ſtythe*, r. *ſwythe*.
210. 5. *O ſea! our teeming donore*, r. *O ſea-oerteeming Dovor!*
215. 104. r. horſe *of* Toſſelyn ; or rather *Joſſelyn*.
224. 300. *men in women's*, r. *women in men's*.
255. 343. *After la goure*, r. *Aſtrelagoure*.
265. 538. *vyctualle*, r. *vyctimes*.

FINIS.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE

LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO ROWLEY;

TENDING TO PROVE,

THAT THEY WERE WRITTEN, NOT BY ANY ANCIENT AUTHOR, BUT ENTIRELY BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago,
Sed ſublime volans nocti ſe immiſcuit atræ.

VIRGIL, Æ. X.

APPENDIX, &c.

WHEN theſe Poems were firſt printed, it was thought beſt to leave the queſtion of their authenticity to the determination of the impartial Public. The Editor contented himſelf with intimating his opinion, [Pref. p. xii, xiii.] that the external evidence on both ſides was ſo defective as to deſerve but little attention, and that the final deciſion of the queſtion muſt depend upon the internal evidence. To ſhew that this opinion was not thrown out in order to miſlead the enquiries and judgements of the readers, I have here drawn together *ſome obſervations upon* THE LANGUAGE* *of the poems attributed to Rowley*, which, I think, will be ſufficient to prove, 1ſt, that they were not written in the XV Century; and 2dly, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

* I have choſen this *part* of the internal evidence, becauſe the arguments, which it furniſhes, are not only very deciſive, but alſo lie within a moderate compaſs. For the ſame reaſon of brevity, I have confined my obſervations to a *part* only of this *part*, viz. to *words*, conſidered with reſpect to their *ſignifications* and *inflexions*. A complete examination of this ſubject *in all its parts* would be a work of length.

The proof of the ſecond propoſition would in effect carry with it that of the firſt: but, notwithſtanding, I chooſe to treat them ſeparately and to begin with the firſt.

I ſhall premiſe only one *poſtulatum*, which is, that Poets of the ſame age and country uſe the ſame language, allowances being made for certain varieties, which may ariſe from the local ſituation, the rank in life, the learning, the affectation of the writers, and from the different ſubjects and forms of their compoſitions*.

This being granted, I have nothing to do but to prove, that the language of the poems attributed to Rowley (when every proper allowance has been made) is totally different from that of the other Engliſh writers of the XV Century, in many material particulars. It would be too tedious to go through them all; and therefore I ſhall only take notice of ſuch as can be referred to three general heads: the *firſt* conſiſting of words

* Of theſe varieties all, except the firſt, are more properly varieties of *ſtyle* than of *language*. The *local ſituation* of a writer may certainly produce a *provincial dialect*, which will often differ eſſentially from the language uſed at the ſame time in other parts of the ſame country. But this can only happen in the caſe of perſons of no education and totally illiterate; and ſuch perſons ſeldom write. It is unneceſſary however to diſcuſs this point very accurately, as nobody, I believe, will contend, that the poems attributed to Rowley are written in any *provincial dialect*. If there ſhould be a few words in them, which are now more common at Briſtol than at London, it ſhould be remembered that Chatterton was of Briſtol.

not

not uſed by any other writer; the *ſecond*, of words uſed by other writers, but in a different ſenſe; and the *third*, of words inflected in a manner contrary to grammar and cuſtom.

Under the *firſt* head I would recommend the following words to the reader's conſideration.

1. ABESSIE. E. III. 89.

Whyleſt the congeon flowrette *abeſſie* dyghte.

2. ABORNE. T. 45.

Snett oppe hys long ſtrunge bowe and ſheelde *aborne*.

3. ABREDYNGE. Æ. 334.

Agylted Ælla, thie *abredynge* blynge.

4. ACROOLE. El. 6.

Didde ſpeke *acroole*, wythe languiſhment of eyne.

5. ADAVE. H. 2. 392.

The fyneſt dame the ſun or moon *adave*.

6. ADENTE. Æ. 396. ADENTED. G. 32.

Ontoe thie veſte the rodde ſonne ys *adente*.

Adented proweſs to the gite of witte.

7. ADRAMES. Ep. 27.

Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte *adrames*.

8. ALATCHE. Æ. 117.

Leave me ſwythe or I'lle *alatche*.

9. ALMER. Ch. 20.

Where from the hail-ſtone coulde the *almer* flie?

10. Aluste. H. 1. 88.

That Alured coulde not hymſelf *aluſte*.

11. Alyne. T. 79.

Wythe murther tyred he flynges hys bowe *alyne*.

12. Alyse. Le. 29.—G. 180.

Somme dryblette ſhare you ſhoulde to that *alyſe*.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee *aliſe*.

13. Anere. Æ. 15.—Ep. 48.

And cann I lyve to ſee herr wythe *anere*?

——————— Adieu untylle *anere*.

14. Anete. p. 281. 64.

Whych yn the bloſom woulde ſuch ſins *anete*.

15. Applings. E. I. 33.

Mie tendre *applynges* and embodyde trees.

16. Arrow-lede. H. 1. 74.

Han by his ſoundynge *arrowe-lede* bene fleyne.

17. Asenglave. H. 1. 117.

But Harold's *aſenglave* ſtopp'd it as it flewe.

18. Aslee. Æ. 504.

That doeſt *aſlee* alonge ynn doled dyſtreſſe.

19. Asswaie. Æ. 352.

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe *aſſwaie*

Moe torturynge peynes, &c.

20. Astende. G. 47.

Acheke the mokie aire and heaven *aſtende*.

I ſtop

I ſtop here, not becauſe the other Letters of the alphabet would not afford a proportionable number of words which might be referred to this head, but becauſe I think theſe ſufficient for my purpoſe. I proceed therefore to ſet down an equal number of words under the *ſecond* general head.

1. ABOUNDE. H. 1. 55.

His criſtede beaver dyd him ſmalle *abounde*.

The common ſenſe of *Abound*, a verb, is well known; but what can be the meaning of it here?

2. ALEDGE. G. 5.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn ne *aledge* ſtonde.

Aledge, or *Alege*, v. Fr. in Chaucer ſignifies *to alleviate*. It is here uſed either as an adjective or as an adverb. Chatterton interprets it to mean *idly*; upon what ground I cannot gueſs.

3. ALL A BOON. E. III. 41.—p. 23. l. 4.

All-a-boon, ſyr Prieſt, *all-a-boon*.

Thys ys the onelie *all-a-boone* I crave.

Here are three Engliſh words, the ſenſe of which, taken ſeparately, is clear. As joined together in this paſſage they are quite unintelligible.

4. ALLEYN. E. I. 52.

Mie ſonne, mie ſonne *alleyn* yſtorven ys.

Granting *alleyn* to be rightly put for alone, no ancient writer, I apprehend, ever uſed ſuch a phraſe as this; any more than we ſhould now ſay—*my ſon alone* for *my only ſon*.

5. Ascaunce. E. III. 52.

Lokeynge *aſcaunce* upon the naighboure greene.

The uſual ſenſe of *aſcaunce* in Chaucer, and other old writers, has been explained in a note on ver. 7327. of the Canterbury Tales. It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Gaſcoigne. The more modern adverb *aſcaunce*, ſignifying *ſideways*, *obliquely*, is derived from the Italian *a ſchiancio*, and I doubt very much whether it had been introduced into the Engliſh language in the time of the ſuppoſed Rowley.

6. Asterte. G. 137.

——— ——— You have theyr worthe *aſterte*.

I deſpair of finding any authorized ſenſe of the word *aſterte*, that will ſuit this paſſage. It cannot, I think, ſignifie *neglected or paſſed by*, as Chatterton has rendered it.

7. Aumere. Æ. 398.—Ch. 7. Aumeres. E. III. 25.

Depycte wyth ſkylled honde upponn thie wyde *aumere*.
And eke the grounde was dighte in its moſe defte *aumere*.
Wythe gelten *aumeres* ſtronge ontolde.

The only place in which I remember to have met with this word is in Chaucer's Romant of the Roſe, ver. 2271. and there it undoubtedly ſignifies *a purſe*; probably from the Fr. *Aumoniere*. *Aumere of ſilk* is Chaucer's tranſlation of *Bourſe de ſoye*. In another place of the ſame poem, ver. 2087. he uſes *aumener* in the ſame ſenſe. The interpretations given of this word by Chatterton will be conſidered below.

8. Barbed.

8. Barbed. Æ. 27. 219.

Nott, whan from the *barbed* horſe, &c.

Mie lord fadre's *barbde* halle han ne wynnynge.

Let it be allowed, that *barbed horſe* was a proper expreſſion, in the XV Century, for *a horſe covered with armour*, can any one conceive that *barbed hall* ſignified *a hall in which armour was hung?* or what other ſenſe can *barbde* have in this paſſage?

9. Blake. Æ. 178. 407.

Whanne Autumpne *blake* and ſonne-brente doe appere.

Blake ſtondeth future doome, and joie doth mee alyſe.

Blake, in old Engliſh, may ſignifie either *black*, or *bleak*. Chatterton, in both theſe paſſages, renders it *naked*; and, in the latter, ſome ſuch ſignification ſeems abſolutely neceſſary to make any ſenſe.

10. Bodykin. Æ. 265.

And for a *bodykin* a *ſwarthe* obteyne.

Bodekin is uſed by Chaucer more than once to ſignifie *a bodkin* or *dagger*. I know not that it had any other ſignification in his time. *Swarthe*, uſed as a noun, has no ſenſe that I am acquainted with.

11. Bordel. E. III. 2.—Æ. 147. Bordelier. Æ. 410.

Goe ſerche the logges and *bordels* of the hynde.

We wylle in a *bordelle* lyve.

Hailie the robber and the *bordelyer*.

Though

Though *bordel*, in very old French, ſignifies a *cottage*, and *bordelier* a *cottager*, Chaucer uſes the firſt word in no other ſenſe than that of *brothel* or *bawdy-houſe*; and *bordeller* with him means the keeper of ſuch a houſe. After this uſage of theſe words was ſo eſtabliſhed, it is not eaſy to believe that any later writer would hazard them in their primitive ſenſe.

12. Bysmare. M. 95.

Roaringe and rolleyng on yn courſe *byſmare*.

Biſmare, in Chaucer, ſignifies *abuſive ſpeech*; nor do I believe that it ever had any other ſignification.

13. Champyon, v. PG. 12.

Wee better for to doe do *champyon* anie onne.

I do not believe that *champion* was uſed as a verb by any writer much earlier than Shakeſpeare.

14. Contake. T. 87. Conteke. E. II. 10.

——— I *contake* thie waie.

Conteke the dynnynge ayre and reche the ſkies.

Conteke is uſed by Chaucer, as a *noun*, for *Contention*. I know no inſtance of its being uſed as a *verb*.

15. Derne. Æ. 582. Dernie. E. I. 19. El. 8. M. 106.

Whan thou didſt boaſte ſoe moche of actyon *derne*.

Oh Rauſe, comme lyſte and hear mie *dernie* tale.

O gentle Juga, heare mie *dernie* plainte.

He wrythde arounde yn drearie *dernie* payne.

Derne is a Saxon adj. ſignifying *ſecret*, *private*, in which ſenſe it is uſed more than once by Chaucer, and in no other.

16. Droorie.

16. Droorie. Ep. 47.

Botte lette ne wordes, whiche *droorie* mote ne heare,
Bee placed in the ſame ———.

The only ſenſe that I know of *druerie* is *courtſhip, gallantry*, which will not ſuit with this paſſage.

17. Fonnes. E. II. 14. Æ. 421. Fons. T. 4.

Decorn wyth *fonnes* rare ———
On of the *fonnis* whych the clerche have made.
Quayntyſſed *fons* depictedd on eche ſheelde.

A *fonne* in Chaucer ſignifies a *fool*, and *fonnes—fools*; and Spenſer uſes *fon* in the ſame ſenſe; nor do I believe that it ever had any other meaning.

18. Knopped. M. 14.

Theyre myghte ys *knopped* ynne the froſte of fere.

Knopped is uſed by Chaucer to ſignifie *faſtened* with a button, from *knoppe*, a button; but what poet, that knew the meaning of his words, would ſay that any thing was *buttoned with froſt?*

19. Lecturn. Le. 46.

An onliſt *lecturn* and a ſonge adygne.

I do not ſee that *lecturn* can poſſibly ſignifie any thing but *a reading-deſk*, in which ſenſe it is uſed by Chaucer.

20. Lithie. Ep. 10.

Inne *lithie* moncke apperes the barronnes pryde.

If there be any ſuch word as this, we ſhould naturally ex-

pect

pect it to follow the fignification of *lithe*; ſoft, limber: which will not ſuit with this paſſage.

I go on to the *third* general head of words inflected contrary to grammar and cuſtom. In a language like ours, in which the inflections are ſo few and ſo ſimple, it is not to be ſuppoſed that a writer, even of the loweſt claſs, would commit very frequent offences of this ſort. I ſhall take notice of ſome, which I think impoſſible to have fallen from a genuine Rowley.

1. Clevis. H. 2. 46.

Fierce as a *clevis* from a rocke ytorne.

Clevis or *cleves* is the plural number of *Cleve*, a cliff. It is ſo uſed by Chaucer. I cannot believe that it was ever uſed as a ſingular noun.

Eyne. E. II. 79. T. 169. See alſo Æ. 681.

In everich *eyne* aredynge nete of wyere.

Wythe ſyke an *eyne* ſhee ſwotelie hymm dydd view.

Eyne, a contraction of *eyen*, is the plural number of *eye*. It is not more probable that an ancient writer ſhould have uſed the expreſſions here quoted, than that any one now ſhould ſay—*In every eyes*;—*With ſuch an eyes*.

Heir. E. II. 15. T. 123. Le. 5. 9. Ent. 2. Æ. 355.

Heie, the old plural of *He*, was obſolete, I apprehend, in the time of the ſuppoſed Rowley. At leaſt it is very improbable that the ſame writer, at any time, ſhould uſe *heie* and *theie* indifferently, as in theſe poems.

THYSSEN. E. II. 87.

Lette *thyſſen* menne, who haveth ſprite of love.

I cannot believe that *thyſſen* was ever in uſe as the plural number of *this*. The termination ſeems to have been added, for the ſake of the metre, by one who knew that many words formerly ended in *en*, but was quite ignorant of what particular ſorts they were. In the ſame manner *coyen*. Æ. 125. and *ſothen*. Æ. 227. are put for *coy* and *ſothe*, contrary to all uſage or analogy.

And this leads me to the capital blunder, which runs through all theſe poems, and would alone be ſufficient to deſtroy their credit; I mean, the termination of *verbs in the ſingular number* in *n**. I will ſet down a number of inſtances, in which *han* is uſed for the preſent or paſt time *ſingular* of the v. *Have*; only premiſing, that *han*, being an abbreviation of *haven*, is never uſed by any ancient writer except in the preſent time *plural* and the infinitive mode.

P. 26. v. 9. The Brytiſh Merlyn oftenne *hanne*
The gyfte of inſpyration.

* It is not ſurprizing that Chatterton ſhould have been ignorant of a peculiarity of the Engliſh language, which appears to have eſcaped the obſervation of a profeſſed editor of Chaucer. Mr. Urry has very frequently lengthened *verbs in the ſingular number*, by adding *n* to them, without any authority, I am perſuaded, even from the errors of former Editions or MSS. It might ſeem invidious to point out living writers, of acknowledged learning, who have ſlipped into the ſame miſtake in their imitations of Chaucer and Spenſer.

Ba. 2. The featherd ſongſter chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne.

Æ. 685. Echone wylle wyſſen hee *hanne* ſeene the daie.

734. Bryghte ſonne *han* ynne hys roddie robes byn dyghte.

650. Whanne Englonde *han* her foemenn.

1137. —— Mie ſtede *han* notte mie love.

1184. *Hanne* alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onne mie benned headde I *hanne* been Ælla ſtylle.

G. 20. *Hane* Englonde thenne a tongue butte notte a ſtynge?

M. 61. A tye of love a dawter faire ſhe *hanne*.

H. 1. 74. Ne doubting but the braveſt in the londe
Han by his foundynge arrowe-lede bene fleyne.

182. Where he by chance *han* ſlayne a noble's ſon.

184. And in the battel he much goode *han* done.

188. He of his boddie *han* kepte watch and ward.

207. His chaunce in warr he ne before *han* tryde.

281. The erlie felt de Torcies trecherous knyfe
Han made his crymſon bloude and ſpirits floe.

319. O Hengiſt, *han* thy cauſe bin good and true!

321. The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And *han* that daie full manie Normannes ſleine.

337. But better *han* it bin to lett alone.

If more inſtances ſhould be wanted, ſee H. 1. 396. 429. 455. H. 2. 306. 703.—p. 275. ver. 4.—p. 281. ver. 63.—p. 288. ver. 1.

In

In the ſame irregular manner the following verbs are uſed *ſingularly*.

E. I. 10. Then *fellen* on the grounde and thus yſpoke.

H. 2. 665. Bewopen Alfwoulde *fellen* on his knee.

P. 287. ver. 17. For thee I *gotten* or bie wiles or breme.

H. 1. 252. He turned aboute and vilely *fouten* flie.

H. 2. 339. Fallyng he *ſhooken* out his ſmokyng braine.

H. 2. 334. His ſprite—Ne *ſhoulden* find a place in anie ſonge.

Æ. 172. So Adam *thoughtenne* when ynn paradyſe——

1136. Tys now fulle morne; I *thoughten*, bie laſte nyghte—

Ch. 54. Full well it *ſhewn*, he *thoughten* coſte no ſinne.

See alſo H. 2. 366. where *thoughten*, with the additiona ſyllable, not being quite long enough for the verſe, has had another ſyllable added at the beginning.

Ne onne abaſh'd *enthoughten* for to flee.

And (what is ſtill more curious) we have a participle of the preſent tenſe formed from this fictitious paſt time, in Æ. 704.

Enthoughteyng for to ſcape the *brondeynge* foe—

Which would not have been a bit more intelligible in the XV Century than it would be now. *Brondeynge* will be taken notice of below.

Many other inſtances of the moſt unwarrantable anomalies might be produced under this head; but I think I have ſaid enough to prove, that the language of theſe poems is totally different from that of the other Engliſh writers of the XV Century;

tury; and consequently that they were not written in that century; which was my first proposition. I shall now endeavour to prove, from the same internal evidence of the language, that they were written entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

For this purpose it will only be necessary to have recourse to those interpretations of words by way of Glossary, which were confessedly written by him*. It will soon appear, if I am not much mistaken, that the author of the Glossary was the author of the Poems.

Whoever will take the pains to examine these interpretations will find, that they are almost all taken from SKINNER's *Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ* †. In many cases, where the

* This is a point so material to the following argument, that, though it has never hitherto, I believe, been made a question, it ought not perhaps to be assumed without some proof. It may be said, that Chatterton was only the *transcriber* of the Glossary as well as of the Poems. If to such an assertion we were to answer, that Chatterton always declared himself the *author* of the Glossaries, we should be told perhaps, that with equal truth he always declared Rowley to have been the author of the Poems. But (not to insist upon the very different weight, which the same testimony might be allowed to have in the two cases) it has happened luckily, that the Glossary to the Poem, entitled "*Englysh Metamorphosis*," [See p. 196.] was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire and in the presence of Mr. Barrett. Whoever will compare that Glossary with the others, will have no doubt of their being all from the same hand.

† Printed at London, MDCLXXI. The part, which Chatterton seems to have chiefly consulted, is that, which begins at Sign. U u u u, and is entitled "*Etymologicon vocum omnium antiquarum Anglicarum, quæ usque a Wilhelmo Victore invaluerunt*, &c."

words

words are really ancient, the interpretations are perfectly right; and ſo far Chatterton can only be conſidered in the light of a commentator, who avails himſelf of the beſt aſſiſtances to explane any genuine author. But in many other inſtances, where the words are either not ancient or not uſed in their ancient ſenſe, the interpretations are totally unfounded and fantaſtical; and at the ſame time the words cannot be altered or amended conſiſtently with any rules of criticiſm, nor can the interpretations be varied without deſtroying the ſenſe of the paſſage. In theſe caſes, I think, there is a juſt ground for believing, that the words as well as their interpretations came from the hand of Chatterton, eſpecially as they may be proved very often to have taken their riſe either from blunders of Skinner himſelf, or from ſuch miſtakes and miſapprehenſions of his meaning as Chatterton, from haſte and ignorance, was very likely to fall into.

I will ſtate firſt ſome inſtances of words and interpretations which have evidently been derived from blunders of Skinner.

ALL A BOON. E. III. 41. See before, p. 315.

A manner of aſking a favour, ſays Chatterton.

Now let us hear Skinner.

"**All a bone**, exp. Preces, Supplex Libellus, Supplicatio, vel ut jam loquimur Petitio viro Principi exhibita, ni fallor ab AS. Bene, unde noſtrum *Boon* additis particulis Fr. G. *A la*. Ch. Fab. Mercatoris fol. 30. p. 1. Col. 2."

The paſſage of Chaucer which is referred to, as an authority for this word, is the following, Canterb. Tales, ver. 9492.

"And alderfirſt he bade them *all a bone*," i.e. he made a requeſt to them all. So that Skinner is entirely miſtaken in making one phraſe of theſe three words; and it is ſurely more probable that the author of the poems was miſled by him, than that a really ancient writer ſhould have been guilty of ſo egregious a blunder.

Aumeres. E. III. 25. is explained by Chatterton to mean *Borders of gold and ſilver*, &c. And aumere in Æ. 398, and Ch. 7. ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe of *a border of a garment*. And ſo Skinner has by miſtake explained the word, in that paſſage of Chaucer which has been mentioned above [See p. 316, where the true meaning of *Aumere* is given].

"**Aumere** ex contextu videtur *Fimbria* vel *Inſtita*, neſcio an a Teut. **Ambher**, Circum, Circa. q. d. Circuitus ſeu ambitus. *Ch.* f. 119. p. 1. C. 1."

Bawsin. Æ. 57. *Large*. Chatterton. M. 101. *Huge, bulky*. Chatterton.

Without pretending to determine the preciſe meaning of *Bawſin*, I think I may venture to ſay that there is no older or better authority for rendering it *large*, than Skinner. "**Bawſin**, exp. *Magnus, Grandis*, &c."

Brondeous. E. II. 24. *Furious*. Chatterton. Bronded. H. 2. 558. Brondeynge. Æ. 704. Burlie bronde. G. 7. *Fury, anger*. Chatterton. See alſo H. 2. 664.

All

All theſe uſes of *Bronde*, and its ſuppoſed derivatives, are taken from Skinner. "**Bronde**, exp. *Furia*, &c." though in another place he explains **Burly brand** (I believe, rightly) to mean *Magnus enſis*. It ſhould be obſerved, that the phraſe *Burly brand*, if uſed in its true ſenſe, would ſtill have been liable to ſuſpicion, as it does not appear in any work, that I am acquainted with, prior to the *Teſtament of Creſeide*, a Scottiſh compoſition, written many years after the time of the ſuppoſed Rowley.

Burled. M. 20. *Armed.* Chatterton. So Skinner, "**Burled**, exp. *Armatus*, &c."

Bysmare. M. 95. *Bewildered, curious.* Chatterton. Bysmarelie. Le. 26. *Curiouſly.* Chatterton. See alſo p. 285. ver. 141. Bismarde.

It is evident, I think, that all theſe words are originally derived from Skinner, who has very abſurdly explained **Biſmare** to mean **Curioſity**. The true meaning has been ſtated above, p. 318.

Calke. G. 25. *Caſt.* Chatterton. Calked. E. I. 49. *Caſt out, ejected.* Chatterton. This word appears to have been formed upon a miſapprehenſion of the following article in Skinner. "**Calked**, exp. **Caſt**, credo **Caſt up.**" Chatterton did not attend to the difference between *caſting out* and *caſting up*, i.e. *caſting up figures in calculation.* That the latter was Skinner's meaning may be collected from his next article. "**Calked** for **Calculated.** Ch. the Frankeleynes tale." It is probable too, I

think, that in both articles Skinner refers, by miſtake, to a line of *the Frankelein's tale*, which in the common editions ſtands thus:

"Ful ſubtelly he had *calked* al this."

Where *calked* is a mere miſprint for *calculed*, the reading of the MSS. See the late Edit. ver. 11596.

It would be eaſy to add many more inſtances of words, *either not ancient or not uſed in their ancient ſenſe*, which repeatedly occur in theſe poems, and muſt be conſtrued according to thoſe fanciful ſignifications which Skinner has aſcribed to them. How that ſhould have happened, unleſs either Skinner had read the Poems (which, I preſume, nobody can ſuppoſe,) or the author of the Poems had read Skinner, I cannot ſee. It is againſt all odds, that two men, living at the diſtance of two hundred years one from the other, ſhould accidentally agree in coining the ſame words, and in affixing to them exactly the ſame meaning.

I proceed to ſtate ſome inſtances of words and interpretations which are evidently founded upon miſapprehenſions of paſſages in Skinner.

Alyse. Le. 29. G. 180. *Allow.* Chatterton. See before, p. 314.

Till I meet with this word, in this ſenſe, in ſome approved author, I ſhall be of opinion that it has been formed from a miſtaken reading of the following article in Skinner. "Allfed,

Authori

Authori Dict. Angl. apud quem ſolum occurrit, exp. Allowed, ab AS. Alıꝛeƀ, &c." In the Gothic types uſed by Skinner ſ might be eaſily miſtaken for a long ſ.

Bestoiker. *Æ.* 91. *Deceiver.* Chatterton. See alſo *Æ.* 1064.

This word alſo ſeems plainly to have originated from a miſtake in reading Skinner. "Beſtwike, ab AS. Beꝛpican, Spican, *Decipere*, Fallere, Prodere, Spica, Proditor, *Deceptor*." Chatterton in his hurry read this as Beſtoike, and formed a noun from it accordingly.

Blake. *Æ.* 178. 407. *Naked.* Chatterton. Blakied. E. III. 4. *Naked, original.* Chatterton. See before, p. 317.

Skinner has the following article. "Blake *and* bare, videtur ex contextu prorſus *Nuda*, fort. q. d. Bleak *and* Bare, dum enim nudi ſumus eóque aeri expoſiti, præ frigore palleſcimus. Ch. fol. 184. p. 1. Col. 1."

Chatterton has caught hold of *Nuda*, which in Skinner is the expoſition of *Bare*, as if it belonged to *Blake*.

Hancelled. G. 49. *Cut off, deſtroyed.* Chatterton.

Hancelled from erthe theſe Normanne hyndes ſhalle bee.

Skinner has the ſame word, which he thus explains. "Hanceled, exp. Cut off, credo dici proprie, vel primario ſaltem, tantum de prima portione ſeu ſegmento quod ad tentandam ſeu explorandam rem abſcindimus, ut ubi dicimus, *to* Hanſell *a paſty or a gammon of bacon.*" Chatterton, who had neither

neither inclination nor perhaps ability to make himſelf maſter of ſo long a piece of Latin, appears to have looked no further than the two Engliſh words at the beginning of this explanation; and underſtanding *Cut off* to mean *Deſtroyed*, he has uſed *Hancelled* in the ſame ſenſe.

SHAP. Æ. 34. G. 18. *Fate.* Chatterton. SHAP-SCURGED. Æ. 603. *Fate-ſcourged.* Chatterton.

Shap haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.
Stylle mormorynge atte yer *ſhap.*——
There ys ne houſe athrow thys *ſhap-ſcurged* iſle.

I never was able to conceive how *Shap* ſhould have been uſed in the Engliſh language to ſignifie *Fate*, till I obſerved the following article in Skinner. "**Shap**, *now is my* **thap**, nunc mihi *Fato* præſtitutum eſt (i.e.) *now is it* **thapen** *to me*, ab AS. Sceapan, &c." I ſuppoſe that the word *Fato*, in the Latin, led Chatterton to underſtand *now is my ſhap* to mean *now is my fate.*

The paſſage, to which Skinner refers, is in the Knight's tale of Chaucer, ver. 1227.

Now is me ſhape eternally to dwelle
Not only in purgatorie but in helle.

But in the Edit. of 1602, which Skinner appears to have made uſe of, it is written *Now is me ſhap.* The putting of *my* for *me* was probably a miſtake of the Printer, as Skinner's explanation ſhews that he read *me.*

I fancy

I fancy the generality of readers will be ſatisfied by the foregoing quotations, that the Author of theſe poems had not only read Skinner, but has alſo miſapprehended and miſapplied what he found in him. If more inſtances ſhould be wanted, a compariſon of the words explained by Chatterton with the ſame or ſimilar words as explained by Skinner, will furniſh them in abundance*. I ſhall therefore conclude this Appendix with a ſhort view of the preceding argument.

It

* I will ſtate ſhortly ſome of thoſe words, which have been cited above, p. 313. as *either not ancient or not uſed in their ancient ſenſe*, with their correſponding articles in Skinner.

ABESSIE; *Humility.* C.—**Abeſſed**;—*Humiliatus.* Sk.

ABORNE; *Burniſhed*, C.—**Borne**; *Burniſh.* Sk. It was uſual with Chatterton to prefix *a* to words of all ſorts, without any regard to cuſtom or propriety. See in the Alphabetical Gloſſ. *Aboune, Abrewe, Acome, Aderne, Adygne, Agrame, Agreme, Aleſt*, &c.

ABOUNDE. This word Chatterton has not interpreted, but the context ſhews that it is uſed in the ſenſe of *good*. So that I ſuſpect it was taken from the following article in Skinner. **Abone.**—a Fr. G. Abonnir; *Bonum* facere.

ABREDYNGE; *Upbraiding.* C.—**Abrede**, exp. *Upbraid.* Sk.

ACROOL; *Faintly.* C.—**Crool**, exp. *Murmurare.* Sk. See the remark upon ABORNE.

ADENTE, ADENTED; *Faſtened, annexed.* C.—**Adent**;—*Configere, Conjungere.* Sk.

ALUSTE has no interpretation; but it is uſed in the ſenſe of *raiſe*. Perhaps it may have been derived from a miſtaken reading of **Ajuſt**, which is explained by Skinner to mean *Tollere*. See the remarks upon *Alyſe* and *Beſtoiker*, p. 328, 329.

DERNE,

It has been proved, that the poems attributed to Rowley were not written in the XV Century; and it follows of courſe, that they were written, at a ſubſequent period, by ſome impoſtor, who endeavoured to counterfeit an author of that century.

It has been proved, that this impoſtor lived ſince Skinner, and that the ſame perſon wrote the interpretations of words by way of Gloſſary, which are ſubjoined to moſt of the poems.

It has alſo been proved, that Chatterton wrote thoſe interpretations of words.

Whether any thing further be neceſſary to prove, that the poems were entirely written by Chatterton, is left to the reader's judgement. If he ſhould ſtick at the word *entirely*, which may poſſibly ſeem to carry the concluſion a little beyond the premiſſes, he is deſired to reflect, that, the poems having been proved to be a forgery ſince the time of Skinner, and to have been written in great part by Chatterton, it is infinitely more

DERNE, DERNIE: *Woeful, lamentable, cruel.* C.—**Derne**; *Dirus, crudelis.* Sk.

DROORIE; *Modeſty.* C.—**Drury**; *Modeſtia.* Sk.

FONS, FONNES; *Fancys, Devices.* C. —**Fonnes**; *Deviſes.* Sk.

KNOPPED; *Faſtened, chained, congealed.* C.—**Knopped**; *Tied.* Sk.

LITHIE; *Humble.* C.—**Lithy**; *Humble.* Sk. But in truth I do not believe that there is any ſuch word. Skinner probably found it in his edition of Chaucer's *Cuckow and Nightingale*, ver. 14. where the MSS. have LITHER (*wicked*), which is undoubtedly the right reading.

probable

probable that the remainder was alſo written by him than by any other perſon. The great difficulty is to conceive that a youth, like Chatterton, ſhould ever have formed the plan of ſuch an impoſture, and ſhould have executed it with ſo much perſeverance and ingenuity; but if we allow (as I think we muſt) that he was the author of thoſe pieces to which he ſubjoined his interpretations, I can ſee no reaſon whatever for ſuppoſing that he had any aſſiſtance in the reſt. The internal evidence is ſtrong that they are all from one hand; and external evidence there is none, that I have been able to meet with, which ought to perſuade us, that a ſingle line, of verſe or proſe, purporting to be the work of Rowley, exiſted before the time of Chatterton.

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